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ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE

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VISCOUNT DUNDEE.

BY

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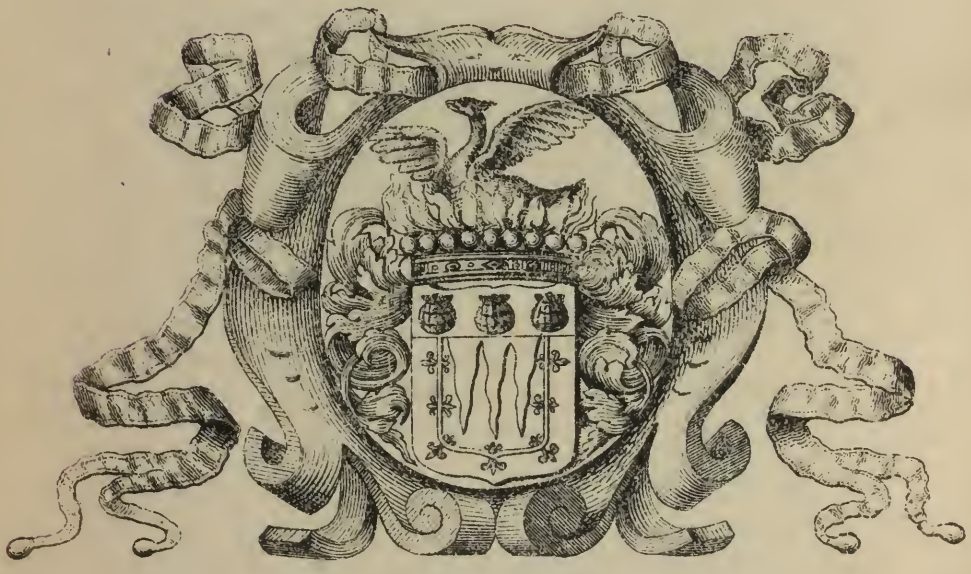
VOLUME FIRST.



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TO HIS GRACE

THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH AND QUEENSBERRY, K.G.,

WHOSE LIBERALITY IN AFFORDING UNLIMITED ACCESS TO

THE WELL PRESERVED ARCHIVES OF QUEENSBERRY,

HAS IMPARTED TO THESE VOLUMES

THE INTEREST OF ORIGINALITY,

AND

THE VALUE OF TRUTH,

THIS DEFENCE OF

GREAT DUNDEE,

AGAINST THE CALUMNIES OF HISTORY,

IS

GRATEFULLY INSCRIBED.

INTRODUCTORY.

The truth and justice of History called for this compilation of Memorials and original Letters relating to the Viscount of Dundee and his troubled times. The undertaking, greatly provoked by the domineering anathemas of Lord Macaulay against the champion of James the Seventh, has been chiefly encouraged by the frank liberality of His Grace of Buccleuch, in affording unlimited access to that voluminous and valuable, but hitherto unexplored repertory of latent history, the Queensberry Papers. The principal object of these Memorials is to redeem the history of Scotland from the vulgar calumny implied in the general recognition of that mythical *bête noir*, "Bloody Clavers." By the light of these family papers may be read a character of Graham of Claverhouse very different from what has hitherto obtained, even with those who, however incredulous as to its diabolical phase, have contented themselves with striving to bespeak admiration for the heroism of his enterprize, and the devotion of his loyalty. Pre-eminent among such stands Sir Walter Scott. To him the Queensberry Papers, with which he appears to have been unacquainted, notwithstanding his intimacy with the House of Buccleuch and Queensberry, would have opened up new views of a subject he delighted to handle, and which his genius rendered so attractive. Is the absence of that information to be regretted? Would even the truth, as regards a few historical characters long gone to their account, have compensated present or succeeding genera-

tions for the loss of any of those life-like personifications which animate the best of Scott's historical romances? And if, as regards any individual character, we discover the plain truth at last, so that fanatical calumny shall not for ever triumph, is it not well that the fancies of the bard of Scotland came first? For, most assuredly, had our great historical poet been previously cognizant of all which those family archives contain relating to Graham of Claverhouse, the hero of "Old Mortality," as we find him in that vivid portraiture, would never have seen the light of day, whatever kind of character might have been substituted. Scott would not have conceded so much as he has done to the sworn enemies of his hero. But neither could he, in the pages of romance, have depicted him as he really was; at least without having instituted a controversial exposition to clear his way. "Out damned spot!" will not suffice to cleanse the history of Scotland, as relates to Claverhouse. In short, we know what we have in Sir Walter's hero, but know not what might have been, as regards the piquant interest of that historical fiction, had the current of his ideas been altered.

So early, however, as the commencement of the present century, Sir Walter's friend, Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe of Hoddam, then a student at Oxford, who had already fathomed Wodrow, and detected Laing,—a feat to which Charles Fox proved unequal,—conceived the bold design of redeeming Dundee, and exposing the Covenant. His habits of research, and powers of composition, were well suited to the task. How earnestly he had entered upon it, and how far he had proceeded, will be seen from those remnants of his lucubrations which compose the Second Part of this volume. We have there sufficiently explained how they come to

be now submitted to the public, imperfect and fragmentary as they are. Little more on that subject need be added here. With an amateur in letters so fastidious and luxurious as Charles Sharpe, the publication in 1816 of Old Mortality, the author of which he could hardly fail at once to recognise, must have operated as a wet blanket upon his own design. Or, to use a loftier simile, it must have seemed to him as a comet blazing in the heavens, and warning him to withhold a presumptuous hand from the heroic mortal thus adopted in the world's eye by a *Deus majorum gentium*. His own researches were only beginning to assume the consistency of historical biography, when that unexpected prodigy rushed into the field of view; and it can scarcely be doubted that his perhaps wavering intentions on the subject,—an adventurous one in Scotland,—had received the *coup de grace* from the brilliant phenomenon to which all eyes were turned in 1816.

Mr Sharpe, however, did not altogether abandon his literary labours in that direction; and he never lost sight of the historic truth, in his own just appreciation of the comparative merits of Claverhouse and his calumniators. So he lapsed into a very ingenious mode of having out his own say in spite of "Old Mortality." The great value of his original design, as exemplified in that early rough cast of it we have now printed, was, the authenticity and originality of the sources from which he drew his information, and his illustrations. At that time the system of literary and antiquarian Clubs, afterwards greatly promoted by Mr Sharpe himself, did not prevail in Scotland. He had laboriously gathered the most part of his curious historical lore from various contemporary diaries and chronicles in manuscript, which of late years have been printed under the liberal auspices of such asso-

ciations, but which were then all but inaccessible even to those most anxious to prosecute researches of the kind. But this literary amateur, a gentleman, the very antipodes of that theftuous animal a cheap bookseller's hack, and one whose social position gave him at once the *open sesame* to many an old cabinet, iron chest, and vaulted charter-room,—uniting, moreover, in a rare degree, the varied antiquarian lore of a Horace Walpole,[1] with the pink-eyed industry of Pope's "Wormius hight," —was neither to be daunted by the venom of intolerant fanaticism, nor deterred by the dust of mouldering honour. There was no well so deep or dark that truth could escape him; and, sooth to say, he shrank not from producing her without a fig-leaf.

Two Scotch dominies, of the high covenanting strain, who would be pronounced crazy in these days, yclept respectively James Kirkton and Robert Law, had each left in manuscript certain rude chronicles, or annals, of wild fanaticism and wondrous superstition, which they intended to pass for history. These Clarendons of the Covenant, however, were in some respects far more honest, and, as regards Law at least, more right-minded than the ruck of their sect. The manuscript by Kirkton was entitled, "The Secret and True History of the Church of Scotland, from the Restoration to the year 1678." That by Law, "Memorials of the memorable things that fell out within this Island of Great Britain, from 1638 to 1684." Upon these amusing records, not altogether useless, but too grotesque to be otherwise than humiliating to history,—and certainly not a little damaging to their own Kirk,—the antiquary of Hoddam laid his exploring hand, with a determination to do

[1] Sir Walter Scott, in his correspondence, calls Charles Sharpe the Horace Walpole of Scotland.

them ample editorial justice. He handled them, indeed, as if he loved them ; turned them into goodly printed quartos ; illustrated them with his own graphic pencil as well as pen ; anointed them with the very fatness of fanaticism ; surrounded them with a halo of covenanting zeal, curiously culled from the most unctuous sources ; baptized them history in the name of the Solemn League and Covenant,—and then left them very much in the condition of Punch's offspring after the parental embrace. Mr Sharpe's notes, illustrations, and additions to Kirkton's History, edited in 1817 (the year after the appearance of "Old Mortality"), and to Law's Memorials, edited in 1818, enriched with recondite reading, authenticated with provoking accuracy, and spiced with the most racy wit and humour, under admirable discipline, inflicted a blow upon the pretensions of Wodrow's "Suffering Remnant," which the saintdom of Scotland can never recover, and which its modern subjects will never forgive.

Nor in this can it truly be said that injustice was done to those Scribes and Pharisees, or any disservice to religion. When we consider the false and turbulent pretensions of that sect to perfection in church discipline, and purity in Christian conduct, their ferocious intolerance of all that elevates humanity, whenever such happened to oppose their doctrines, or frustrate their designs, it seems a positive duty to disabuse the public mind, which they systematically laboured to poison with reckless assertion and unmitigated invective. A coarse, but intensely provoked exposure, in their own times, of the conventicle eloquence of the apostles of the Covenant, proving out of their own mouths the low standard of their intellects, and the debased quality of their minds, reads like the exaggeration of a malevolent opponent,

and has by some been condemned as a too naked display, even if true, of that lamentable desecration of the holy office. But the more closely the matter is examined, the truth of this retributive attack becomes the more apparent, and the publication of it the less objectionable. "The pamphlet," says Mr Sharpe in his notes, "which seems to have enraged Kirkton so much, is written on the plan of 'L'Estrange's Dissenters' Sayings,' and was published under this title,—'The Scotch Presbyterian[1] Eloquence; or the foolishness of their teaching discovered from their books, sermons, and prayers,' &c. Kirkton's own flowers of eloquence, preserved there, are generally too indecent for transcription: he, moreover, is termed the everlasting comedian of the party, and accused of extreme covetousness. The pamphlet itself, which has gone through a number of editions, is blameworthy, as preserving a multitude of profane expressions uttered by foolish or ignorant Presbyterian clergymen, to the scandal of any church; but that these expressions have been exaggerated, as the Covenanters pretend, there is no reason to believe: nay, extracts could be made, from sermons still extant, both in print and in MS., almost equally gross and abominable with those which disgrace the pages of the Scotch Presbyterian Eloquence."[2]

But if, in that title, instead of the national term "Presbyterian,"—a term, as now understood, to be treated with every respect,—the word "Conventicle," or "Covenanting," be substituted, (words unhallowed in the vocabulary of Christianity), what is there blameworthy in the exposure of rampant falsehood by outraged truth?

[1] The term "Presbyterian," was then understood in a very different sense from what it is now.

[2] Kirkton's History, p. 194.—Reviewed by Sir Walter Scott, in the Quarterly Review for January 1818, Vol. xviii. No. 36.

Nor, whatever may be acted at "Heaven's gate," by Sterne's sentimental seraphs, can any sufficient reason be given, why the craziness, the calumnies, and the crimes, of those rebellious zealots of the Scotch Covenant, should be treated on earth with the tenderness that, as we are assured, disposed for ever of Uncle Toby's oath.

Sir Walter Scott immediately reviewed his friend's publication of Kirkton's History, over which he had chuckled with an inward delight scarcely concealed in his clever but as usual somewhat temporising critique. "Mr Kirkpatrick Sharpe," he says, "though residing in the land of Presbytery, is an Episcopalian and a tory, or rather an old cavalier, with much of the respect for high family, contempt of the Covenanters, and dislike of democratical principles, proper to that designation. Of course he has not escaped the censure of those industrious literary gentlemen of opposite principles, who have suffered a work always relied upon as one of their chief authorities, to lie dormant for a hundred and forty years, and are now mortified that it should be published by a person of opposite opinions in politics and church government, as if he had usurped an office to which they had an exclusive title. We cannot listen to these querulous outcries, unless they allege, which would be *most groundless*, that the work had suffered through the infidelity of the editor. In every point of view, we conceive that Kirkton's History has received, from the liveliness of Mr Sharpe's illustrations, upon a subject which is sometimes uncommonly dull,[1] from the art with which he

[1] Dr M'Crie cannot be so complimented, for his attempts to enliven the dogmatical bigotry with which he assailed Sir Walter. Affecting to treat him as a mere Scotch antiquary, he expresses surprise that his novels should be "popular in England, where we are persuaded not one word in three is understood by the generality of readers." By way of extracting fun

has contrasted the same facts as told by different people, and illustrated heavy details by interesting examples or comments, a value which, edited by some great admirer and worshipper of his own system, it would never have attained."

Mr Sharpe it was, who, delighted with the success of our own researches illustrative of the great Montrose, chiefly impelled us to the labour of ministering in like manner to the offended manes of Dundee. But the ardour with which we entertained a proposition so flattering, from such a quarter, was sadly damped by his untimely death soon thereafter. He also first suggested the probability, that, in the archives of the dukedom of Queensberry, might be discovered valuable illustrations of that period of history in which Dundee is so prominent a figure, and perhaps letters from the *bête noir* himself. Accordingly, an application in the proper quarter was met by that frankness of acquiescence, and that intelligent sympathy in all worthy objects, which so eminently characterise the present inheritor of those ducal archives. The discovery of *thirty-seven* important letters, all in the handwriting of Graham of Claverhouse, and addressed to the first Duke of Queensberry, through-

out of this idea, when quoting "Old Mortality," he gives the references in *mock Scotch*, thus: "Cuddy Headrigg, too, very wittily observes that this in his opinion formed the only difference between the Episcopalian service and that of their opponents: *Saame volume, seivint chapter, hunder an' fifty-saxt page.*" So delighted is the Doctor with this his own elephantine frolic, that he actually repeats it three times in the course of a page! "He always read on the same prayer-book with her," &c. "*See the saame secund volume, twalf chapter, and there the three hunder-third and three hunder-fourth pages.*" And once more: "A circumstance which so enraged his murderers," &c. "*Volume the fourth, auchty-third and auchty-fourth pages.*" In thus attempting to make a fool of Sir Walter Scott, it may be fairly doubted whether the Doctor was not rather making a fool of some one else. Upon the *truth* of Wodrow's rubbish his attack entirely depends.

out a series of years immediately preceding the Revolution of 1688,—the existence of which was hitherto absolutely unknown to history and the public,—was the immediate result of the search so liberally permitted. It must be stated, however, that this most valuable repertory of the best kind of materials for domestic history, amounting to several thousands of documents, had some years before been carefully inspected by the present Duke himself. Under his Grace's own direction, these had been most accurately arranged, and beautifully preserved, in a series of many folio volumes, bound and lettered,—a praiseworthy care which has saved the documents, and greatly lightened the labour of consulting them.

Besides these letters from Claverhouse, the no less voluminous correspondence of all his great compatriots, the leading statesmen of the day, had in like manner been placed in his private repositories by the first Duke of Queensberry, who appears to have systematically, and very properly, disobeyed the oft-repeated instructions of his distinguished correspondents,—"be sure to burn this letter."

Such are the principal materials which have so fortunately become available for the present undertaking, at the instigation chiefly of Mr Sharpe, the result of which it was fated he should not survive to see. And hence it is that this work has assumed the form of illustrative Memorials and Letters, requiring the extended limits of two volumes,—even that by no means sufficing to lay before the public all that could be produced, from the Queensberry collection, to amuse and to inform the readers of history. It is particularly redolent of that species of domestic as well as public history in which the genius of Hoddam was wont to revel; and had it pleased

Providence to spare him, probably these volumes would have been enriched by the clever and caustic quaintness of his pencil, as well as of his pen. In his use of the former, indeed, he more especially displayed the man of "infinite jest and most excellent fancy;" and no work of the kind could be more attractive, than a complete and properly illustrated collection and reprint, of the many witty conceits, quaint devices, and happy fancies, which flowed so easily from his pencil, in decorating any work that he considered worthy of such aid. Lockhart tells us, that "Scott's acquaintance with Mr Sharpe began when the latter was very young. He supplied Scott, when compiling the Minstrelsy, with the ballad of the 'Tower of Repentance.'" Nor has Sir Walter's biographer failed to record that gem of Mr Sharpe's historical pencil, "a drawing of Queen Elizabeth, as seen 'dancing high and disposedly,' in her private chamber, by the Scotch ambassador Sir James Melville, whose description of the exhibition is one of the most amusing things in his Memoirs. This production of Mr Sharpe's pencil, and the delight with which Scott used to expatiate on its merits, must be well remembered by every one that ever visited the poet at Abbotsford."[1]

[1] Life, by Lockhart. Sir Walter conveyed his thanks in a letter which thus commences:—"My dear Sharpe: The *inimitable virago* came safe, and was welcomed by the inextinguishable laughter of all who looked upon her caprioles. I was unfortunately out of town for a few days, which prevented me from acknowledging instantly what gave me so much pleasure, both on account of its intrinsic value, and as a mark of your kind remembrance." An admirable subject for Sharpe's humorous powers in this graphic walk, would have been a scene of which he himself was the hero. Sir Walter mentions in his Diary (March 1829), that he and his daughter, accompanied by Charles Sharpe, "went about one o'clock to the Castle, where saw the auld murdress *Mons Meg*, brought up in solemn procession to re-occupy her ancient place on the Argyle battery," &c. "My daughter had what might have proved a frightful accident. Some rockets were let off, one of which lighted upon her head, and set her bonnet on fire. She neither screamed

Chas Kirkpatrick Sculp

That friends so intimate, and so congenial in their literary tastes and habits, as Sir Walter Scott and Mr Sharpe, should between them have still left the character of great Dundee a prey to Dr M'Crie and the Covenant, is much to be regretted. But so it was. The "Great Unknown" had entered a field of fame which he could not afford to sacrifice, by hunting facts in the jungles of history; and so, whatever he might suspect, he never got at the real character of Claverhouse. Mr Sharpe, on the other hand, dazzled like the rest of the world by the fascinating romance, gave up the subject in despair, not of the character of Dundee, but of the attention or sympathy of the public. This is the more to be regretted, that his researches were all in the right direction, and beginning to be crowned with great success. Prior to 1826, ten years after the publication of Old Mortality, not a letter from the pen of Claverhouse himself was known to exist, or at least had appeared. Sir Walter

nor ran, but quietly permitted Charles Sharpe to extinguish the fire, which he did with great coolness and dexterity."

Upon Sir Walter's quitting home in 1831, Lockhart mentions, that "He does not seem to have written many farewell letters; but there is one to a very old friend, Mr Kirkpatrick Sharpe." The letter thus pathetically concludes:—"My dear Charles," &c., "I should like to have shaken hands with you, as there are few I regret so much to part with. But it may not be. I will keep my eyes dry if possible, and therefore content myself with bidding you a long,—perhaps an eternal,—farewell. But I may find my way home again, improved as a Dutch skipper from a whale fishing. I am very happy that I am like to see Malta. Always yours, well or ill, WALTER SCOTT."

Sir Walter also thus describes him in his diary, Nov. 1825:—"Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe," he says, "is another very remarkable man. He was bred a clergyman, but never took orders. He has infinite wit, and a great turn for antiquarian lore, as the publications of Kirkton, &c. bear witness. His drawings are the most fanciful and droll imaginable—a mixture between Hogarth and some of those foreign masters who painted temptations of St. Anthony, and such grotesque subjects," &c. "My idea is, that Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, with his oddities, tastes, satire, and high aristocratic feelings, resembles Horace Walpole; perhaps in his person also, in a general way."

wrote of him in total ignorance of his epistolary powers and habits; and little knowing that, from the family archives of Scotland, could be culled enough to constitute what may be called the Despatches of Dundee. Unheard of, in garrets and charter-chests, lay hidden the true characteristics of the warrior and the statesman, whom romance and polemical religion, fancy and fanaticism, had divided between them. Some of these scattered letters, indeed, had been recovered by Mr Sharpe, but so late as not even to have entered those fragments of his Memoirs of the hero which we have given in this volume. The Claverhouse of Old Mortality being in the ascendant, those precious documents were transferred by Mr Sharpe, doubtless *multum gemens*, to his friend Mr George Smythe of Methven, as an antiquarian offering to the Bannatyne Club. That contribution, forming a thin quarto volume, beautifully printed, appropriately decorated by the pencil of Mr Sharpe himself, and accurately illustrated with explanatory notes by Mr Smythe, was presented to the Club in 1826, under the title,—"Letters of John Grahame of Claverhouse, Viscount of Dundee, with illustrative documents." But Mr Smythe did not attempt to redeem the character of Dundee, or to connect those letters with his biography, or his public career. Inscribed as they were to an antiquarian society, the original orthography (at that period very loose) was preserved throughout; a fact not to be criticised under the circumstances, but which renders the letters so repulsive to the modern eye, and so confounding to the sense, that to study the man therein, is like looking for the face of Yorick in his skull. Hence, little or no use, either biographical or historical, has ever been made of this collection, which will be found in readable orthography, along with his other despatches, in our

Second Volume. And as for Sir Walter, having exhausted, after his kind, the subject of Claverhouse before they appeared, he has manifested little inclination even to recognise the existence of such original materials. Now, however, that to the set of letters edited by Mr Smythe, most of which are addressed to the Earl of Linlithgow, as Commander-in-chief of the forces in Scotland, we are enabled to add thirty-seven written by Claverhouse to the Prime Minister for Scotland, we have ample materials for judging the man by a truer test than the fanaticism of a Wodrow, the fancy of a Scott, or the ferocity of a Macaulay.

This result of our researches in defence of Claverhouse, and illustrative of his Life and Times, we have divided into four parts. The volume at present issued consists of two parts. The first is intended to clear the way, by the removal of that superincumbent load of mistaken history, and vulgar error, which had really placed Graham of Claverhouse under the category of historical myths. Public opinion on the subject required a regular siege, and we have laid our approaches accordingly. In this review, we have bestowed upon previous historians a measure of respect, as regards the subject of "Bloody Clavers," in proportion to the justice which they have bestowed upon him. The second part is composed of the fragmentary manuscripts of Mr Sharpe, supplemented by our own acquisitions chiefly from the Queensberry Papers. As this volume contains proofs and illustrations of the real character of great Dundee, sufficient to destroy that mythical representation of him which has hitherto kept the field, we have not hesitated to submit it at once, to the judgment of the candid reader, the correction of the accomplished critic, and the

plunder of the literary hack. To this last, however, we recommend forbearance, until the labours of our second volume be also within his reach. That volume will in like manner consist of two parts. The first (third of the work) will comprehend the correspondence of Claverhouse so far as discovered ; and which already amounts to what may be termed his despatches. In this, the hero shall chiefly speak for himself. In the last part, we shall view him isolated and doomed, like his great prototype Montrose ; separated from his former correspondents and compatriots ; firm of purpose, lofty in spirit, high in heart as ever ; and, finally, under the most desperate circumstances, consistent in his principles, devoted in his loyalty, and glorious in his death.

The whole work is intended to form a pendant or sequel to our Memoirs of Montrose ;[1] and its graphic decorations are of the same character and amount. As in the former work, each volume of the present will contain two different portraits of our hero, all well authenticated, but somewhat varying in style and expression. To clear the character of Dundee was a natural and necessary sequel to having cleared the character of Montrose. Their calumniated characters are founded upon the same great lie of two centuries ; and our work would have been but half finished, had we suffered it to rest upon the redemption, from such slanders, of the head of the house of Graham.

As regards Montrose, since the publication of our voluminous discoveries of original matter, biographical and historical, at different times, and from various latent sources, illustrative of his whole career from his cradle to his grave, the tide even of popular opinion has turned

[1] Memoirs of the Marquis of Montrose, 1612–1650, 2 vols. 8vo ; Thomas G. Stevenson, Edinburgh, 1856.

strongly in his favour. We hear no more, and never shall hear again, such flaming historical fiats launched against him, as this by Malcolm Laing,—that, "Montrose was destitute of humanity;" that, "Montrose was ignorant of what was due to civilized society;" that, "the *assassination* of Argyle and Hamilton was *characteristical* of Montrose;" or those yet more excited denunciations, even by the Historiographer Royal for Scotland,—that, "Detected in his wickedness, and utterly cast off by the whole body (of Covenanters) as *bloated with iniquity*, there was no scheme so desperate that he (Montrose) hesitated to recommend, none so wicked that he declined to execute." Before our researches commenced, no one ventured to contradict these anathemas, and covenanting calumny kept the field. Now, men who once pinned even their *religious* faith to them, are ashamed to remember such passages in history. And what is more, so vastly has he risen, under our auspices, in public estimation, that the merchants of letters begin to think him *marketable* in England. Those great promoters of the growing art of authorship made easy, the Messrs Routledge and Co. of London, have very recently honoured Montrose with their especial patronage, to the utter exclusion of his proper biographer, and latest publisher. Finding the character of the Scotch hero redeemed to their hand, and his complicated story thoroughly evolved, through most interesting and original materials,—the family papers of various noblemen and gentlemen, only accessible to them, or to their hacks, through our own publications,—they suddenly announce themselves in 1858, (in the face of Mr Stevenson's publication of 1856 still in the market, and without a word of communication with the author of *four editions* of the biography of Montrose, between 1838

and 1856, each productive of newly discovered materials from private sources,)[1] as the vendors of the only *true*

[1] *First:* In 1838, was published in London and Edinburgh,—

"Montrose and the Covenanters, their Characters and Conduct, illustrated from private letters and other original documents hitherto unpublished, embracing the Times of Charles the First, from the rise of the Troubles in Scotland, to the death of Montrose. By Mark Napier, Esq., Advocate. London: James Duncan, 37 Paternoster Row, 1838." *Two volumes octavo:*

Second: In 1840, was published, in Edinburgh and London,—

"The Life and Times of Montrose, Illustrated from Original Manuscripts, including family papers now first published, from the Montrose Charter-chest, and other private Repositories. By Mark Napier, Esq., Advocate. With Portraits and Autographs. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd, and Simpkin, Marshall, and Co., London, 1840." *One volume, small octavo:*

Third: Lord Mahon having reviewed these works in the Quarterly Review for December 1846, John Murray of London republished that complete and elegant *extrait* of our volumes, in the collected edition of "Historical Essays by Lord Mahon," in 1849, containing this *imprimatur* by that accomplished nobleman,—

"With a just admiration for Montrose and the Scottish loyalists, Mr Napier has carefully and diligently sought out whatever could bear upon their history. The appearance of his first work, 'Montrose and the Covenanters,' 1838, incited the descendants of the hero to a search, which they had strangely, during two centuries, postponed, into their own family charter-chest,—a search which has brought to light, for the first time, several important original letters to Montrose, especially from Kings Charles the First and Second. Under these circumstances, which might have mortified an ordinary scribbler, Mr Napier was far from echoing the reply of the French Abbé and would-be historian, who, when offered some curious MS. notes of the Governor of a fortress, answered drily, '*Mon siége est fait!*' Mr Napier, on the contrary, in an excellent spirit, and with most commendable zeal, sat down to re-write his book by the aid of his fresh materials. The new work was published in 1840, with the title, 'The Life and Times of Montrose,' but compressed into a single volume, and omitting not a few of the documents and extracts to be found in the former. Both works are therefore necessary to a full understanding of the subject, and it is from both (not neglecting other helps), that we propose to draw what we hope may not prove unwelcome to our readers,—a sketch of the career and character of THE GREAT MARQUIS OF MONTROSE, as to this day in Scotland the hero continues to be called:"

Fourth: Subsequently to Lord Mahon's historical essay, appeared,—

"Memorials of Montrose and his Times; Edinburgh: Printed for the Maitland Club: In *two volumes quarto*,—which volumes were issued, successively, in 1848, and 1850; and contained *long and elaborately composed*

article, hanging out this alluring bush to bring custom to smuggled spirits and adulterated wine :—

"The object of the following work," say Messrs Routledge, "is to illustrate the Military History of Scotland during the desperate struggle between the King and the Covenanters; thus, in some degree, it may be deemed a compromise between history and biography, as well as a tribute to Scottish valour in days now happily passed away. The story of a soldier's life is always one of excitement, and the biography of a hero seldom fails to instruct. *Between* the publication of *Bishop Wishart's work* and the *ample quartos of the Maitland Club*," [1848–50][1] "many memoirs of Montrose have appeared, but none that were much known, especially in England, or were within the reach of the million; and *the Publishers believe* that, *for the first time*, they are enabled to bring forward *a popular and complete military history of the great Cavalier*, and of the wars of his time. Around him are grouped the principal Scottish statesmen and soldiers who were his cotemporaries; thus the narrative is made the means of depicting something of the inner life, the manners, and habits of thought, which characterised the Scots of the seventeenth century; while nothing that seems a fault on either side, in Covenanter or Cavalier, has been concealed, in the detail of that civil strife to which the savage precepts of adverse preachers imparted a horror so sanguinary."

"EDINBURGH, *Feb.* 1858."

biographical and historical Introductions and Appendices, signed by the author and editor 'MARK NAPIER;' and the *copy-right* of which remain his undisputed property. From these *compositions*, Grant has largely plundered.

Fifth: In 1856, was published, in Edinburgh and London,—

"Memoirs of the Marquis of Montrose. By Mark Napier. Edinburgh: Thomas G. Stevenson, 87 Princes Street. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co., 1856." *Two volumes octavo.*

[1] But, Napier's Montrose of 1856, the *most complete* Life of Montrose, is here *excluded* entirely, in this *Grant-Routledge* preface dated in 1858! *Causa patet.* Again, all allusion to the author of four biographies of Montrose between 1838 and 1856, is here *avoided*. *Causa patet.* From the "*fore front* of Grant's preface" (as Vice-Chancellor Wood phrased it) to the *hind back* of the volume, the *animus furandi* is manifest, as we shall demonstrate elsewhere.

We have here quoted the entire preface to the volume in question. The anomaly of the London publishers' preface being dated in Edinburgh, is explained by the fact, that it was composed there, for them, by Grant, but expressly adopted by those publishers, and put forth *in their own name.* We would be too happy to think it possible that that publishing firm was entirely ignorant of the true character of their mercantile acquisition,—a mongrel manuscript, namely, creeping out of Scotland ; and, without leave asked or given,—disingenuously made up of the *unacknowledged* labours, and discoveries, of the prior biographer of Montrose, curtailed by the blundering scissors of an Edinburgh celt (with a nimble pen for claymore), who never made a discovery about Montrose in his life ; never obtained admittance to a noblemen's charter-room on the subject ; who has "grouped" no contemporary statesmen and soldiers around the hero that we had not grouped before him ; who has "depicted" nothing "of the inner life, the manners, and habits of thought which characterised the Scots of the seventeenth century" that he did not find in our volumes more fully illustrated and depicted to his hand ; and who, even in those piratical, and parrotical, wares, purchased and published by the Messrs Routledge, has shown himself so ignorant of the illustrious subject he therein desecrates with a borrowed and bastard enthusiasm, as to adopt the occasional *blunders* of the real biographer, (along with what he must have deemed *beauties* since he appropriated them) ; as not to know the latin title-page of Dr Wishart's Wars of Montrose when he sees it ; and as to imagine, when he happens to meet with the name of General *King* in the volumes he violates, that this must mean *King* Charles ! A work moreover, which, stamped with such general characteristics as these, has,

notwithstanding its pretentious *ad captandum* preface, not added to our own labours one microscopic grain of information, or of interest, touching Montrose![1]

Had we, like Mr Smythe of Methven, simply edited a fragmentary collection of historical letters, or other private documents, with a few illustrative notes, whether presented to an antiquarian club or to the public, those *materials*, for history or biography, might have been open to the trashy adaptation of a Grant, or the trading activity of a Routledge. But surely the laborious literary compositions, not to speak of discoveries, of the mere amateur in authorship is entitled to the same *moral* protection (rarely indeed so grossly outraged), of gentlemanly feeling, and generous dealing, in letters,—and to the same *legal* protection of the law of copy-right in equity,—as the compositions of any professional author who may happen to be dependent upon that species of work for his bread? And the long series of our own *notorious* publications, so absolutely exhaustive of the previously unknown biography of Montrose,—natal, educational, matrimonial, domestic, historical, political, military, and obituary,—from his cradle to his grave,—published successively between 1838 and 1856, surely places the *Grant-Routledge preface*, of 1858, and the whole of Grant's performance, in a light so little favourable, as to make it difficult to conceive,—if a professional author be a gentleman, or a publishing firm an entity,—how either author or publisher could bear to look upon their bantling twice. To wait till the fruit was exuberant and ripe, and then to rob the orchard, was a Celtic feat, scarcely to be rendered famous by

[1] For particular examples of these characteristics of the Memoirs of Montrose by James Grant, published by the Messrs Routledge of London, 1858, see note at the end of this preface.

the fact, that the plunder found a dealer in London not afraid to retail it.[1]

[1] The history of our unsuccessful attempt to arrest this speculation in the hands of the London publishers, by obtaining an injunction from Chancery (a suit instituted chiefly for the sake of our own publisher, who had taken upon himself *the whole risk of an expensive work*, thus attempted to be undersold in London,) and the *precise value*, to law, equity, and letters, of Vice-Chancellor Page Wood's judgment *In Re, Napier* v. *Routledge and Co.*, must be the subject of full illustration in another form. Here, however, we may give the Messrs Routledge the benefit of repeating one of their own advertisements of "Grant's Life of Montrose:"—

"Mr Mark Napier having decided not to proceed with his motion to restrain the publication of this work, the public is informed that it is now on sale, and may be had through any bookseller. Mr Napier's anxiety to prevent its publication, is *sufficient evidence of its high literary merit*"!

We feel the less difficulty in commenting as we have done upon Mr Grant's work, seeing that his publishers consider our hostility as "sufficient evidence of its high literary merit." They also parade, in another of their advertisements, the following puff, from "Bell's Messenger:"—

"We congratulate Mr Grant upon this volume, which is, *certainly*, the most successful of his many successful publications, and will *enhance his literary reputation far and wide*"!

We are doing our best to realize, for the Messrs Routledge, this brilliant anticipation of their sanguine "Messenger." Meanwhile, their author is scarcely yet entitled to say to Montrose, "I've made thee glorious by *my* pen." So far as *Chancery* is concerned, the Routledges may now indeed hollo, having got so well out of the wood; but the page of Grant's honours is rather a grinning one. Vice-Chancellor Wood, (whose judgment shall be elsewhere critically analysed), at the conclusion of his judgment refusing the injunction with costs, observed,—"He should have been glad to see a *full* and *handsome* acknowledgment of the plaintiff's labours; but though not put in the *fore front of Grant's preface*,"—[nay, Sir Page, such acknowledgement is *utterly excluded*, and with an obvious *animus*, from Grant's preface;—and, moreover, that preface is adopted by the Routledges as *their own*,]—"or *sufficiently* ample, *some* acknowledgment there was"! Where, and of what kind? There is not a notice in Grant's *whole volume*, of the prior author from whom he was *conveying wholesale*, that does not in itself afford distinct evidence of the *animus furandi*. "Then," continued the Vice-Chancellor, "upon the question of costs, *if Mr Grant* had been the only defendant, *he might have paused*."—*Times Newspaper Report*, 19*th Jan.* 1859. Grant's name was necessarily introduced in the case; but he was not a defendant at all, being without the jurisdiction.

It is amusing to contrast with all this, the *critical* judgment, of one of the

Gentle reader, this is an episode. But the cause of the generous profession of letters, and the patrimonial interests of an honest, and perhaps too enterprizing, Edinburgh publisher, seemed to call for it at our hands. Never having made, or striven to make, or expecting to make, a single pound *Scots* by our labours of love in the cause of Montrose,[1] but content to leave all to our several publishers,—including *the risk*,—we certainly felt as

most independent and unbiassed of all the organs of literary and critical judgment in London. The ATHENÆUM at once, and spontaneously, fastened upon Grant with a close and most damaging detection. We cannot here go into all its details, but may quote the following :—

"We wish (*assuming* that such a book as Mr Grant's was inevitable), that when he *was* helping himself to Mr Napier's material, he had done it wisely. He proves conclusively that *he* has no research, by adopting errors from the earlier books of Mr Napier which that gentleman has corrected from further discoveries in his latest editions of the 'Memoirs.' When an author is pillaging another author's book, he may as well do it *sagaciously*. An Irish landlord, in one of Lever's novels, shears his sheep in the winter time—a more prudent man waits till their fleeces are full grown. We can scarcely imagine *what excuse* will be made for the kind of proceedings which it has been our duty to expose. Mr Grant's book is not so cheap after all; for we very much fear that few of the 'million' can afford six shillings for a *third-rate* biography. It is not better written than the work which it *ignores* and *affects* to *supersede*. It is not more popular in its views; for Mr Grant is an out-and-out 'Cavalier,' and his pages overflow with a *maudlin Gaelic patriotism*, which we can only liken to *exceedingly weak and smoky whisky-and-water*. We do not feel called upon to discuss Montrose's career *à propos* of such a publication; and, indeed, should scarcely have noticed it at all, if it did not involve considerations of the *right* and *wrong*, of the *morals and courtesies*, of the literary profession, and the *publishing trade*."—*The* ATHENÆUM, *March* 20, 1858.

[1] It is hardly an exception (as regards the profits of authorship) to this fact, that the Maitland Club very liberally, but *perfectly gratuitously*, presented to the author of "Memorials of Montrose and his Times," a handsome acknowledgment (of their sense of the service done to their system, by those historical and biographical memoirs), in the shape of an *honorarium*, intended, doubtless, to be expended, as the Antiquary would have said, *in perpetuam memoriam*, upon a Petronian wine-goblet,—"*camellam vini*." We confess to *not* having purchased *the goblet;* but we did not fail to expend it upon *the wine*.

indignant as Montrose himself would have done, that the golden nuggets should in this covert manner be coined out of *our labours* and *our discoveries*, by the Grants and the Routledges of letters. Nor are we at all deterred from these views of our own case, by what we shall elsewhere endeavour to prove a somewhat questionable judgment, from a high quarter, the tendency of which, we think, is to render copyright property as *uneasy* by Chancery law, as historical biography has been made *easy* by Scotch conveyancing. And, gentle author, trust the law of copyright, as you would trust a *Will o' the wisp*. Rather put your faith in Princes, than your reliance upon any protection to be obtained, either as concerns *copyright* or *Chancery costs* (no joke, let me warn ye), even from this *dictum*,—reported to have been delivered by Vice-Chancellor Sir Page Wood, himself, in the case of an alleged piracy of a *Dictionary of Words!*—

"Copyright was considered, for the *highest purposes* of society, in every country, as necessary to be secured to those who contributed to the civilization, refinement, or instruction of mankind, and extended in this country, if not elsewhere, to *every description of work*, however humble it might be, even to the mere collection of the abodes of persons, and to streets and places; and *labour having been employed*, upon subjects *even* of that class, *no one had a right to avail himself of it*."[1]

Ere we pass on to Dundee, however, we must ventilate Montrose himself once more, (so as to redeem him from the contact of Messrs Grant and Routledge), by the notice of some new illustrations, so recently discovered as not to have fallen into marauding hands.

[1] See Vice-Chancellor Sir Page Wood's judgment in *Spiers* v. *Brown*, reported in the "Times" newspaper, Feb. 26, 1858.

Wodrow tells us, that the Marquis once tortured a covenanting minister, who refused the oath of allegiance, by attaching him to the stern of a boat, at the end of a rope, and dragging him alternately under water, and to the surface, until the soul of the martyr was about to take its flight. This abominable falsehood we happened not to discover (festering as it is in the *Analecta* of Wodrow) until after the publication of our latest edition of the Memoirs of Montrose, in 1856. It will be found thoroughly refuted in the historical review (p. 99,) which composes Part First of the present volume. But even so recently as since the most of these pages had passed through the press, a new and very interesting testimony, to the heroic spirit, and truly Christian character of Montrose, has emerged from its hybernation of two centuries, to stand in judgment against all his traducers,—his *pocket bible*, namely, bearing his autograph. At this moment we have before us the volume itself; the very bible, in all probability, upon which he used to invoke the God of Battles, to strengthen his arm in the day of battle, and to temper it with mercy in the hour of victory. Had he been the monster recorded by those historians we have quoted before, Montrose would not have cherished the Book of Life, as his companion in the stormy path of his death-dealing career. But cherish it he did, as the little volume itself bears witness on more than one of its now stained and tattered leaves. The "Bible and the Broadsword"! Such is the desecrated insignia, so fantastically usurped by the Covenant, from the pages of a Wodrow to the panel of a Harvey. The Covenant! which never reaped victory with the one, or read mercy in the other. It is the proper insignia of Montrose, who never uttered a fanatical phrase, and never prompted or committed a merciless act; whose sword was the type of victory,

loyalty, and honour; whose bible, the companion of his solitary moments, was the book upon which he was wont to record the heroic and holy sentiments of a true and faithful champion of the Cross. The one now before us is a French bible in duodecimo, printed at Sedan, near Paris, in 1633, the year when Charles the First was crowned in Scotland. It is quite suited for the pocket; and the print is very clear and small. In later days it had fallen into careless keeping. The New Testament, and the concluding portion of the volume, have been gnawed to pieces by rats or mice. The features of Montrose's illustrious chaplain, Dr Wishart, were in like manner disfigured by fanatical rats in "Haddo's Hole." The Old Testament, however, and the commencement of the volume, including the title page, and the fly-leaf before it, have escaped destruction. On either side of that leaf, and also on the title-page, appears the handwriting of Montrose.

1. On the first side of the leaf he had written the following couplet in Italian,—

La vità passa, la morte vìene,
Beato colui chi haura fatto bene,—

that is,—Life passes, death comes; blessed is he who shall have done well. Immediately under this religious sentiment, he had traced the heroic one in Latin,—*Honor mihi vita potior*,—expressing that his honour was dearer to him than his life. To this he adds his signature, written in a large bold hand as usual. Two other lines of his writing follow on the same page, to which his signature is again attached. The lines have been scored out, (seemingly by himself) but can be read as follows, the first being in Italian, the other in Latin:—*Ardito e Presto*,—Courageous and Prompt; and,—*Aut solvam aut*

LA BIBLE,

QVI EST

TOVTE LA SAINCTE
ESCRITVRE DV VIEIL ET
NOVVEAV TESTAMENT.

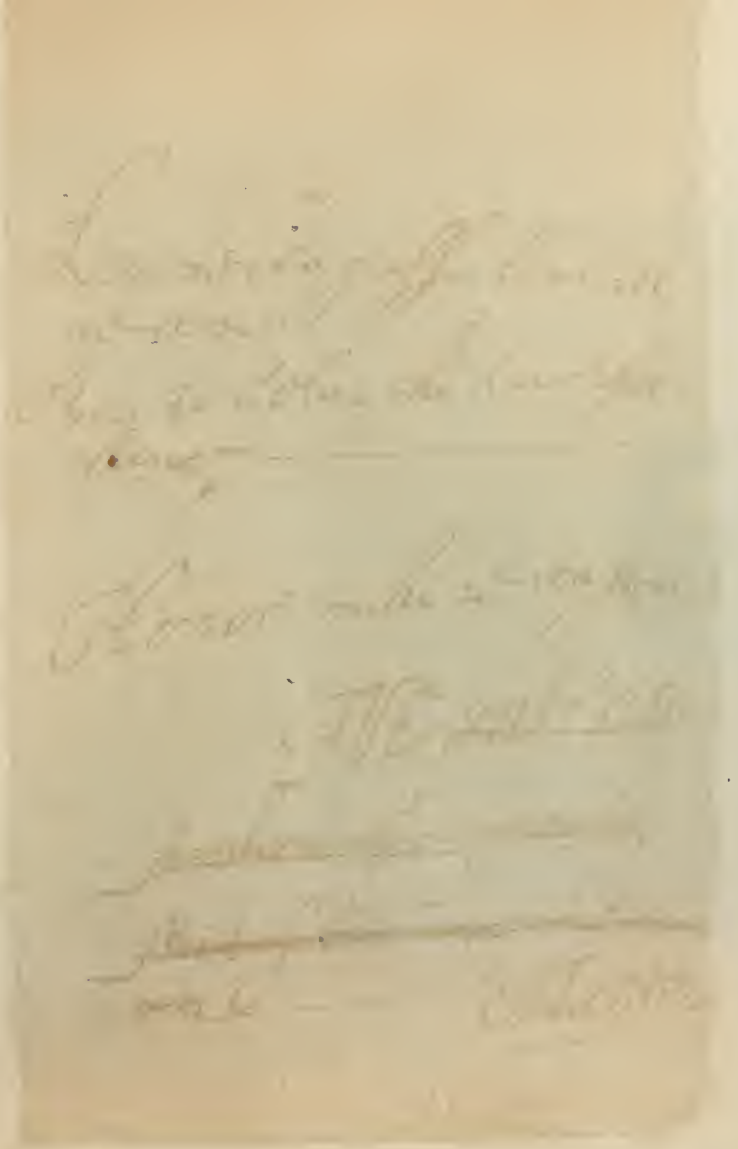
Autrement,

L'ANCIENNE ET LA
NOVVELLE ALLIANCE.

Le tout reueu & conferé sur les Textes Hebrieux & Grecs.

A SEDAN,
Par IEAN IANNON Imprimeur
de l'Academie.

M. DC. XXXIII.



diruam,—probably meaning,—If I can't untie the knot, I'll cut it.

2. On the other side of the same leaf, at the top of it, the former Italian couplet is repeated in Montrose's handwriting, but scarcely visible, owing to the ink having failed. Then follows an ingenious monogram of the initial of his title, sketched by himself, surrounded with a rude representation of roses, resting on what appears to be a slight indication of an eminence. All this is typical of the illustrious name,—in Latin, *Mons rosarum*, or Comes *Montisrosarum;* in English, Rosemount, or Montrose. This line, written immediately under the monogram, explains the design,—*Non crescunt sine spinis*,—refering to the roses, which do not grow without thorns; and that which follows,—*Pro jucundis aptissima queque* [quæque] *Deus dat*,—may be read along with the former, to this effect:—Roses do not grow without thorns: God gives whatever things are convenient for us, instead of those things which delight us most. Beneath this moral and religious sentiment appears another fine specimen of his noble signature.

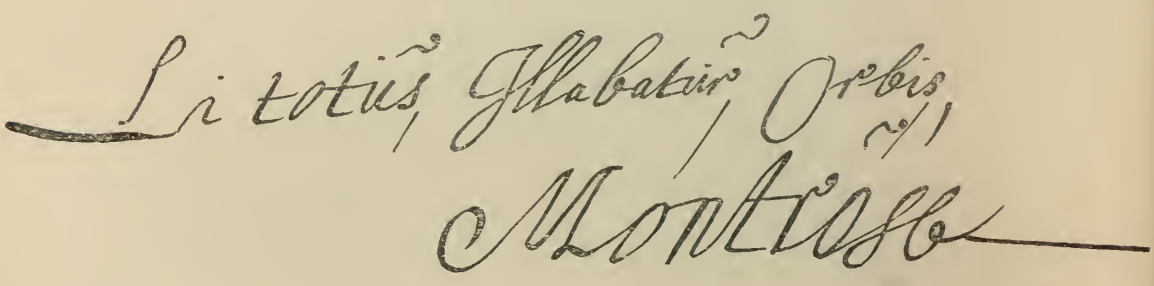
3. In the centre of the title-page is written a well known line from Horace,—*Si totus illabatur orbis*,—a misquotation, by the way, indicating that he quoted from memory, the word *totus* neither occurring in, nor fully expressing the original. The accurate quotation is,—

Si fractus illabatur orbis,
Impavidum ferient ruinæ.

The pervading sentiment of that grandest of the odes of Horace is familiar to all:—The man whose constancy of resolution is based on virtue, will bear him fearlessly, even amid the descending ruin of the orb above. Then follows another sentiment in Latin, which has been scored out, but may still be read,—*Virtus omnia donat*—which

we would freely translate,—Virtue is its own best reward. To this also, Montrose has added his signature, divided by the woodcut in the centre of the page ; and beneath it, he had repeated, and again scored out, the words *Aut solvam aut diruam.*

Of the three pages, the scribblings on which we have thus endeavoured to decypher, our readers are here presented with most accurate facsimiles. There is nothing by which the date, or dates, of these characteristic notes can be precisely ascertained. The feeling seems too emphatic to be referred to the mere idleness of the most intelligent boyhood ; but in some of the monograms the combination with the letter E indicates that he was only Earl at the time ; and, consequently, that the writing is of some date prior to the battle of Tippermuir, his first great victory for the Crown, in the autumn of 1644. This, too, is remarkable, that that intense expression, of determined and devoted integrity, which he clothed in the well known quotation from Horace, reappears, in his handwriting, upon the title-page of another book, also at this moment before us. The following exact facsimile, will serve to show that this autograph, if not written at a riper age, was more carefully penned ; although the word *totus* is still substituted for *fractus.*



This fine and emphatic specimen of an illustrious autograph is displayed on the top margin of the engraved

title-page of Camden's Britannia, the English folio edition of 1637, by Philemon Holland; a volume as complete and stainless in its condition, as if it had been petted in the private library of a Thomas Thomson, or a Thomas Maitland. Yet, *ecce signum*, it had belonged, some two centuries ago, to that "bloody butcher" who overran Scotland with the emblems most fatal to libraries and letters,—fire and sword; and its subsequent place of hiding (for the discovery of it is very recent), is the same wherein the mice had been suffered to make such havoc on the little bible. It is time to inform our readers where that is.

David Drummond, Master of Maderty, who became third Lord, was one of the earliest and of the most loyal adherents of Montrose, in his great career of victory. At the battle of Tippermuir, being sent with a flag of truce to summon Perth in the name of Montrose and King Charles, he was instantly seized by the rebel Covenanters, and would have been put to death had they gained the battle. He lived, however, to be married to Lady Beatrix Graham, Montrose's youngest sister.[1] One of the possessions of this family was the barony of Innerpeffray, a female inheritance coming to these Drummonds through the Chisholms of Cromlix. This David, third Lord Maderty, survived his friend and brother-in-law, Montrose, for more than thirty years, dying about the close of the reign of Charles the Second. He appears to have had a turn for letters, another bond of union between him and his heroic relative; and accordingly, he founded a library and school at Innerpeffray (near Crieff, and hard by Montrose's favourite haunt, Inchbrakie), a slender but very interesting en-

[1] See our Memoirs of Montrose, 1856; vol. i. p. 90; and vol. ii. pp. 430, 437.

dowment existing to this day. Here Montrose's little bible, and other books once belonging to him, had found a shrine, if such that can be called, where mice and moths were, at one time at least, permitted to pasture on its treasures.

All this connects, in a remarkably interesting manner, with our previous discoveries relating to the youth and education of Montrose, published in our latest editions of his Memoirs, from which we may here quote :—

"Some interesting particulars of Montrose's studies at Glasgow, may be gathered from a note of certain books belonging to the young nobleman, which his tutor (Master William Forrett) had borrowed from him, before the removal to St Andrew's College took place. These were delivered to one of Montrose's curators, Patrick Graham of Inchbrakie, on the 9th of August, 1627 ; of which same date, says Inchbrakie (in a note under his own hand), 'These books were put in my Lord's chamber by me, and thereafter put in my Lord his Lordship's cabinet by me, his Lordship then being present.' There is something even in this scrap which indicates that the proprietor of these books was not heedless of their safety ; and the list which Inchbrakie has noted is somewhat characteristic :—'Two volumes of Sabellicus' Universal History, in latin ; Camerarius, his Living Library ; A Treatise of the Order of Knighthood ; The Life and Death of Queen Mary ; Godfrey de Bulloigne, his History ; The History of Xenophon, in latin ; The Works of Seneca with Lipsius' Commentary.' One other book had been anxiously inquired for, and that was,—'*specially, Sir Walter Raleigh's History ;*' with regard to which, Master William Forrett (the young Earl's dominie), replies,—'As for the History written by Sir Walter Raleigh, *my Lord himself conveyed it to St Andrews at his Lordship's first thither going.*' Thus we now know the very names of some of the books that were placed in the cabinet of Montrose's college-room, and the one upon which his youthful mind was most intent when he made his first appearance there. That time-honoured volume, the wonder of its age,

and written under circumstances of distress and oppression that might well have paralysed the stoutest pen, was, it seems, the favourite study of our young hero when in his fourteenth year, and the book which he had selected (no light burden) to take with himself when he first joined the University. The arrival there of the distinguished youth, with his goodly and cherished folio, must have created no small sensation."[1]

When we wrote all this in 1848, it was not known that any of the books enumerated above were yet in existence. No volume that had belonged to Montrose could we ever succeed in tracing, either in the library of his family, or anywhere else. The schoolmaster of the Innerpeffray establishment, who is also librarian, happened to possess a copy of our Life of Montrose, 1840; and to the fact, that the autograph of the hero and martyr himself, appeared upon that dilapidated little bible, at Innerpeffray, and also upon the folio Camden, his attention was only first directed by observing, in our work, the facsimile of Montrose's autograph.[2] This induced a *comparatio literarum*, and led to the interesting discovery; and this again, of course, led us ere long to the library. We could find no other volume there upon which Montrose had written; but the visit was not in vain. Our search was rewarded by the discovery of three works, all bearing the autograph of his brother-in-law, "Madertie," but which are among those enumerated by Patrick Graham of Inchbrakie, in the list

[1] Memorials of Montrose, 1848–50. See also our Memoirs of Montrose, 1856.

[2] So we were informed, when very recently visiting the library, by the intelligent schoolmaster himself, Mr Christie, to whom our best thanks are due for the obliging and zealous aid he afforded us in searching the library, and manuscript catalogues. We obtained a half-holiday to the school, in the name of that "bloody butcher, and excommunicated traitor, *James Graham*."

of 1627. These are,—Camerarius, his Living Library; 1621, *Fol.*: Godfrey of Boulogne, or the recovery of Jerusalem: 1624, *Fol.*: and *Sir Walter Raleigh's History of the World*, 1614, *Fol.*[1] Considering where they are found, and their dates, it can scarcely be doubted, that these are the identical volumes mentioned by Patrick Graham of Inchbrakie, in his list of 1627. The same library contains sacred and touching memorials of his sister, the Lady Beatrix Graham, Lady Madertie; her state bible, namely, in the original crimson velvet binding, sadly dilapidated, but still folded in the tattered remnants of the crimson velvet and gold-laced bag, in which it was wont, probably, to be carried before her to the kirk of Innerpeffray. *Sic transit gloria mundi.* The yew tree of Inchbrakie, called Montrose's Yew, could tell us all about it, would it condescend to speak.

[1] The antique and apparently original binding of these volumes, being much decayed, has been replaced, even within these few months, by modern half-binding; it not being known to the librarian that they had most probably belonged to Montrose. This unfortunate renovation was accomplished before we knew of it, or had an opportunity of examining the old boards, and fly-leaves, for autographs, and other accidental authentications. The little mouse-eaten bible, however, had undergone no sacrilegious repair; and is henceforth to be preserved as a precious relic, in a box made from "Montrose's Yew," which funereal pile of nature's architecture, yet predominates over the park of Inchbrakie, with undiminished, and unrivalled solemnity. The present tenant of that ancient seat of a distinguished branch of the Grahams, is Captain the Honourable Arthur Hay Drummond, R.N., a younger son of the House of Kinnoul, upon whom has devolved the female inheritance of the barony of Innerpeffray, along with its interesting accessory, the school and library founded by David Drummond, 3rd Lord Maderty. Captain Drummond's kindness enabled us to examine the library very deliberately, and more than once, under the best and most hospitable of auspices. Our own knowledge of the existence of this curious and interesting library is very recent. The Rev. Henry Malcolm of Dunblane, first called our attention to the fact, that the autograph of Montrose appeared upon some of the volumes; and, subsequently, the Right Rev. the Bishop of Brechin most kindly obtained permission to send us Montrose's bible for inspection, before we had visited the library itself.

This interesting and latest discovery on the subject of Montrose, affords the crowning instance of that remarkable trait in his character which our previous researches had enabled us to illustrate in his memoirs. It appears to have been a habit of his mind, from his youth upwards, to give vent to the deep feelings of the moment, heroic, moral, indignant, or sad, in some enthusiastic verse, pointed couplet, or epigrammatic antithesis. The fly-leaf of a favourite volume was his usual tablet for these ebullitions of an ardent genius. Doubtless, during his meteor career, writing paper was with him somewhat of a luxury, and the appliances of a study rather scarce. We have shown, in our life of him, that, on his copies of Cæsar's Commentaries, Quintus Curtius, and Lucan's Pharsalia, he had recorded, in verses of his own composition, his ambitious aspirations to emulate the heroic and lettered Roman, and that yet more unapproachable prototype, the Macedonian king. As might be expected, on his classics are discovered ambitious and heroic sentiments,—on his bible, chiefly moral and Christian aphorisms. Even on the latter, however, we find him noting heroics from Horace. Notwithstanding the devotion of his life,—fated to "write epitaphs in blood, and wounds," —he had certainly contrived to become familiar with the classics, and accomplished in French and Italian. The following couplet occurs in one of his saddest effusions, hastily written (like his famous metrical vow), upon the occasion of the murder of his beloved Sovereign :–

> "Seeing, that but from *small woes* words do come,
> But *great ones*,—they are always dumb."

Now this is just a paraphrase of the line in the Hippolytus of Seneca,—"*Curæ leves loquuntur, ingentes stupent.*" And writing to the Chancellor Hyde when the news of

the fate of the King reached him, he puts the very same in prose, thus :—" The griefs that astonish, speak more with their *silence* than those that *can complain*." To this elegant and epigrammatic turn, and culture of mind, we owe the characteristic verse,—

" He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who puts it not unto the touch,
To gain or lose it all,"

(a sentiment he writes in prose to Prince Rupert), and the no less memorable couplet,—

" I'll make thee *glorious* by my *pen*,
And *famous* by my *sword*."

Again, when indignantly answering the virulent and dishonest prosecution of him by the Covenanting government in 1641, he classically characterises the foul-mouthed libel, drawn by the ruffian Warriston, as " *Quisquiliæ volantes et venti spolia*," instead of saying, *riffraff, rubbish, and dust;* and with his own boldest hand he indited, even upon the formal paper given in as his legal defence, this verse from the *Tristia* of Ovid,—

" *Hoc pretium vitæ, vigilatorumque laborum*
Cepimus; ingenio est pœna reperta meo:"

which may be translated,—

For life's best labours lavished on the State,
A patriot's genius finds a felon's fate:

And how curious is it to trace the very same habit of mind, and mode of expressing intense feeling, illustrating the last scene of his life, and mingling with his final prayer for salvation, amid the horrors of his death,—

" *Let them* bestow on *every airt* a limb,
Then open all my veins, that I may swim
To Thee, my Maker, in that crimson lake," &c.

In the Preface to our Memoirs of Montrose (1856), we thus ventured to challenge the most distinguished and dangerous of the historical defamers of his great scion, Dundee :—

" In redeeming, as we hope to have done, the character of Montrose from the calumnies of two centuries, by the closest of biographical scrutinies, and the most unquestionable of evidence, we claim to have laboured so far successfully in the cause of justice and truth. But something more remains to be achieved in the same stormy period of the Scotish troubles. The latest and most brilliant historian of England, too disdainful of minute enquiry, where party feeling predominates, speaks of the ' seared conscience and adamantine heart,' of the great Dundee, and tells us, that ' *James* Graham of Claverhouse,'—thus betraying ignorance, or carelessness, of the very name he is consigning to unmerited obloquy,—' rapacious and profane, of violent temper, and obdurate heart, has left a name which, wherever the Scottish race is settled on the face of the globe, is mentioned with a peculiar energy of hatred.' No historical character, we verily believe, was ever more recklessly portrayed, or in colours more false than these. In due time, *Deo volente*, Dundee, too, must be redeemed from a vulgar error of history, thus glorified by the golden pen that delights the present age."

This pledge we hope to have now redeemed, even in the present volume. But neither shall it be lost sight of in that which is to come. It is no small encouragement, to the present undertaking, that we find ourselves universally justified in what once seemed so desperate an adventure, as the rescuing that " bloody murderer and excommunicated traitor," Montrose, not only from the fiery furnace of fanaticism, but from the political enmity of the most distinguished whig historians of Scotland in modern times. We have, indeed, been crowned with compliments of very different qualities, and from very

opposite quarters. The success of our labours, as the champion of the champion of Charles the First, has been honourably acknowledged at one end of society, and meanly appropriated at the other. While gratified by an elegant abridgement, of our more elaborate and controversial volumes, from the pen of a nobleman whose comments, criticisms, and curtailments, conferred honour upon the original, we were disgusted in no less a degree by that vapouring and blundered adaptation (already commented upon), pretending to laborious originality, of the cream of our own discoveries and labours, emanating from the cheap-and-nasty system of second-hand authorship. Or, to couch it in what Lord Macaulay terms *Johnsonese*,—Enthusiastically reviewed by the lettered genius of a senatorial Stanhope ; disingenuously extracted by the venal industry of a trading pen ; at once decorated by the hand of honour, and soiled by the feelers of suction,— we may boast of having inspired a peer, and attracted a parasite.

The frontispiece to this volume is engraved from a contemporary print of Viscount Dundee, so rare that only two copies of it are known to exist. One is in the Bodleian Library. The fortunate possessor of the other is Mr Stirling of Keir, who acquired it from the sale at Strawberry Hill. Having been engraved by Williams, an artist contemporary with his subject, considerable reliance may be placed upon the resemblance ; but the painting is not known from whence the engraving is derived ; if, indeed, there was any painted portrait of the kind. It is a mezzotint, in folio, and of no mean pretensions as a work of art. But that mode of engraving was very apt to impart thickness, if not coarseness,

to the features of a portrait, a defect which may be perceived in many of the otherwise beautiful mezzotints of the works of Sir Joshua Reynolds; and most probably, in this instance, the features of Claverhouse have lost somewhat of their characteristic fineness, and expression. In the present line engraving, however, from the able and accurate burin of Mr Bell, that artist has adhered as closely as possible to the contemporary print. To Mr Stirling of Keir our best thanks are due, for the use of his rare treasure.

The second portrait of our hero which graces this volume, is most accurately engraved, by Mr Banks jun., from a kit-cat oil painting, deemed an original, in possession of the family of Graham of Airth, to whom also our thanks are due for the permission to engrave it. Other portraits of Dundee, no less authentic, will appear in our second volume.

To Charles K. Sharpe, these Memorials are further indebted for three engraved plates; namely, the armorial plate for the title-page; and two plates of autographs, which will also find their place in the next volume. These Mr Sharpe himself presented to us, along with the fragmentary manuscript we have printed; and, being very earnest and zealous in the promotion of this work, he promised at the same time to search in his repositories for more fragments of manuscript, and further decorative illustrations of the subject. But,—*victima nil miserantis Orci*,—that promise was not destined to be fulfilled. A box-full of his papers, now in possession of his sister Mrs Bedford, was, at our request, obligingly ransacked for us by that lady, who assured us,—"I have examined all the MS. in my possession, and now forward to you all that I think may be useful to you; I also enclose a drawing of the ring." These stray frag-

ments, which only came to hand after we had printed the more orderly manuscripts given us by Mr Sharpe himself, were fortunately in time to be added in a supplementary form.

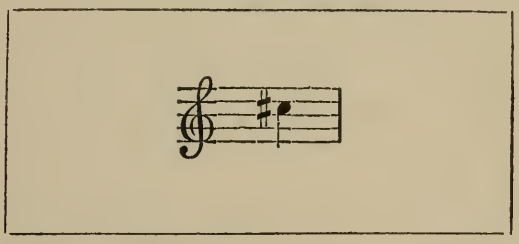
Our publisher Mr Stevenson, between whom and Mr Sharpe the bond of antiquarianism had long subsisted, has illustrated these manuscripts with a characteristic sketch, taken from a photograph portrait presented to him by his friendly patron himself. He is therein represented at an advanced period of his life, and as he is best remembered now. The resemblance was approved by himself; for he distributed copies of the photograph among his friends, including his antiquarian publisher. Several of the quaint productions of his pencil were executed for works published by Mr Stevenson; who, not very long since, parted with the copperplates to add to a collection made by Mrs Bedford, which that lady told us she hoped one day to publish, as a memorial of her brother's peculiar accomplishments. This most acceptable idea, we sincerely trust, will not prove one of those luxurious schemes of letters, that are more apt to be propounded than fulfilled. One amusing specimen, however, we have taken to illustrate, and enliven, this our too imperfect record of its accomplished author,—Sir Walter Scott's "inimitable virago." It has been already twice published,[1] and thrice engraved in different

[1] First, as an illustration of Kenilworth, in the Abbotsford edition, where there is a spirited woodcut, in miniature, of this gem of Mr Sharpe's comic and graphic powers. It was subsequently engraved in a less reduced form, as the frontispiece to Mr Turnbull's work, entitled,—"LETTERS OF MARY STUART, QUEEN OF SCOTLAND, Selected from the 'Recueil des Lettres de Marie Stuart,' together with the Chronological Summary of Events during her Reign, by Prince Alexander Labanoff. Translated, with Notes and an Introduction, by William B. Turnbull. 8vo, *fine frontispiece of Queen Elizabeth dancing, by Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe.* London, Charles Dolman, 1845." As Mr Dolman, with Mr Turnbull's permission, was so good

Chas. Kirkpatrick Sharpe

BORN 1780. — DIED 17 MARCH 1851

Edinburgh: Thomas G Stevenson 1859.

sizes. The copperplate of the octavo size is the property of Mr Dolman, the London publisher, to whose liberality Mr Stevenson was indebted for the loan of it, to illustrate these notices of C. K. Sharpe,[1]—whose name, erst a household word in "Auld Reekie," he himself was wont thus wittily to express, in the following musical monogram, which he occasionally used as a visiting card.

as to lend the plate to our publisher for the purpose, it has been repeated here. Mr Turnbull also engraved the same, of the size of the original, for distribution among his friends.

[1] An Edinburgh celebrity in his day, and himself far descended, Charles K. Sharpe was a *habitué* of some of the most aristocratic families of Scotland. In such circles, his fund of dry humour and caustic wit never failed to render him a welcome guest. The characteristic treble, something between the humourous and the querulous, in which he uttered a *mot*, greatly heightened the effect. A lady who prided herself, perhaps too much, upon the delicacies of her table, having quarrelled with Sharpe, was so rash as to attempt to reclaim him before company by a reproachful speech, which never got beyond this commencement:—"Oh! Mr Sharpe, *after the many good dinners*,"—"And the many *bad*," struck in the incorrigible delinquent, with a sudden snap which most effectually silenced the well known imperious lady. He chiefly affected select circles, where his conversation was most likely to tell. The curious melange of ministers and military, black spirits and red, lawyers and "lobsters," that crowded the levees of the Lord High Commissioner, he could not abide. Once, however, the Lady of his Grace wiled him to her tea-table, to aid her to entertain the Scotch clergy by whom she expected to be surrounded. Charles was coaxed to go, *multum gemens*. But the General Assembly sat late, and our humourist, a little out of humour, had to encounter, in a very hot tea-room, a bevy of red-coats, his own being the only black one in the circle. "I see," he said, after a characteristic survey with his never failing eye-glass, "your Ladyship has *boiled* the ministers."

Even since the foregoing pages were sent to press, another testimony has come to light, like one from the dead, to bear witness against the Covenant. At page 286 of this volume will be found Mr Sharpe's account of the battle of Bothwell Bridge, and of the preparations which the Covenanters had there made, to put to death on the spot all the prisoners who might fall into their hands. But Mr Sharpe was not aware of the existence of the standard which they carried upon that memorable occasion. This very recent discovery has been most obligingly communicated to us by Mr James Drummond, R.S.A., a distinguished artist, whose great work, the procession of Montrose as a prisoner, from the Watergate of Edinburgh to the Tolbooth, formed one of the most attractive features in the Exhibition of the Scottish Academy for this season. As the discovery of this brimstone banner is entirely due to that gentleman, who has just favoured us with the communication, we shall give the story in his own words :—

"In reference to the conversation we had the other day, concerning the 'Bluidy Banner' which I saw at Dunbar, I may mention, that, some months ago, being informed by a friend from Dunbar, that he knew the people who had the said flag or banner, I accompanied him, while on a visit in that neighbourhood, a few weeks since, to the house of the old couple, who, with some difficulty, were prevailed upon to show it, and allow me to make a drawing of the interesting relic. It is of blue silk, here and there a little faded, but having been treasured as a precious heir-loom, is in very good preservation. On it there is inscribed, in Hebrew characters, gilded, 'Jehova nissi,' (the Lord is my banner). The silk has given way where some of these

letters are painted, and what letters remain are so tender that they will hardly bear touching. The next line is painted in white,—'For Christ and His Truths;' and then comes the line from which the banner derives its name,—

'No Quarters To Ye Active Enimies of Ye Covenant.'

This seems to have been painted in some light colour first, and afterwards repainted in a dull faded looking red, in fact, quite a 'bluidy colour.' The banner is 4 feet 5½ inches, by 3 feet 5½ inches. Had this been shown to me as a mere relic, without any history, I never for a moment would have doubted its genuineness. I shall give its history as told by the proprietors. It belonged to Hall of Haughhead, who was a zealous covenanter and a leader at Drumclog, and Bothwell Brig. From the latter, he escaped and fled to Holland, but shortly returned, and while lurking near Queensferry, there was an attempt made to seize him by the governor of Blackness Castle. Hall being mortally wounded in the struggle, died on his way to Edinburgh, a prisoner. On him was found an unsubscribed document, afterwards called the 'Queensferry Paper.'[1] Hall's *son*, while on his deathbed, gave the banner to an enthusiastic covenanting friend, of the name of Cochrane; his own son, having turned 'conformist' clergyman, was not thought worthy to be custodier of such a precious relic. This Cochrane, after wandering about from place to place, settled in Coldstream. His son again bequeathed the banner to his youngest daughter, Mary Cochrane, who married Mr Raeburn in Dunbar, the father of Mr and Miss Raeburn, who now possess it. Along with the banner there

[1] See the death of Hall of Haughhead recorded in this volume, p. 299, Mr Sharpe's fragment.

was also bequeathed to Cochrane a chest of arms. These have been gradually given away, excepting two swords. I give it the name of the 'Bluidy Banner,' simply because Miss Raeburn so designated it herself."

Besides this curious information, we are much indebted to Mr Drummond for the use of his artistic facsimile, on a reduced scale, of the relic in question, to be lithographed for this volume. It will be found in its proper place, forming a very apt illustration to Mr Sharpe's account of the battle of "Bothwell Brig."

And thus, by a happy turn of fortune, even after some pages of this Introduction had been sent to press, we have been enabled to add to our discoveries two important illustrations, affording a very striking contrast between the calumniated and the calumniators, namely, the pocket bible of Montrose, and the battle bible of the Covenanters.

6 Ainslie Place,
May 1859.

NOTE.

On Memoirs of Montrose by James Grant, published by Messrs Routledge, 1858. *See p.* xxv. *of this Introduction.*

Our own discoveries relative to the literary accomplishments and habits of Montrose,—his propensity to quote the classics,—to indite couplets, and quotations, on the blank leaves of his copies of the classics, nay, on his very bible,—would have been all entirely eclipsed by the following discovery,—were it true. It is the only pretension to a new discovery relating to the hero that is to be met with in the Grant-Routledge *rifaciménto* of Napier's Memoirs of Montrose :—

" During his exile, Montrose *seems* to have *turned his attention again* to those *literary pursuits*, which the stormy events of late years had so completely interrupted ; and *a small work written by him in Latin*, entitled—' De Rebus Auspiciis Serenissimi et Potentissimi Caroli, Dei Gratia Magnæ Britanniæ Regis,' &c., was published *for him* at Paris in 1648," (p. 346).

What ? Montrose, in exile, the avowed publishing author, as a relaxation after his great career of victory, of " a *small work* in Latin" about Charles the First, by way of a *renewal* of his previous " literary pursuits" ? The fact, if it be a fact, is most interesting, and never heard of before. But the fortunate author who made the discovery, seems in this sentence to have expended his ability to explain the work ; for he explains it no further. Intelligent reader, what he quotes is just the title-page of *Dr Wishart's* Latin History of the Wars of Montrose, the second edition of which was published in Paris in 1648 ! A very crude acquaintance with Montrose, and the Latin language, can alone account for this curious notice. But in his hand-to-mouth scramble for materials and illustrations, when hastily concocting this cheap literary speculation, carved out of the real labour of another, the author of the Routledge publication of course very soon discovered that that which he had imagined to be " a small work in Latin" written by

Montrose himself, because he had *leisure* in his exile to *resume* his "literary pursuits," was in fact the Latin of that notorious work by Dr Wishart; and so, in a subsequent page, he thrusts into a note (most unnecessarily, as regards either historical or biographical information,) the Bishop's Latin title-page more fully given. This is done without any allusion to the preceding blunder, which had in fact necessitated the quietly corrective repetition. A literary forager, who has to maintain the independence of his research, and the originality of his own knowledge of the subject in hand, cannot afford to confess to such blunders as these. Accordingly, when, as one illustration against the *very high* pretensions put forth in Chancery in support of the Routledge publication, this blot was hit by the plaintiff, the author James Grant's *Affidavit* was required in defence; and the intelligent reader will judge whether his explanation suffices to extricate this enthusiastic biographer of Montrose,—who depones, that that biography cost him "immense labour" (!)—out of the scrape of apparent ignorance:—

"As to the thirty-fourth paragraph of the said plaintiff's affidavit, *I say*, that the book there referred to is stated, *by mistake*, to have been written *by* Montrose, instead of *for* Montrose. In page 386 of my work I give the full title and purpose of this book, which *I well know*, and is a small volume of 248 pages, labelled on the back '*Montisros.*'"

Let us do full justice to this laborious biographer, by here repeating the erring passage with that very simple emendation:—

"During his exile Montrose *seems* to have turned *his attention again*, to those *literary pursuits*, which the stormy events of late years had so completely interrupted, and *a small work* written *for him* in Latin, entitled—'De Rebus Auspiciis Serenissimi et Potentissimi Caroli Dei Gratia Magnæ Britanniæ Regis,' &c., was published *for him* at Paris in 1648."

Whether this emendation be successful, will be judged of by the structure of the sentence. Was it possible to infer from such a sentence, that the writer really understood this to be the famous and notorious history of Montrose's wars, composed by his chaplain Dr Wishart? Was that *great* work written "*for* Montrose," and published "*for* Montrose;" and

because Montrose had leisure in his exile to "turn *his attention again* to *literary pursuits*"? Chancery is easily blinded, or very willing to be so, in such matters, if this explanation suffice to rebut the imputation of mere scrambling, and sustain the pretension of laborious research, in a question of literary piracy.

But let us now, in further justification of the remarks in the preceding Introduction, afford a sample or two of the piratical dealing complained of.

We discovered, and completely authenticated, a portrait of Montrose, taken when he was only seventeen years of age. This portrait, preserved in the family gallery of Kinnaird Castle ever since the date of its being painted, had been lost sight of, under a wrong name, and was unknown even to the possessors, the Carnegies of Southesk, as a portrait of Montrose. This fortunate discovery led to the portrait's being engraved for our Memorials of Montrose and his Times, 1848; and, in the same work, we wrote the history of its discovery, and a minute description of the portrait itself. James Grant, taking the whole of the three first chapters of his Memoirs of Montrose, published by Routledge in 1858, relating to the boyhood, education, and youthful marriage of Montrose, in design, materials, ornaments, and sentiments, not from *documents* merely, but from our *text*,—composed from our own discoveries for the first time in 1848, and republished by us *verbatim* in our latest edition, 1856,—seizes, *inter alia*, the very popular subject of the youthful portrait, wherewith to adorn his own text. He *suppresses the fact* that we had made that interesting discovery, and published an account of it. He *suppresses the fact* that we had procured the portrait to be engraved. He *suppresses the fact* that we had minutely described the portrait. He *names us not;* but merely says, "Montrose was now in his sixteenth year, and of his appearance a *perfect description* can be furnished from *the portrait preserved at Kinnaird by the family of Carnegie.*" And then he forthwith proceeds to "furnish," *as his own*, a "perfect description" of a portrait which *he never saw*, which he only knows through the medium of our engraving, and to which *engraving* he does not even venture to allude! Why this extraordinary *reticence* as to the history of a portrait which he proceeds to

describe with *enthusiasm?* Surely, because of that which, in questions of literary piracy, lawyers call the "*animus furandi.*" Did he not know, that the "perfect description," published as his, was essentially ours,—and ours the *discovery?*

Our Description, 1848 *and* 1856.

"*A boy of fair and somewhat delicate complexion*, was smiling at the spectator, with an aspect that spoke not of 'the Troubles.' But the port erect and lordly, *the exuberant auburn hair*, of a fairer hue than the later portraits, the *penetrating grey eye*, the finely moulded nose, with its sensitive nostril, and the *characteristic expression of the compressed lips*, as yet devoid of the shadow of a moustache, at once suggested the young Montrose. Then the sumptuous dress —*a rich olive velvet doublet, profusely slashed with white satin, every seam and edge trimmed with gold*, and over the collar a *lace ruff of the most delicate texture*—seemed to announce the boy Benedict in his wedding bravery. A closer inspection discovered these dates painted by the original artist on *the upper corner, to the right* of the head,—'*anno* 1629, *ætatis* 17;' and in the background, near the left shoulder, this autograph—'*Jameson, fecit.*'

"There it still exists, *in high preservation;* nor has this portrait been known to have quitted *the Castle of Kinnaird* during the *two centuries which have elapsed* since it was painted."

James Grant's Description, 1858.

"*A fair complexioned youth*, with *bold* and dark *grey eyes*, a nose somewhat aquiline, and a *proudly cut lip. The thick auburn hair* is parted over the left eye, and curls in heavy locks below his ears. He is represented in *a rich doublet of olive coloured taffeta*, buttoned close up to his thick falling *ruff of point lace*, and having *three long slashes of white satin* on each side of the buttons. Folds of cloth like the modern military wing, encircle the shoulders; the sleeves are loose, and *slashed with white satin;* and *the edges are all bound with slender gold cord*, for it was a time when, as Sir Philip Warwick says, 'we courtiers valued ourselves much upon our good clothes.' *The right upper corner* of the picture is inscribed '*anno* 1629, *ætatis* 17;' and in the left lower corner are the words, '*Jamesone, Fect.*'

"More than *two centuries have passed away*, since the artist's pencil traced the features of that handsome and high-spirited boy; but, *unfaded and unchanged*, the portrait *yet hangs* in *the hall of Kinnaird.*"

And this portrait,—"yet hanging unfaded and unchanged in the hall of Kinnaird,"—our copyist had never set eyes upon! The enthusiasm of such *a discovery* might well induce *the discoverer* to an enthusiastic description. But what induced the extraordinary coincidence of the very same enthusiastic description from the pen of James Grant? His defence, in reply to this item of the charge of piracy, made against him in Chancery, is extremely reckless. He had not ventured, indeed,

to put it into his *Affidavit;* but in certain manuscript notes, written upon the margins of a copy of his own work, and *produced in Chancery*, he repudiates the idea of having derived this description from any of our works, and simply notes, "Described from the *published* portrait, or *engraving*"! But how could he derive his minute description of *colours* from an engraving,—the "dark grey eyes,"—the "auburn hair,"—the "olive-coloured doublet,"—the "white satin,"—the "slender *gold cord?*" How could our engraving (to which, moreover, he *never alludes in his work*,) have suggested to him the very *phraseology* of description, which the *discovery* of the painting itself had suggested to the author who discovered it?

Now, this is not merely an appropriation of *historical facts*, or of the contents of *family documents*, discovered and previously published by another. It is, in addition to that, a transference of the *literary composition*, the *very words*, of the prior author, who had made such researches and discoveries. Nor is the above a solitary instance of that same species of direct piracy, both of *facts* and *composition*, to be found in the Routledge publication. It is a fair sample of the general character, and staple of that derivative publication, from beginning to end; and the *Athenæum* (March 20. 1858) never characterised a literary performance more accurately, or administered a castigation more just, than the following, in the publication of which we had no hand whatever:—

"It is time that some inquiry were made into *the ethics* of cheap publishing. As far as such a movement furnishes (without the infringement of private rights) good literature at a moderate price to the public, every sensible person will give it approbation and encouragement. But is the pretence of cheapness, and the free use of that favourite term, 'the million,' to justify practices which are *condemned in all trades*, and in literature are *peculiarly ungenerous?* Is a dear book, of whatever merit, to be looked on simply as *raw material*, for the manufacture of cheap books? These are questions which, we fancy, the British public can only answer in one way, and which they may answer, on this occasion, in a manner *not very flattering to Mr James Grant.* The plain fact is, that Mr Grant has borrowed from his predecessor *all that he dared*, and

ignored his existence *as much as he could.* There are *whole pages* which he could no more have written without his assistance than one could build a house without bricks," &c.

But it is not simply the " raw material" that this writer has appropriated. He helps himself throughout to the *manufactured article*, without ceremony or the slightest acknowledgment.

We, for the first time discovered, and thus described, the domestic habits of Montrose's father :—

Our Narrative, 1848 *and* 1856.

" *This Earl lived the retired life of a country gentleman*, and seems to have been very domestic in all his habits. Something of these may be gathered from the *family accounts*, of which the few extracts given below indicate that he *amused himself* with *archery* and *golfing*, and indulged somewhat in *tobacco*," &c.

" For *half* ane pund tobacco sent *to* the West countrie to my Lord, 3 lib. . . 8s. 4d.

" For an unce of tobacco coft to his Lordship in October 1623, 9s. 4d."

" Montrose's father was *much addicted to the use of tobacco* and pipes ; but there is a tradition that Montrose himself *could not abide the smell of tobacco.*"

James Grant's, 1858.

" *The old Earl had led the life of a quiet country gentleman*, his sole *amusements* being *smoking*, *golfing*, and *shooting with the bow.* His *household book* is full of entries such as the following : —For golf-balls, bow-strings, tobacco-pipes," &c.

" For *ane* pund of tobacco sent *from* the West countrie to my Lord, 3 lib., . . 8s. 4d.

" For an unce of tobacco coft to his Lordship, in October 1623, 9s. 4d. Scots."

" Though the Earl seems to have been *an inveterate smoker*, the young Lord, his son, like James VI., had *imbibed a horror of tobacco.*"

The only difference here is, that the copyist, in his piratical haste, *blunders* the items of the domestic accounts, which he had copied from our accurate page. He takes the very same liberty with our interesting illustrations of Montrose's infancy and education, which had never been discovered or described before :—

Our Narrative, 1848 *and* 1856.

" Montrose *was early in the saddle.* How early, is now only known for the first time ; and to the humble records of the anvil is due all the merit of affording authentic indications of his infant chivalry :—

James Grant's, 1858.

" The little Lord James was *early practised in horsemanship*, and every other accomplishment necessary to complete the education of a well-bred cavalier ; when *only eight years of age*, ' twa naigs ' seem to have been kept

Our Narrative, 1848 *and* 1856.

"'' Compts of my Lordis Horse-schoone, furnishit, and payit be Harie Blackwood, in Ann. 1620, 21, and 22 yeiris.'"

"Item on 29 of September 1620, for fyve gang of schoone to my Lord's horse before his Lordship rade to Rosedo, . . v. lb.

"Item, for twa gang of schoone to *Lord James' twa naigs*, xxiiij. sh.

"At the date of this item in the blacksmith's account, Montrose had either scarcely, or had *only just completed his eighth year;* yet he was already in possession of a *personal stud.*"

James Grant's, 1858.

for his *especial use;* and among many items of farriery, in his *private accounts*, paid by Harie Blackwood, and *recently printed for the Maitland Club*, *we find*, on 29th September 1629, for 5 gang of schoone to my Lord's horse before his Lordship rade to Rossdhu, 5 lb. Scots."

And mark his cunning introduction of the words, "and recently printed for the *Maitland Club*"! They are intended to convey the impression that he is not borrowing any *biographical composition* of ours, or even biographical *illustrations* used by us, but that this use, of new and interesting matter relative to the early training of Montrose, is a *biographical idea, and composition, of his own*, resulting from what, in his *Affidavit* in Chancery, he calls, "*my collecting some of the facts* relating to the early life of Montrose, *with great labour!* from the *two quarto volumes* in which the *documents* containing such facts are printed." Now the fact is, that those particular accounts, are documents *not printed anywhere.* Having the entire command of these family papers, we judged that it was unnecessary to print all the domestic accounts; and so in this instance we merely *used* a very few *extracts* to illustrate and add interest to our biographical chapter. There *alone* could our parasite find them; and his "collecting with great labour," (which he elsewhere calls "immense labour"), simply amounts to this, that he transfers from our pages to his own pages, not only the biographical *illustrations*, which *our selected extracts* furnish, but also the *biographical design, sentiment*, and *phraseology* which constitute our own literary *composition;* and all this without any recognition of us!

Again, compare these other passages, relating to Montrose's youth and education, published by us *for the first time*:—

Our Narrative, 1848 *and* 1856.

"*Montrose's parent* had wisely judged that a life of riding and fencing at home was not sufficient training for a young nobleman of so forward a spirit as *this sole hope of the Graham;* and accordingly we find, from the Southesk Papers, that he had *placed him, when twelve years of age, at Glasgow*, with an establishment consisting of a private tutor, two pages, and a valet." "Among the papers in this part will be found a receipt granted by Dame Agnes Boyd, the lady of *Sir George Elphinstone of Blythswood*, acting during the absence of her husband, for the rent '*of the parte of our greate ludging*, with the pertinents situat at the wyne heade, in Glasgow."

"The name of the tutor or *pedagog*, as he is termed in the household accounts, was Master William Forret; the title *Master*, which he always superadds to his signature, indicating that he had taken *a degree*. The two pages were called *William and Mungo Graham*."

"We have a notice of what probably was his *first sword of any value;* and it is interesting to learn that it was *presented to him by his friend and councillor, Lord Napier*. 'I grant me,' says Mr William, 'to have in keeping a *gilded sword*, which which my Lord got from my Lord Napier; with *a silk and silver scarf* which my Lord got from his umquill (late) noble father, with a belt and hangers; and a *cross-bow set with mother-of-pearl*. As for the *brazen hagbut*, it was sent to his Lordship, to St Andrews."

James Grant's, 1858.

"*His father* seems to have spared nothing to make his eldest son, *the hope of his house and clan*, perfect in everything requisite for a soldier and noble, and to fit him for the service of Scotland, either in the cabinet or the field. In 1624 he sent him, *at the age of twelve, to Glasgow*, for the benefit of his studies; and there, for more than a year, he occupied *part of the great lodging of Sir George Elphinstone of Blythswood*, situated near the townhead, for which a rent was paid to the family factor, to Dame Agnes Boyd."

"His *pedagogue* was *William Forret, Master of Arts*, and two pages of his own name, William and Mungo Grahame, attended him."

"——— His *first gilded sword*, which, about the same period, was *presented to him by his brother-in-law, Lord Napier;* his *scarf of silk and tissue*, probably the work of his fair sisters; his *brazen hackbut* and *cross-bow set with mother-of-pearle*, all of which his tutor states he had in his keeping," &c.

Our Narrative, 1848 *and* 1856.

"*Bells*, *trumpets*, *pipes*, *drums*, and fifes, seem to have been *put in requisition by him wherever he went*," &c. "His purse *was always open to the needy*. He *never* '*takes horse*,' or '*loups on*,' or dismounts, or 'goes to the fields,' or passes through a gate, or visits a town, without bestowing something on the poor. An honest man by the way, a poor poet or 'rymer,' the rabble looking on at his archery, a dumb woman, a *dwarf* at the door, and, not the least interesting occasion when we consider the subsequent tie between them, 'some poor *Irish women* at the gate of Braco,' and 'ane *Irish man* begging at the gate of Glamis,' are all successful appeals to his charity."

"Besides the *town musicians* whom he seems to have kept in pay throughout the districts of Scotland which he frequented, we find him paying minstrels, morrice dancers, and jugglers," &c.

James Grant's, 1858.

"*Town drummers and pipers* he especially favoured, and they seem to have *welcomed and preceded him wherever he went*. He *never took horse*, but at the '*onlouping* or lichting,' (*i. e.* mounting and dismounting) he scattered a handful of silver among the crowd," &c.

"The cavalier noble appears to have patronised and scattered his money freely among all jugglers, posture-makers, dancing-girls, wandering pipers, and *dwarfs*, but still more freely among *the poor and needy*. It is impossible to enumerate the entries of money bestowed by his orders upon the medicants, when they loitered everywhere at the kirk stiles, bridge ends, and town gates; and it is remarkable that, notwithstanding the Acts of the Scottish Parliament concerning the restriction of *Irish emigration*, they seem to have been then nearly as numerous and as clamorous for alms as now."

Our space only admits of a few more extracts. For example, the interview between Montrose and Queen Henrietta Maria:

Our Narrative, 1838 *and* 1840.

"At York, when the Queen had recovered from the fatigues and agitations of her voyage, she *sent for Montrose* to continue the conference. There, however, *Hamilton* also joined her, and the *high-minded impetuous Montrose*, who had never been suffered by the favourite to enter the court circle, was *no match for* a practised diplomatist, and plausible double-dealer," &c.

"Montrose was *discomfited and dismissed*, *his proud heart swelling* with a consciousness of truth and loyalty disregarded," &c.

James Grant's, 1858.

"Henrietta, having deferred all deliberations until she reached that place, [York] immediately upon her arrival *sent for Montrose*, who, on entering her presence-chamber, found by her side his old rival the Duke of *Hamilton*," &c.

"In *court intrigue* and *studied duplicity*, the *open*, *frank*, and *soldier-like Montrose* was *no match for* Hamilton," &c.

"Montrose was *compelled again to retire*, and with *his proud heart swollen* by sorrow and disdain, he left York," &c.

Grant's foot-note to these passages, is simply "Wishart"! But neither in the Latin, nor in any translation of Wishart, do the *phrases*, or the *sentiments*, we have put in italics occur. The phrases, "no match for," and "his proud heart swelling," are only to be found in Napier's "Montrose and the Covenanters," 1838, and Napier's "Life and Times of Montrose," 1840; which works are not alluded to.

Again, Montrose's first interview with Charles I. :—

Our Narrative, 1838 *and* 1840.

"The monarch may indeed have particularly desired to *reclaim Montrose*. Struck by his *stately and heroic bearing*, contrasted with the *irreverent levity of Rothes*, and the *repulsive democracy of Archibald Johnston*, and, perhaps, favourably *impressed* by the *humane forbearance* which, *contrary to the wish* of the Covenanting clergy, had characterised Montrose even in rebellion, it is not unlikely that Charles, in the words of his favourite poet, may have inwardly exclaimed at the sight of him, 'O for a falconer's voice,'" &c.

"We believe, then, that Montrose had *felt his heart yearn towards Charles the First*, and that he *departed from that interview*," &c.

James Grant's, 1858.

"The King was compelled for the time to conceal his resentment, and endeavoured to soothe and *win the gallant Montrose*, whose accomplishments of *mind and person* made him so *immensely superior* to his compatriots, among whom were the *blunt Rothes*, the false and haughty Argyle, the immoral Loudon, and *the base-minded Johnstone of Warriston*, the most active agent of the Presbyterians," &c. "Charles had heard, too, how the Earl *had spared*, from sack and destruction, his city of Aberdeen, in *direct violation* of the orders of the Estates, whose anger that act of mercy had excited. Thus he was most favourably disposed towards him. They had frequent friendly *interviews* at Berwick, and the Earl *bade adieu to Charles*, with a *heart that yearned at last towards him*," &c.

It is amusing to find that, when Montrose's "proud heart" *swells* in our page, it *swells* in our parasite's also; when it *yearns* in our page, it *yearns* in his. For the above passages he has no reference at all. No such passages occur in Wishart. The contrast between Montrose, and *Rothes* and *Warriston*, is directly transferred from our page. But he feared to risk the conspicuous quotation, "O for a falconer's voice," &c. Again, in describing the effect upon Montrose of the sudden intelligence of the King's death, Grant transfers directly from

our narrative, with scarcely a difference. The *parallel expressions*, printed in italics, *do not occur in the translations of Wishart*, but only in our works, as below:—

Our Narrative, 1840 *and* 1856.

"The scene is *minutely described by Dr Wishart* (who *was with him* at the time) in the second part of his *Commentaries*, which has never been printed, nor even accurately translated."

"The *shock suddenly imparted to his high-strung heart* had well nigh killed Montrose on the spot. *His chaplain, Dr Wishart, who had joined him* in that city, and *was at his side* when he received the dreadful news, *relates* that he fainted, and fell down in the midst of his attendants, all *his limbs becoming rigid*, as if life had left him. *When restored* to his senses, he *broke out into the most passionate expressions of grief*."

James Grant's, 1858.

"*Dr Wishart*, who was then a *chaplain to a regiment of the Scots brigade*, and *was with the Marquis* when Charles's death was announced to him, has *minutely described* his emotions.

"Stunned and overwhelmed by a catastrophe so *startling*, the *blood rushed back upon his heart; his limbs became rigid*, and he sank upon the floor of the chamber, completely senseless, as one who was dead. *When restored* by the exertions of his terrified attendants, *he burst into incoherent expressions of grief* and rage."

Now, let it be observed, the above reference to Dr Wishart, in Grant, occurs in the *very same page* (346), wherein he so mysteriously quotes Dr Wishart's Latin title-page, as a "small work written by him (Montrose) in Latin," without the *slightest reference to Wishart!* Sometimes he blunders our history, and sometimes turns blunders of ours (which we had subsequently corrected), into history. For example,—the battle of Bowden-hills, where the Marquis of Newcastle, and Lieutenant-General *King*, were opposed to the Scots under Leven, is scarcely noticed in history. But we happened to discover an original document in the Montrose charter-room, proving (a fact unknown before), that Montrose himself chanced to be there present (without a command), and that he had pronounced both Newcastle and *General King* to be "slow." Sucking us in slobbering haste (having *four* of our works to juggle with), our parasite actually makes Montrose pronounce this of his idol *King Charles*, who was not there at all!—

Our Narrative, 1850 *and* 1856.

"We *now know*, that, *at the battle of Bowdenhills, near Sunderland*, upon Sunday 24*th March* 1644, Montrose was *attending* that illustrious but unsuccessful commander, William Cavendish, first Marquis of Newcastle, and *inciting him to an instant and desperate onset*. Upon that occasion it was that he pronounced both Newcastle, and his Lieutenant-General, *King*, to be 'slow.'" [This we gave as a fact "new to history."]

James Grant's, 1858.

"On the 24*th March* he [Montrose] was *at the battle* or encounter of *Bowden-hills, near Sunderland*, when *attending* the Marquis of Newcastle. *There he frequently urged him to charge;* and indignantly declared, that he, and *even the King*, were too *slow* in their manœuvres." [This reads in Grant as if a discovery of his own; and so it is in one respect.]

But our literary conveyancer more frequently *adopts* a blunder, than makes one. For instance, after the victory of Kilsyth:—

Our Narrative, 1840.

"*At Bothwell* complimentary addresses poured in from all quarters of Scotland, and were presented to him by special commissioners. Moreover, there came in person to declare their loyalty and offer their services, the *Marquis of Douglas*," &c. "Thus was he now publicly acknowledged as *the King's representative*, and suddenly *found himself the centre of a court*."

"The son of Lord Napier was sent upon a yet more important mission; namely, to take possession of Linlithgow and Edinburgh, according to *written orders*, of which the *original* is still preserved by his representative. The instructions are addressed to the *Master of Napier* and Colonel Nathaniel Gordon," &c. "These officers are commanded to take along with them '500 horsemen and 500 dragoons,' and to proceed," &c. "They are next desired to send a *trumpet* or *drum* with a *summons* to the Magistrates of Edinburgh," &c.

James Grant's, 1858.

"*At Bothwell*, he *found himself* indeed the *Lieutenant of the King*, and *the centre of a little court*, which was daily increasing. Many men of the highest rank in Scotland were hourly joining him. The chief of these were William, eleventh Earl of Angus, and first *Marquis of Douglas*," &c,

"From thence he sent 500 horse and 500 dragoons, under Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Nathaniel Gordon and the *Master of Napier*, to 'take in' the city of Edinburgh, obtain a subsidy, and demand the surrender or exchange of prisoners. *Summoned* by a *kettle-drummer*, the Covenanting garrison in the castle and city immediately released Ludovick, Earl of Crawford," &c.

Our Narrative 1840.

"This was a happy mission for young Napier. From the prison of Linlithgow he released his wife, to whom he was devotedly attached, his venerable father, his two sisters, and his brother-in-law, Sir George Stirling. The youth, for whose escape they had been thus immured, now *returned* to them, after the lapse of three months, *at the head of a thousand Cavaliers.*"

James Grant's, 1858.

"At Linlithgow, the Master of Napier relieved his father, *the aged Lord* of Merchiston; his wife, the Mistress of Napier; his sisters, and his brother-in-law, with others, making in all 130 restored captives, with whom he and Colonel Gordon (*guarded by their* 1000 *horse*) *returned merrily* to the camp of Montrose," &c.

That Montrose had furnished his nephew, and Colonel Nathaniel Gordon, with *precise written instructions* upon this interesting occasion, was *unknown*. Wishart does not record the fact. We found the original document, signed by Montrose, in the Napier charter-chest, and published a *facsimile* of it. All these important particulars Grant finds it convenient to *suppress*. Now, mark! We had *misread* the old writing. "*Ane* hundred," we had misread "*five* hundred." Hence a blunder in our "Life and Times of Montrose," 1840. But when, *subsequently*, we came to publish the *document* itself, in 1850, and again in 1856, we corrected our blunder, and gave it accurately,—"*one* hundred horse, and *one* hundred dragoons." Such a luxury as *one thousand* mounted soldiers, Montrose never possessed in all his campaigns. The adoption of this blunder *proves*, that Grant does not merely avail himself of the *family documents*, discovered and first published by us, but that he is the *slavish parasite of our text;* for, in this instance, our *text* was blundered, but the *document* was published accurately. Now, what is Grant's foot-note of authority for this? As usual, the single cabalistic word "*Wishart*,"—who *does not record the fact at all!* Nor has Wishart any such expressions, as "found himself the centre of a little court." These are directly transferred from our page. This is not the only mistake occurring in our "Life and Times of Montrose," 1840, the adoption of which by Grant (notwithstanding our correction of the error in subsequent editions), proves how oblivious is that statement of his, in his *Affidavit* to Chancery (19th

paragraph), "I deny that I made any use of the 'Life and Times of Montrose,' 1840," which work, indeed, he *never names* throughout the whole of his volume. At one time we had not discovered the period when the Countess of Montrose died:—

Our Narrative, 1840.

"Montrose's *two sons*, the youngest of whom was born about the beginning of 1633, constituted his whole family. Of their mother it is remarkable that *no notice is to be met with*, so far as I have been able to discover, either during his public career or after his death. She is *not mentioned* by Wishart, Guthry, or Spalding; and in the Diary of the Lord Lyon, Sir James Balfour, which contains a copious obituary of the nobility during the period of Montrose's history, *the name of the Countess is not to be discovered.* Nor is she noticed by Sir Thomas Hope in his 'Diary,' &c. Probably this lady died *soon after giving birth to her second child.* It can be ascertained, with tolerable certainty, that her husband first left home to travel on the Continent in the year 1633; and *perhaps* this was *immediately after he had been deprived of his consort*, who certainly did not accompany him abroad."

James Grant's, 1858.

"The most bitter ecclesiastical chroniclers of the sufferings and triumphs of Presbytery—those who in after life never failed to pour a torrent of venom and scurrility on the memory of Montrose—have *totally omitted to mention, even once, the name of his Countess.* For this, *perhaps, her early death* may in some measure account. *After having* three children—Lord Graham, afterwards Earl of Kincardine, who died in the campaign of 1645; James, who became second Marquis of Montrose; and *Lord Robert Graham,—she died at Kinnaird.* This event occurred *soon after the birth of the last*; and had no doubt a great effect in forming the future career of her husband, then only in his twenty-first year. *Grief for her loss* induced him to leave Scotland."

The exact coincidence between the *phraseology* and *sentiment* of these sentences, alone would suffice to detect the source from which Grant had borrowed. But he has turned into a positive statement of fact,—for the sake of concocting a whole sentimental chapter, entitled "Lady Magdalene's death,"—that which we, in 1840, had only *conjectured.* Now, unfortunately for Grant, the mistake had been corrected by our subsequent discovery of a document proving that the Countess did not die until the year 1646. And when that awkward fact is pointed to, in our *Affidavit* to Chancery, we are met

in the 21st paragraph of Grant's *Affidavit*, with this *non mi ricordo* answer, viz. " *I do not now recollect* my *authority for the fact* [the Countess's early death] stated in paragraph 27 of the said Plaintiff's affidavit; but I *could not* have taken it from the said " Life and Times;" as in *my* work I state, in the passage referred to, that the Countess had *three* children, whilst in the Plaintiff's work, in the passage referred to, he states that she had but *two*." The " authority," for the adoption of a *mistaken fact*, could hardly be any other than that of the author who *alone* had *committed the mistake:* and as for Grant's triumphant appeal to that other fact, of his having recorded *three* instead of *two* children, that may chance to satisfy a Vice-Chancellor, but not the public. A perusal of the very work he professes to have made no use of, our " Life and Times of Montrose," 1840, could also provide him with the fact of the *three* children; for, at p. 409, of that same work of ours, will be found this corrective note:—" I had *formerly* stated that Montrose had only *two* sons, the eldest, who died at Gordon Castle in 1645, and the one now named. This was the general understanding, and is *so stated in the Peerages.* I have *since discovered*, from the ' Caledonian Mercury,' of date 1661, that, at the *second funeral* of Montrose in that year, the chief mourners were the *then* Marquis, and *his brother Lord Robert.*"

Another amusing specimen of Grant's " immense labour," in writing an *original* life of Montrose, from his cradle to his grave, " principally" from a rude translation of Wishart's wars, is the following:—We had discovered in the Montrose charter-room the original commission from Charles II. to Montrose, in 1649. This document we *did not print*, but only illustrated our *text* with extracts from it. In our " Life and Times of Montrose," 1840, and in that work *alone*, we had erroneously conjectured that the commission was all in the hand-writing of Charles II. himself. A closer inspection satisfied us that this was a mistake, and we did not repeat it in our subsequent editions. Grant, without the slightest reference to our discovery of the document, or to our work, gives the substance of the commission from our *text*, and turns our *hasty conjecture* into *positive history of his own!*—

Our Narrative, 1840.

" In the charter-chest of the Montrose family, there is yet preserved an original commission from him (Charles II.)" &c., (in which) " We do by these presents name, constitute, ordain, and authorise you, the said James Marquis of Montrose, to be our *Lieutenant-governor* and *Captain-general* of all our forces raised or to be raised in our kingdom of Scotland.' His Majesty then proceeds to confer the most *ample powers for the levying of forces, both abroad and at home*, and for *making laws*, ordinances, and proclamations, in prosecuting the war against his rebellious subjects, with the entire command and governorship of all Scotland, and the power of *bestowing knighthood* upon whomsoever he might think worthy of the honour. The deed is certified in the usual manner, ' as given under our sign-manual and privy signet, at the Hague, *the fourth day of March*, in the first year of our reign.' This commission, which occupies a folio sheet of parchment, has *very much the appearance* of being *all written by the hand of Charles II. himself*."

James Grant's, 1858.

" Nevertheless, we are constrained to admit that on reflection Charles II., whose ideas of integrity were never very strict, was not unwilling to treat with both parties at the same time; and thus, on the *4th day of March* 1649, he *wrote out, entirely with his own hand*, an *ample commission* for a *Captain-general* and *Lieutenant-governor* of the kingdom of Scotland, conferring *all the 'powers of levying troops at home and abroad*, enforcing the *civil law*, *bestowing knighthood*, and other rights; and this renewed patent of military rank he delivered to the Marquis of Montrose."

Here, then, are *three blunders*, transferred by Grant to his own pages, from separate pages of our " Life and Times of Montrose," 1840, a work to which he never refers, and his obligations to which he indignantly repudiates! The fact is, however, that he had long been acquainted with that work, and had disingenuously used it for other purposes than the concoction of his Memoirs of Montrose. In the 27th paragraph of his *Affidavit*, he most irrelevantly parades a voluminous catalogue of his own literary compositions, as to the originality of which it is not our present object to inquire. Among the works of fiction enumerated, we find " The Scottish Cavalier," a historical romance, published some years ago, but *subsequent* to

our publication of the "Life and Times," 1840. The motto attached to one of the chapters of this romance is the following verse:—

> Heard ye not! heard ye not! how that whirlwind, the Gael,
> Through Lochaber swept down from Lochness to Loch Eil,—
> And the Campbells, to meet them in battle-array,
> Like the billow came on,—and were broke like its spray!
> Long, long shall our war-song exult in that day.
>
> *Ian Lom.*

As the bard of Keppoch, *Ian Lom*, only wrote *in Gaelic*, this verse, as thus given, without marks of quotation, at the head of a chapter in Grant's romance, necessarily passes for *a translation by himself.* It is, however, the first verse of a short poem written by ourselves, in illustration of the battle of Inverlochy. It is a *very free* version of a *translation* which had been sent us by a friend, of a *supposed* effusion, in Gaelic verse, of the traditional Highland bard. Grant had extracted it (without the slightest acknowledgment) from p. 298 of our "Life and Times of Montrose," 1840, *where alone it was then printed.* But this was scarcely stealing, it was only picking; and of course is now noticed merely by way of illustration.

In the *Grant-Routledge* preface of 1858, Grant's work is ostentatiously proclaimed to be, besides its other excellencies, the only *military* biography of Montrose. But in the whole history, and performance of this literary speculation, between a professional author and the cheap London publishers, there is not a symptom to be discovered, either of the spirit, attributes, or knowledge of a soldier, unless, indeed, it be the practice of looting. This *military* author cannot fairly be said to have looked at Montrose except through us, or to have fought one of his battles except from behind our back. In our narrative of the battle of *Kilsyth*, we happened to use the appropriate simile, "The Highlanders," &c., "*up the glen like a herd of mountain cats.*" The ruthless Routledger bags our *cats*, but misuses them for the skirmishing at *Fyvie*, where they are not in the least appropriate, thus,—"*The fiery Highlanders*," &c. "*rushed like a herd of wild cats*," &c. Curious coincidences these. Again, mark how he follows in our wake, "like a shark," (as

a London journal truly described Grant's *modus operandi*,) at the battle of *Inverlochy*. We have only space for short extracts. The parallel expressions, indicated by italics, are not in any translations of Wishart, but are transferred from our "Life and Times of Montrose," 1840, with what barely amounts to a colourable difference :—

Our Narrative, 1840.	*James Grant's*, 1858.
"Argyle had taken refuge in Dumbarton and *Roseneath*, where *General Baillie* joined him about the end of December. Here it *was concerted* to *surround and destroy the loyalists*," &c. "To make sure of their object, Baillie marched *through Angus* for Perth," &c.	"The forces of *Lieutenant-General Baillie* were approaching by a route *through Angus*, according to a *scheme laid* by that officer and Argyle during a meeting at *Roseneath*, to *surround Montrose and his followers*."
"He appears to have had *some idea* of attacking the Covenanting forces at *Inverness*," &c. "but the intelligence brought by the bard of Keppoch *altered Montrose's plan*," &c. "A great proportion of the northern body were inexperienced recruits, and their commander, *Seaforth*, was a *waverer*," &c.	"Montrose now *altered his first plans*, which *aimed at* the storming of *Inverness*," &c.
"The mountains were *covered with snow*," &c. They sought their way up the rugged bed of the *Tarff*, across the *steep ridges* of the *awful Corryarich*, now plunging into *the valley of the rising Spey*, now crossing the wild mountains from Glen Roy to *the Spean*, and *staid not until* from the skirts of Ben Nevis, *they saw* before them, under a clear frosty sky, the *yet bloodless shores of Loch Eil*, and the *frowning towers of Inverlochy*."	"In front of Montrose, George Mackenzie, Earl of *Seaforth*, a *wavering noble*," &c. "occupied Inverness," &c. "Marching along the banks of the *Tarf*, Montrose ascended the mountains of Lairie-Theirard, and wheeling off by *the stupendous Corryarrick* in Laggan, where the whole country from that mountain's glistening summit down to *the bed of the furious Spey*, was *a white desert of snow*, he crossed the long winding valley where the Ruaigh rushes through a chasm of rocks to *the Spean*," &c. "From thence, at the head of his clans, *without a moment's halt* for food or rest, he swept round the base of Benrinnes ; and at twelve o'clock on the night of the 1st February, *saw where*, by the *shores of Locheil*, far down in the valley below, the red watch-fires

Our Narrative, 1840.

"The march by which Montrose overtook them, was one of the most extraordinary he ever achieved."

"*The minstrel* departed to take his station on the neighbouring heights of Inverlochy, from whence he *watched the event* he was *to immortalize in song.*"

James Grant's, 1858.

of the Campbells were glimmering, by *the old grey walls* of *the castle of Inverlochy*," &c. "The red winter sun of the morning of the 2d February (Candlemas day) 1645, as he rose above the shoulder of Benevis, and shone upon the *white shores of the Eil*, and the *dark ramparts* of Inverlochy, *saw the snow, yet bloodless*," &c.

"Montrose and his followers had accomplished a military movement which" &c. "has no parallel in the annals of Scotland, or any other country."

"Harp in hand, *the bard awaited the issue* of that conflict he was yet *to embalm in song.*"

The very particular incident of *the bard* is not alluded to by Wishart. Then, the identity of the phraseology and sentiment (not in Wishart), proves that this also is all derived from our narrative of 1840, to which there is not the slightest reference in the whole of Grant's volume.

Under our generalship, too, he fights the battle of *Alford.* But we can here only afford to quote the concluding paragraph :—

Our Narrative, 1840.

"*The battle of Alford was gained*, but *dearly* was that victory purchased by Montrose," &c. "*The knightly plume*, of the too forward heir of Huntly, *fell in the dust, to rise no more*," &c.

James Grant's, 1858.

"*Alford was won;* but with a *heavy loss to Montrose;* for *there fell* the brave Lord Gordon, the second cavalier in Scotland," &c. And the *pride of the cavaliers fell under the hoofs of his charger, a breathless corpse*," &c.

In his *Affidavit*, Grant depones,—"I commenced the writing of my work towards the end of June 1852 and finished it on the 20th of January 1853 [*seven months !*]; except the *revising* of the same herein after mentioned [1857], and except the

preface, which was written in 1858." "The *principal work* which I used in writing my said work, [*a minute biography of Montrose from his cradle to his grave, including his life at college, early marriage, &c. !*] was *the History of the Wars in Scotland*, printed in 1720, being in fact the best translation of Wishart"! In fact, it is about the worst; and, moreover, the wars it records,—the *popular* narrative of which wars, too, Grant derives from *our text*, and not from that translation,—no more furnishes a domestic life of Montrose, than the London Gazette does that of Wellington. Wishart, no doubt, records his victories with minute accuracy; and him of course we followed, in his original; and not merely through the old translations, some gross blunders occurring in which we were at critical pains to correct; of which correction Grant takes the benefit, without *any notice of the fact.* But while looking to Wishart, (the substance of whose work, indeed, is to be found in all the histories of Scotland,) we neither confined ourselves to his incidents, nor tied ourselves to his narrative. For instance, in the rude translation of 1720 (Grant's "principal" authority !) the fall of Lord Gordon is thus drily recorded:—"The Lord Gordon, after the battle was won, rushing fiercely into the thickest of them, received a shot through his body, by the conquered and flying enemy, and *fell down dead.*" Grant's *emphatic* and *romantic* notice of the same incident, is no more taken from this than from the Book of Lamentations. It is one, of many more instances in the Routledge volume than we can afford to extract here, which reminds one rather of a cateran's ingenuity, in disguising the cow he has lifted, than of the generous and gentlemanly spirit that belongs to the profession of letters, and marks the independence of genius.

And is it such *original* ideas, and "immense labour" as this, that can justify the announcement, written by Grant last year, and published by the Messrs Routledge, that,—"The *Publishers believe*, that, for the *first time*, they are enabled to bring forward a popular and complete military history, of the great Cavalier, and of the wars of his times,"—as if nothing popular, complete, or military, had been published on the subject, between the epochs of Dr Wishart, 1647, and James Grant, 1858? Is it for this, that (to quote the Routledge puff), we

are to "*congratulate* Mr Grant upon this volume, which is, *certainly*, the most successful of his many successful publications, and will enhance his literary reputation far and wide"? Oh! Routledge. Why, had you only asked our sanction, or our *publisher's* permission (whose pecuniary interests this invaded), for your trading speculation, we might have granted you fair and honourable terms, and even have written a puff for you in poetry besides, to the tune of "Bonnie Dundee."

'Twas Montrose to his Mistress, in loyalty's name,
From his sword and his pen, promis'd glory and fame;
But glory more famous our country may vaunt,
In the sword of *James Graham*, and the pen of *James Grant*.
Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
The sword is the Graham's,—but *Grant's* is the pen;
Rab-shakehs may rant, and of Covenant cant,
Here's the sword of James Graham, and the pen of James Grant.

'My mint is "the million,"—a penny per line,
So, dig and be——dingy, Montrose shall be *mine;*
You may rummage Creation, and write by the rood,
But all pages are mine, from page One to—Page Wood.'
Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
The sword is the Graham's,—but *Grant's* is the pen;
Brother Rolt he may rant, and of Copyright cant,
Here's the sword of James Graham, and the pen of James Grant.

In our separate review of Sir Page Wood's judgment, a much fuller exemplification will be found. For, indeed, we are not aware, that another instance could be pointed to, in modern authorship, where the unauthorised transference, from the pages of one author to the pages of another, of all the essential component parts of an original historical biography (in a case where the idea of *actual abridgment* is altogether excluded and disclaimed), namely, biographical design, arrangement, sentiments, collateral incidents of minor importance, new materials from original family papers, the general web of the text, and occasional peculiar phrases, is so complete and wholesale, and so flimsily disguised, as in Memoirs of Montrose by

James Grant. What if this liberty, even to the amount above exemplified, and no more, had been taken with Scott's Life of Napoleon? What would the "Black Hussar of Letters" have said and done? The copyright of Lockhart's Life of Scott is now vested in the most honourable of publishers, and sturdiest of legislators. What if this *decanting* trick, precisely in the same measure, and no more, had been perpetrated upon that? We verily believe, the Black magnum,—*interiore notâ Falerni*—would have risen in its place in Parliament, and "named" the sly absorbent phial! If, indeed, that highly prized species of property called *Copyright*, can be, in this manner, lost to one, and constituted in another, it is little better, after all the toil of a Talfourd, and the law of a Story, and a Wood,[1] than a kind of dinner tenure known among schoolboys, and termed *Gobbleright*, which the bad boy may achieve, by spitting into the good boy's platter.

[1] In a question of literary piracy, relative to an elementary work, entitled "The Guide to Science," Vice-Chancellor Wood laid down certain principles of the law of copyright, which we here quote from the rubric of the reported case :—

1. He first laid it down, that, even as regards a work having no pretensions to *originality in the subject*, or *materials*,—"The reduction of questions so collected, with such answers, *under certain heads*, and in a scientific form, is *sufficient to constitute an original work*, of which the *copyright will be protected*."

2. "But another person may *originate* another work in the same general form, *provided* he does so from his *own resources*, and makes the work he so originates, *a work of his own*, by *his own labour and industry* bestowed upon it."

3. "In determining whether an injunction should be ordered, the question, where the *matter* of the Plaintiff's work is *not original*, is, how far an *unfair or undue use has been made of the work*."

4. "If, instead of searching into the *common* sources, and obtaining your subject-matter from *thence*, you *avail yourself of the labours of your predecessor*, adopt his *arrangement*, and questions, or adopt them with a *colourable variation*, it is an *illegitimate use*."

5. "Falsely *to deny* that you have copied, or taken *any idea*, or *language*, from another work,—*strong indication* of *animus furandi*."

(See *Jarrold* v. *Houlston*, decided by Vice-Chancellor Wood, July 9th, 1857 ; Kay and Johnson's Cases in Chancery, vol. iii. p. 703.)

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ERRATA.

Page 63, line 17 from bottom, *for* were *read* was
... 167, ... 8 from bottom, *for* antitypes *read* antipodes
... 171, ... 4 from bottom, *for* inculcate *read* inculcated
... 172, ... 13 from top, *for florœ read flora*
... 176, ... 7 of note 1, *for* Miss Grahame Grahame of Duntroon *read* Miss Stirling Grahame of Duntroon

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MEMORIALS

OF THE

VISCOUNT OF DUNDEE.

PART I.

PRELIMINARY REVIEW OF FALSE HISTORY AND VULGAR ERRORS, RELATING TO DUNDEE.

In little more than twenty years after the death of Montrose, another Graham, head of an ancient branch of the noble house, entered upon the stage of the Scottish Troubles, and became, for a brief space, conspicuous in the rapidly shifting scenes that ensued. Him, too, the bitterness of polemical enmity, and the mendacity of covenanting records, have been even more successful in excluding from his proper place in the annals of his country, and the affections of his countrymen. Belonging to the same illustrious house, devoted to the same cause, struggling against the same wild, sanguinary faction of clerical agitators, and by nature impressed with some of the lofty characteristics of his heroic prototype, it was inevitable that Graham of Claverhouse should inherit the storm of fanatical invective and calumny, which

had pursued the glorious career, and howled around the murderous scaffold of the greatest of the Grahams.

But the career of Claverhouse contracts to a point, when compared with that of the head of his house. Indeed, it can scarcely be supposed to afford sufficient materials for a separate biography. Some worthies are proper subjects for a record apart, because, while the fountains of their fame serve to enliven the dense mazes of the world's annals, the full current of their individual renown necessarily seeks an independent channel. Such, for instance, are the lives of great literary men, of philosophers, historians, and bards, who had acquired social celebrity, and world-wide fame. Could History have paused to pick up all those precious crumbs which fell from the table of the master of Boswell? Again, there be men belonging especially to history, who are yet proper subjects for a separate biography. When the public life of a great character has been chequered by many instructive vicissitudes, varied by many and seemingly inconsistent positions, and involved in a long labyrinth of political events, his biography composes a chapter of history which requires to be studied apart. Montrose affords a prominent example of the kind. Had the breath of calumny never touched him, had public records done him ample justice, still the many phases of his eventful life, in which the limit between history and romance becomes confounded and lost, would have demanded a special record. But DUNDEE, who glared, crashed, and became extinguished like the levin bolt, may not History herself, in a single page, suffice to tell who he was, and what he did,—" to whom related, and by whom begot,"—how lived, how fought, how died he?

Unfortunately, with regard to Dundee, History has proved an incorrigible calumniator. In his case has been reversed the ordinary rule in the search for truth. The unprejudiced mind, the Christian judgment, the spirit of justice, must here eschew the most brilliant and pretentious pages of history, and turn, for something like the truth, to a romance or a ballad. From Robert Wodrow, the Scottish martyrologist, to Lord Macaulay, the ennobled party historian, who may be taken to represent the *alpha* and *omega* of the calumnious

cry, linked together by a long chain composed of the careless and the credulous, the virulent and the vulgar, has the memory of John Graham of Claverhouse been grossly maligned. It seems very necessary, therefore, before proceeding with the historical memorials of his Life and Times, to clear away that cumbrous accumulation of *vulgar error*, too rashly sanctioned by some greatly distinguished historians, under which the true character of this Scottish worthy still lies buried. This will best be done by a close and uncompromising scrutiny of the characteristics recorded of him in the most important historical compositions published since his time. We say, an uncompromising scrutiny. "Bloody Clavers" owes History little respect. He asks a clear stage, and no favour.

1. *Lord Macaulay and John Brown.*

Lord Macaulay, in a very popular history of England, has recently presented to the world the most diabolical portrait of Dundee that has ever been traced by the pen of genius. From the platform of his too attractive page, we shall commence this historical survey. He sings of "*James* Graham of Claverhouse;" but the man's name was *John*.[1]

[1] The reader need scarcely be reminded of Professor Aytoun's very able "Examination of the statements in Mr Macaulay's History of England, regarding John Graham of Claverhouse, Viscount of Dundee," appended to the second edition of "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers," 1849. The close detection, the acute argument, the telling wit, and the fine temper of Mr Aytoun's "Examination," must ever remain a laurel on the Professor's brow, and a thorn in the side of the historian. But when the bard of the "Execution of Montrose," and the "Burial March of Dundee," went forth to battle with the most popular writer in England of the present time, his materials were imperfect, and his researches incomplete,—defects inevitable, from the narrow limits of his incidental examination, and the rapid gallantry with which he assailed his formidable foe. The few mistakes hence arising, however, afford no defence for the historian, and offer no available chink in the armour of the Scottish cavalier.

> "Stern was the dint the borderer lent,
> The buirdly Baron backward bent,
> Bent backward to his horse's tail,
> And his plumes went scattering on the gale."

"Of Mr Macaulay's *James* Graham (says Mr Aytoun), we know nothing; neither has that name, as applied to Claverhouse, a place in any accredited history

"The fiery persecution which had raged when he (the Duke of York) ruled Scotland as vice-regent, waxed *hotter than ever from the day* on which he became Sovereign. Those shires in which the Covenanters were most numerous, were given up to the license of the army. With the army was mingled a militia, composed of the most violent and profligate of those who called themselves Episcopalians. Pre-eminent among the bands which oppressed and wasted these unhappy districts, were the dragoons commanded by James Graham of Claverhouse.[1] The *story ran*,[2] that these wicked men used in their revels to play at the torments of Hell, and to call each other by the names of devils and damned souls.

save his own." The blunder, however, is to be found in *Wodrow*, the fountainhead of vulgar error on the subject. "*James* Graham of Claverhouse," writes that superficial fanatic, in the 7th section of the 13th chapter of his 2d book,—"*James* Graham of Claverhouse, with a numerous party of soldiers," &c. &c. As Lord Macaulay, in the passage in question, refers to no other authority than Wodrow, we may presume that he had transferred the blunder to his own page. Under the Professor's correction, he has accomplished the easy task of silently substituting *John* for *James*, in a subsequent edition. The moral however remains. He cannot delete the test, which his original blunder affords of the miserable amount of his own research as to a great public character, whom he deliberately sets himself to malign. Sir Walter Scott fell into the same mistake, in his historical note to "The ballad of the battle of Loudon Hill," in the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border ; but he had detected the misnomer before writing his history, and historical novels. In notes to a collection of ballads, it is pardonable to have committed an inconsequential error of the kind. But when the object is to hold up, historically and elaborately, to the abhorrence of all posterity, a great public character, the examination into the history of the man ought to have been at least close enough to have rendered a misnomer *impossible*. One reviewer has helped Lord Macaulay to the true name. Perhaps he may find himself indebted to another for the true facts. Close detection on the one hand, and perfect docility of correction on the other, may gradually render this historian's chronicles as accurate as they are brilliant.

[1] How fluently, pleasantly, and confidently, does all this flow from the practised pen of the accomplished historical essayist ! Yet there is not a word of true history in all these paragraphs. Lord Macaulay says of Dr Johnson, "that as soon as he took his pen in his hand to write for the public, his style became systematically vicious : when he wrote for publication, he did his sentences out of English into *Johnsonese*."—*Review of Croker's Boswell*. Our cutting critic takes more liberties with history than ever Johnson did with language. How often does he give us *Macaulese* for history ?

[2] The stories which run, are not the truths which those who run may read. When such like expressions occur in this history,—and they occur very frequently, they indicate the absence of all legitimate authority.

The chief of this Tophet on earth,[1] a soldier of distinguished courage, and professional skill, but rapacious and profane, of violent temper and obdurate heart, has left a name which, wherever the Scottish race is settled on the face of the globe, is mentioned with a peculiar energy of hatred. To recapitulate all the crimes by which this man, and men like him, goaded the peasantry of the Western Lowlands into madness, would be an endless task. A few instances must suffice; and all these instances shall be taken from the history of a single fortnight,—that very fortnight in which the Scottish Parliament, at the urgent request of James, enacted a new law of unprecedented severity against dissenters."

Ere we pass on to our historian's leading instance (the only one which affects Claverhouse),[2] a word or two of this "peculiar energy of hatred."

Violent abuse, increasing in virulence of expression precisely in proportion to the vagueness of the accusation, the absence of authentic facts, and the lurking consciousness of calumny, was always the marked characteristic of those ill-conditioned annals of fanaticism which this noble author has honoured too highly by condescending to follow. The prickly plant of covenanting slander, indeed, seems to flourish and flower under the richness of his modern culture. But the fountain-head of such vulgar vials of wrath, is "the pulpit drum ecclesiastic." How the verbal "energy of hatred" was poured out upon the devoted head of Montrose! Of course our historian in like manner believes, that, "wherever the Scottish race is settled on the face of the globe," the champion of Charles the First is honoured with the same energetic mention that, as he assures us, always accompanies the name of the champion

[1] "Tophet on earth," it may be necessary to explain, means *Hell upon earth*. Claverhouse is thus raised to the dignity of Satan. Our historian has carefully revised this striking passage in his latest edition, where it stands simply "this Tophet,"—a manifest improvement. It was superfluous to add "on earth;" for *this Tophet* cannot of course be understood to mean *t'other Tophet*.

[2] Lord Macaulay leaves it to be inferred, from his own narrative, that all the cruel stories which he here derives from Wodrow, implicate Claverhouse; the fact being, however, that even *Wodrow* only imputes one of those instances to our hero, that of John Brown, namely; and actually shows, with regard to another, that Claverhouse endeavoured to save the rebel's life!

of James the Seventh. The beautiful, witty, and sensible Queen of Bohemia, writing to Montrose in the year 1649, thus indicates her lively contempt for that King Cambyses' vein of reprobation :—" I doubt not," she says, " but you have seen, ere this, the proclamation against Morton and Kinmoul, and all the adherents of ' *that detestable bloody murderer and excommunicated traitor, James Græme!*' The *Turks* never called the Christians so."[1]

But to proceed with Lord Macaulay's leading instance in support of that terrible portrait of Dundee.

" John Brown, a poor carrier of Lanarkshire, was, for his singular piety, called ' The Christian Carrier.' Many years later, when Scotland enjoyed rest, prosperity, and religious freedom,[2] old men who remembered the evil days, described him as one well versed in divine things, and *so peaceable*,[3] that the tyrants could find no offence in him, except that he had absented himself from the public worship of the Episcopalians. On the 1st of May (1685) he was cutting turf,[4] when he was seized by Claverhouse's dragoons, rapidly examined, convicted of *nonconformity*,[5] and sentenced to death. *It is said*, that even among the soldiers it was not easy to find an executioner. For the wife of the poor man was present. She

[1] See the Queen of Bohemia's correspondence with Montrose, printed in the Memoirs of Montrose, vol. ii. p. 720 ; Edinburgh, Thomas G. Stevenson, 1856.

Bishop Russell, in his excellent and most temperate " History of the Church in Scotland," (1834), justly observes :—" In the conduct of the rigid Covenanters, there is nothing more remarkable than their disposition to *slander*, and the reckless intrepidity with which they scattered around them the most atrocious calumnies."—Vol. ii. p. 264.

[2] From King William's Massacre of Glencoe, and warrants under his own hand to apply the torture of the boot, in the severest degree, to compel suspected State delinquents to speak out. We shall prove this.

[3] He figures in the Porteous Roll of criminals, and in the list of rebels *fugitated* for not appearing to stand their trial.

[4] He was cutting across the mosses to escape from the military.

[5] No such thing. He was convicted of obstinately refusing to take the oath abjuring a recent proclamation of war against the Government, and incitement to assassination ; and of violently renouncing his allegiance to the reigning King, *in the face of the King's troops:* also *bullets* were found in his house, and *treasonable papers ;* all this *before* his execution. Immediately *after* his execution, his cave of concealment under ground was discovered, containing swords and pistols.

led one little child by the hand: it was easy to see[1] that she was about to give birth to another; and even those wild and hard-hearted men who nicknamed one another Beelzebub and Apollyon,[2] shrank from the great wickedness of butchering her husband before her face. The prisoner, meanwhile, raised above himself by the near approach of eternity, prayed loud and fervently, as one inspired, till Claverhouse in a fury shot him dead. It was *reported by credible witnesses*, that the widow cried out in her agony,—'Well, Sir, well, the day of reckoning will come;' and that the *murderer* replied, 'To man I can answer for what I have done, and, as for God, I will take him into mine own hand.' Yet it *was rumoured*, that, even on his seared conscience and adamantine heart, the dying ejaculations of his victim made an impression which was never effaced."[3]

Wodrow is the sole authority to which Lord Macaulay refers, for his own implicit reliance upon the truth of a story as improbable, on the very face of it, as any calumny that ever

[1] Not so easy to see; for the fanatical accounts differ as to these details; it was easy to say, however.

[2] Professor Aytoun has made great fun of this:—"Mr Macaulay, however, goes beyond Wodrow even, in minuteness; for, in a subsequent paragraph, he particularises the very names which were used, as those of *Beelzebub* and *Apollyon!* He might with equal propriety have adopted the phraseology of ancient Pistol, and gravely informed us, that the Scottish mode of military accost was,—'How now, *Mephistophilus?*'"—*Aytoun's Examination of Macaulay.*

[3] "History of England, from the accession of James II.: by Thomas Babington Macaulay, vol. i. p. 498."—*Second Edition.* Colonel Graham's actual conduct upon the melancholy occasion in question, as we shall prove in the sequel by production of his own official report, the systematic, legal, and merciful manner in which he performed his unpleasant official duty,—the proven habits and antecedents of that most dangerous rebel, who was then necessarily subjected to military execution, inflicted in due form of martial law,—and the whole tenor of Graham's correspondence at the time, completely give the lie, as we shall find, to Wodrow's egregious nonsense,—"I am well informed, that Claverhouse himself *frequently acknowledged* afterwards, that John Brown's prayer left such impressions upon his spirit, that he could never get altogether worn off, *when he gave himself liberty to think of it.*" Yet, as "the story ran," (and falsely), Claverhouse was *daily* and *hourly* occupied with such scenes! But why does Lord Macaulay merely say "it was *rumoured?*" Does not Wodrow tell him, "*I am well informed.*" However, the expressions "seared conscience and adamantine heart," enlighten the information with such a flash of genius that we must forgive the nonsense for the sake of the style.

shook the credit, and debased the object of historical annals. But we must protest against a modern *rifacimento*, of the fanatical fable, wherein the pen that most delights the present age is employed to delete, to a certain extent, the gross improbabilities which afford something like an antidote to the original slander. If Wodrow have said, that this saintly victim was only " with some difficulty" permitted to pray, by impatient dragoons thirsting for his blood, and yet that his gift and grace of prayer had such free allowance, upon the very occasion, and was so divinely exercised, that those cruel cut-throats instantly mutinied to a man, and became like good centurions on the spot,—we protest against an edition of the miracle, however pleasantly turned, which keeps that palpable contradiction altogether out of sight. If the *fanatical* historian have distinctly told us, that, by reason of this instantaneous conversion, " not one of them would shoot him, or obey Claverhouse's commands, so that he was *forced to turn executioner himself*, and in a fret shot him with his own hand,"—we protest against the *political* historian masking the gross absurdity, and rendering it thus,—" It is said that even among the soldiers it *was not easy* to find an executioner,"—and then leaving it to be inferred, from the rest of the reconstructed narrative, that Claverhouse had put his own hand to the bloody work, not because *forced* to do so by *the mutiny* of his troops, but from a sudden impulse of his own passionate temper, anticipating their reluctant obedience even while his victim was yet in the act of praying. Wodrow, then, must be allowed to tell his own story.

That famous champion of the Solemn League, in the first place, thus characterises the militia who were employed by Government against the covenanting insurrection, and the murderous fanatics chiefly predominating in the south-western districts of Scotland.

" Dreadful were the acts of wickedness done by the soldiers at this time, and Lagg was as deep as any. They used to take to themselves, in their cabals, the names of devils and persons they supposed to be in Hell, and with whips to lash one another, as a jest upon Hell. But *I shall draw a veil* over

many of their dreadful impieties I meet with *in papers* written at this time."[1]

A little further on, we have his masterpiece, the tragedy of John Brown.

"The month of May (1685) opens to us yet a more dismal scene of *unaccountable* bloodshed; and I may well begin with the horrid murder of that excellent person, John Brown of Priest-field, in the parish of Muirkirk, by Claverhouse, the first of this month. Scarcely ever have I met with greater encomiums of a country man than I have of this person, from people of *sense and credit*, yet alive, who knew him.[2] He had a small bit of land in that parish, and was a carrier to his employment, and was ordinarily called the Christian Carrier. He had been a *long time upon his hiding in the fields*, and was of great use to, and took much pains upon the instructing of, several youths, who were well meaning in the main, but being now neglected in their education, and wanting the advantage of *sermons*, needed instructions when they came and joined themselves to the *sufferers*.[3] He was of shining piety, and had great measures of solid, digested knowledge and experience; and had a singular talent of a most plain and affecting way of communicating his knowledge to others. He was *no way obnoxious to the Government*, except for not hearing the Episcopal ministers.[4] This good man had come home, and was at his work, near his own house in Priest-field, casting peats.

[1] For these ridiculous facts, of a nature so likely to be grossly misrepresented, there is no proof offered whatever. How soldiers, of any period, may choose to amuse themselves "in their cabals," it were hard to say. Sailors have been known to enact the part of heathen gods, and demean themselves on such occasions with about as much propriety. But when we expect Wodrow's authority for his balderdash,—which gave birth, however, to Lord Macaulay's *Beelzebub* and *Apollyon*,—he "draws a veil"! It was Wodrow's style to state ten times more than he could prove, and to draw a veil when there was nothing to disclose.

[2] Lord Macaulay has magniloquently translated this into,—"Old men who remembered the evil days." But he has no conception of the sort of old women Wodrow dealt with, and what an old woman he was himself.

[3] By "sufferers" Wodrow means the rebels under sentence of fugitation, and the murderers of Archbishop Sharp, and their abettors. Brown was master of a concealed cave in the moors, supplied with arms; and doubtless he instructed those youths, whom Wodrow characterises with such suspicious circumlocution, in the use of those arms, and in all the murderous practices of that skulking rebellion.

[4] Then how came he to figure in the Porteous Roll of criminals for trial; and in the list of the fugitated; and to be "a long time upon his hiding in the fields"?

Claverhouse was coming from Lesmahago with three troops of dragoons. Whether he had got any information of John's piety, and nonconformity, I cannot tell; but he caused bring him up to his own door, from the place where he was.[1] I *do not find*[2] they were at much trouble with him in interrogatories and questions. We *see them*[3] now almost wearied of that leisurely way of doing business. Neither do any of *my informations* bear that the abjuration oath was offered to him.[4] With *some difficulty* he was allowed to pray; which he did with the greatest *liberty* and melting; and, withal, in such suitable and scriptural expressions, and in a peculiar *judicious* style,—he having great measures of the gift as well as grace of prayer,—that the soldiers were affected and astonished. Yea,—which is yet more singular,—such *convictions* were left in their bosoms, that, as *my informations* bear, not one of them would shoot him, or *obey Claverhouse's commands*;[5] so that he was forced to turn executioner himself, and in a fret shot him with his own hand, before his own door, his wife with a young infant standing by, and she very near the time of her delivery of another child. When tears and entreaties could not prevail, and Claverhouse had shot him dead, I am *credibly informed* the widow said to him,—'Well, Sir, you must give an account of what you have done.' Claverhouse answered,—'To men I can be answerable, and as for God, I'll take him into mine own hand.' I am *well informed* that Claverhouse himself frequently acknowledged afterwards, that John Brown's prayer left such impressions upon his spirit, that he could never get altogether worn off, when he gave himself liberty to think of it."[6]

[1] John Brown, and *his nephew* along with him, to which last Wodrow makes no allusion, were endeavouring to escape from the dragoons, who "pursued them a great way through the mosses, and in the end seized them;" (official report by Claverhouse, to be afterwards quoted at length.)

[2] For "do not find," read "would not find."

[3] Who saw them, and where?

[4] He was pressed to absolve himself, by taking the prescribed oath, from the most rampant acts of high treason, which he obstinately and violently refused to do. But of course "my informations" would not bear that.

[5] It will be shown in the sequel, that Wodrow was actually in possession of written information, which he uses in other respects, bearing the *very reverse of the statement* that Claverhouse executed the rebel with his own hand!

[6] Wodrow's History of the Sufferings of the Church of Scotland, vol. iv. p. 244. *Octavo Edition.* See previous note, p. 7.

That a man of Lord Macaulay's experience, in letters, in history, and in human nature, should not have detected the stamp of invention and falsehood throughout this absurd story, is certainly not a little remarkable. The manner, however, in which he has pruned and dressed, while adopting it,—abating the contradictions and inflating the language,—betrays something like a consciousness, that the anecdote was scarcely presentable in Wodrow's own words. If true, well might that story be made the text for the severest denunciations of history against a Government owning such an executive. For Graham of Claverhouse was not only the greatest captain of his day, but a privy councillor of the highest repute, and the observed of all observers, not merely as a military leader, but among those distinguished statesmen who were then simultaneously struggling to uphold the Throne against the outrageous anarchy of the Conventicles. Lord Macaulay has presented us with the portrait of an interesting, harmless, domestic peasant; peaceable, and divine even "as one inspired;" yet frantically "murdered," without an intelligible cause, by the hand of the bravest commander, and one of the most distinguished and proudest gentlemen who graced the highest society in those days; one who was constantly welcome to, and familiar with, Charles the Second at Court. But could our English historian not gather from Wodrow's narrative, that *he* was describing a martyr of the very school of Renwick, Shields, and Cameron? Of course Wodrow arrayed him, as he arrayed every covenanting fanatic, in garments white as snow. But he never meant it to be doubted that John Brown was a labourer in the same vineyard with those who had penned and promulgated, a few months before, the declaration of war, and incitement to assassination, posted on church-doors, and market crosses throughout Scotland. That which was taught, enjoined, and sanctified, by such institutes of murder, as "A Hind let loose," was just what John Brown had long learnt, and was teaching to others. Why did he go to death on the spot, (having failed to save his life by flight), rather than abjure the proclaimed rebellion, and instructions to assassinate, which had so greatly alarmed the Government immediately before? Just because he was a determined disciple of that very school.

Lord Macaulay cannot possibly place him under any other category. And how does he himself, in another and a truer page, characterise the *whole army* of those Scottish saints and martyrs,—one individual of whom, this John Brown, he has described to us in those greatly mistaken and maudlin terms? Manifestly the mists of "passion and prejudice," (to use a phrase of his own) passed off at times, from the intellectual vision of the great landscape gardener of England's history. In vain had he tried, by desultory plunges into the filthy wells of Magus-Muir christianity, to find materials in support of his political theories, and effervescing vituperation. He had actually taken, not sweet, but sour counsel together with the "Hind let loose," and "Faithful Contendings." And with what result? To his shocked and disenchanted eye, the white lamb, John Brown, anon presents itself as black as Tophet! "There was, indeed," he says, "a class of *enthusiasts* who were little in the habit of calculating chances, and whom oppression had not tamed but maddened." But why were they *oppressed*, and how *maddened?* Philip sober shall tell us. And let it be remembered that John Brown himself would have felt that he was grievously wronged, were he not distinctly admitted to have been a Master in the Israel here described.

"They wanted not only freedom of conscience for themselves, but *absolute dominion over the consciences of others;* not only the Presbyterian doctrine, polity, and worship, but *the Covenant* in its utmost rigour. Nothing would content them, but that *every end* for which civil society exists, should be *sacrificed* to the ascendancy of a theological system. One who believed no form of church government to be worth a breach of Christian charity, and who recommended comprehension and toleration, was, in their phrase, halting between Jehovah and Baal. One who *condemned* such acts as the *murder of Cardinal Beatoun and Archbishop Sharp*, fell into the same *sin* for which Saul had been rejected from being King over Israel. All the rules by which, among civilized and *Christian* men, the horrors of war are mitigated, were *abominations* in the sight of the Lord. *Quarter was to be neither taken nor given.* A Malay running a muck, a mad dog pursued by a crowd, were the models to be imitated by Christian men fight-

ing in just self defence. To reasons such as guide the conduct of statesmen and generals, the minds of these zealots were *absolutely impervious.* That a man should venture to urge such reasons, was sufficient evidence that he was not one of the faithful."

"If any person is inclined to suspect that I have exaggerated the *absurdity* and *ferocity* of these men, I would advise him to read two books which will convince him that I have rather *softened* than overcharged the portrait; SHIELDS' 'Hind let loose,' and 'Faithful Contendings displayed.'"[1]

Does Lord Macaulay imagine that he can persuade any intelligent reader, that such horrible dispositions as these, characterising a multitudinous sect in Scotland, were simply, and suddenly, created by what he vaguely terms religious persecution? Did his own acumen never lead him to suspect, that he had mistaken the effect for the cause? That persecution, if persecution there was, arose out of the same necessity that impels a crowd to pursue a mad dog, and did not *create* the madness. Else where he says,—"There were, particularly in the western lowlands, many *fierce* and *resolute* men, who held that the obligation to observe the *Covenant*, was *paramount* to the obligation to *obey the magistrate.*" Was this profane and desolating doctrine engendered by *persecution?* "These people," he adds, "in *defiance of the law*, persisted in meeting to worship God after their own fashion."[2] But what was their own fashion? To urge and howl forth, at armed conventicles, such "paramount obligations," such canine madness, as that which this eloquent historian justly imputes to the whole sect. When Saint Mitchell in 1668 levelled his cowardly pistol at the Archbishop of St Andrews, and destroyed the Bishop of Orkney, he was "worshipping God after their own fashion." He was doing what the conventicle divines had directed him to do. When in 1679, those unmitigated scoundrels hacked to pieces the venerable Archbishop in the arms of his daughter, they were not, forsooth, committing a brutal murder impelled by that spirit of Tophet which, for *centuries*, had impelled to such deeds that self same sect,—they were worshipping God after their own fashion! Lord Macaulay, in

[1] Hist. i. 555, 556, and *Note.* [2] Hist. i. 185.

a scrambling way, had sufficiently informed himself of all this, and the civilized mind of the modern historian could not repress its infinite disgust. Neither, however, could he afford to part with all his nonsense about Dundee, and it is rather amusing to observe what a strange compound he makes of the antagonistic ideas. "Dundee," he tells us, "had been informed that the Western Covenanters, who filled the cellars of the city, had vowed vengeance on him; and, in truth, when we consider that their temper was *singularly savage*, and *implacable;* that they had been *taught* to regard the slaying of a persecutor as *a duty;* that no examples furnished by Holy Writ had been more frequently held up to their admiration than Ehud stabbing Eglon, and Samuel hewing Agag limb from limb; that they had never heard any achievement in the history of their own country more warmly praised, by their favourite teachers, than the *butchery* of Cardinal Beatoun, and Archbishop Sharp,—we may well wonder that a man who had *shed the blood of the saints like water*, should have been able to walk the High Street in safety for a day."[1]

[1] Hist. iii. 275, 276. Such being Lord Macaulay's opinion of the insane sect against whom *alone* the professional, loyal, and most able energies of Claverhouse were directed, he will surely approve of the following act, passed in the third Parliament of King Charles the Second, 13th September 1681. The terms of it, in fact, fully corroborate the above quotations from his history, against the fanatics.

"The King's most excellent Majesty considering, that, notwithstanding *assassination* be a crime of a high nature, inconsistent with, and wholly destructive to, all human society,—yet such are the pernicious principles, and wicked practices of several persons, that they do assert and maintain these villanous, impious, and horrid doctrines and principles: *Therefore*, his Majesty, with the advice and consent of the Estates of Parliament, doth *statute* and *ordain*, that not only all such persons who shall assassinate, but that all who shall *maintain or assert* that it is *lawful to kill* any man upon *difference of opinion*, or because they have been *employed in the service of the King*, or of the *Church* as it is presently established by law, shall incur the pain of *treason*, and be punished by tinsel of life, lands, and goods: And, remembering with horror the execrable murder of that most reverend and worthy Prelate, James, late Archbishop of St Andrews, Lord Primate of Scotland (who deserved so well of this Church and Monarchy, for his eminent services to both), do ordain the Sheriff of Fife, and his deputes, to make weekly searches in those places, where it is, or may be, suspected these assassins do reside, that they may be brought to justice, and exemplarily punished; and likewise ordains all other Sheriffs and Magistrates, upon information that those assassins are within their bounds, to make search for and apprehend them, that they may be brought to justice: And do hereby ratify the former acts of Council against such as shall reset those Murderers."

But, to the deeply cutting fact that they had been *taught* to regard the slaying of a persecutor as a duty, the historian ought to have added another fact, no less incontestibly true, that they had been taught to regard every necessary exercise of the executive power, against such deadly doctrines and practices, as *persecution ;* and every conscientious and energetic minister of that executive, as *a persecutor.* If the "Western Covenanters" were murderous savages, as he distinctly characterises them, even in what he calls a *softened* view of their character, they could not be "saints." And if they were murderous savages, and not saints, all those virulent and mendacious fanatical records, which alone have given rise to the ridiculous falsehood that Claverhouse "shed the blood of the saints like water," must go for nothing, and ought equally to have excited the contemptuous disgust of this distinguished author.

Lord Macaulay, when thus constrained by his own witnesses to *Tophetise* the "persecuted" Covenanters, displays his anxiety to meet the anticipated imputation of being himself a persecutor in print, by appealing to those *two* works (we could add a score), proving the case against them by their own writings, and that his severe description was a softened statement. But when he places the crown of Tophet on the head of Claverhouse, he pretends not to prove any thing against him under the hero's own hand, and supports the unsoftened statement by no reference to proof that deserves the name. He quotes Wodrow alone. Now Wodrow happens to be the only historian, Whig or Tory, fanatical or monarchical, who tells the story of the death of John Brown as we have it from him. Alexander Shields, the conventicle divine, and anonymous author of the work ("A Hind let loose") that seems to have opened Lord Macaulay's eyes a little to the truth, and Patrick Walker the pedlar (himself a murderer), have recorded the death of John Brown in very different terms from each other ; and both of these fanatical records afford a positive contradiction of the most calumnious statement in Wodrow's. Bishop Burnet, who loved the historical lie, has not fathered this one. Malcolm Laing, the Whig Tacitus of Scotland, has affectedly generalised the calumny, instead of venturing upon the details:

The luxurious amateur Whig historian, Charles Fox, languidly copied the sententious Laing. Sir Walter Scott, his fancy caught by the rude pathos of a ridiculous martyrology, adopts *verbatim* the half-crazy Walker, and tacitly rejects the dreary, disingenuous Wodrow.[1] Mr Hill Burton, our most recent historian of the Revolution, has treated largely and elaborately of Viscount Dundee, and sketched a character of him, with infinite pains, that falls at once to the ground if the legend of the "Christian Carrier," to which he makes no allusion, be true. He does not, indeed, profess to trace the particulars of Dundee's early career. But he has laboured to fix an accurate and full-length portrait of him in his plausible pages; and, had he attached any credit whatever to Wodrow's butchering story of the death of John Brown, instead of assigning to his "murderer" those high heroic attributes with which he has relieved the deeper shadows of the picture, his pencil must have lapsed into the same frightful effigies presented to us by his immediate precursor, Lord Macaulay.

Having mentioned Mr Hill Burton, the latest, and let us hope the last minstrel of our glorious Revolution of 1688, we may pause for a moment upon his pleasant lucubrations, and contemplate the most recent historical characteristics of Viscount Dundee.

2. *Mr John Hill Burton's characteristics of Dundee.*

That learned author has put forth his whole powers of pen, and they are not mean, to record his life, character, and death. The declared object is to separate mere romance from legitimate history, and to give us the man. In fulfilling this task he entirely ignores the illustrious historian who had so

[1] This shall be shown afterwards. It is a remarkable circumstance, in reference to the weight of Lord Macaulay's authority on the subject of the death of John Brown, that he takes not the slightest notice of the fact (if he had ever observed it), that Sir Walter Scott, in his History of Scotland, gives a totally different version, in the most essential incident of the calumny. Sir Walter himself, while adopting a fanatical version of the story, is in like manner entirely silent as to the fact that *Wodrow* has recorded it with a most essential difference. Thus each historian has his own pet version of the nonsensical calumny, and ignores all others!

recently preceded him in portraying Claverhouse; no great compliment from a historical author of the same school of politics. But Mr Burton himself had over-rated his materials, and was making bricks without straw. The subject was by no means sufficiently ripe in his hands to sustain the broad and unhesitating conclusions of his judgment. Moreover, his own researches, regarding the worthy whose character, education, and capacities, he so confidently handles, appear to have been unpardonably lazy. That Claverhouse was an alumnus of the *Alma Mater* of Scotland, is a certain fact, which he treats as doubtful and inconsequential, even while he is dealing particularly, and very erroneously, with the question of his education. Then he coolly describes him as "the *second* son of a Scotch laird," whose father would have made an Edinburgh Lawn-market trader of him, had it not been for "a common usage in a country which could not exercise its energies near at hand without arousing the trading jealousies of its affluent and powerful neighbour." Therefore, his theory is, *Jock the laird's brother* was turned adrift to carve his own fortunes in mercenary fields of fight, and "rub out,"—as Mr Burton declares he must have done,—that college education he yet considers it doubtful that he had ever rubbed in. The result is, that our fluent historian, from whose acuteness and industry more might have been expected, blunders the hero's genealogy and domestic history, and, after indulging in some fanciful paragraphs of hero-worship, concludes, oddly enough, but like all the rest, with historical calumny.

It was not, however, within the purview of Mr Burton's undertaking, to clear the character of this great Scottish worthy from all the fanatical trash, which, we presume, has led him to refer to Claverhouse as the "hero-fiend." It is rather, as we understand him, in disparagement of the champion of King James, that he says,—"Many of the attributes of this *hero-fiend* are fabulous; but his era was so much later than that of the semi-mythic heroes with whom he has been often associated, that we know *a few vulgar truths* about him, affording a correction of the *fictitious glories*." Yet our historian did not know the vulgar truth that he was his father's eldest son, and chief of that ancient and well provided branch

of the house of Graham, from his notorious chieftainship of which he derived the vulgar title of Clavers.[1] Nor does he seem to have known that the hero's name, along with that of his younger brother David, stands recorded, 13th February 1665, in the matriculation books of St Leonard's College of St Andrews, so plain that those who golf may read.

The name and fame of Graham of Claverhouse, have chiefly associated him with the great Marquis of Montrose, who, although a mythic *murderer*, was surely no semi-mythic hero. Neither have we been able to discover any fictitious glories whatever, recorded of Montrose's noble cadet, in any account of him that is at all worthy of historical correction. He is nowhere, seriously at least, so recorded even by Sir Walter Scott. That he rode the Evil One in the shape of a coal-black steed, breathing sulphureous flames, and able to keep its feet on the face of a precipice, and that this satanic alliance rendered it necessary to load with a silver button in order to lay the terrible rider's plume in the dust, are "fictitious glories" which scarcely require the correction of "vulgar truths." They belong to that species of rapid, dazzling, and dramatic history, which so often delights us in Lord Macaulay, and the Christmas pantomimes. On the other hand, Romance herself need claim no higher attributes for Dundee, than Mr Burton has bestowed in the following somewhat enthusiastic estimate:—

"A war, of peculiar and strangely incidental character, had been for some time kept alive in the north by the active energy of one of the most original men of his day. The actual career of Dundee, without decoration, is an affluent fountain of romance. His handsomeness, his early historical career, his name associating him with the great Marquis of Montrose, his military capacity, so great within its little sphere, the sad sympathy offered to those who throw their lot into a desperate cause, and the heroic glory of his death, all together make a true history of brighter colours than many a romance."

[1] *Clavers* is more properly written *Claver'se*, being the contraction of Claverhouse. But his own distinguished correspondents took all manner of liberties with the orthography of that and other names. His friend the Lord Advocate sometimes wrote it "Clavrose."

This charming character must be understood as perfectly consistent with the few "vulgar truths" previously promised. For our historian declares that all this composes the "true history" of Claverhouse. But we are not done with Mr Burton's characteristics.

"He was a man of much more far seeing ambition than the generality of his Order. He felt within himself capacities of a higher stamp, and aspirations also. For though he belonged to the herd of mercenaries, his ambition, with all his defects, was of a higher order than that of the Dugald Dalgeties who contented themselves with the consciousness that they had much better pay, booty, liquor, and arms, than the pike-trailers under their command. He became a fanatic of the order he found himself in,—the order of the cavalier who is devoted to his Monarch, and his Monarch's allies, aristocratic and hierarchical. *His fanaticism was that of the gentleman.* It is not common, perhaps, to associate the reproachful term 'fanatic,' with a word so expressive of estimable social qualities as this word 'gentleman;' but as there is no hesitation in applying it to religious opinions carried to excess, surely there can be no desecration in applying it to social qualities when they become offensively prurient."

This pet sentence is too fanciful to be of practical value in clearing the character of Claverhouse. We suspect, moreover, a lurking fallacy. Mr Burton seems to confound the ideas of too much of a *good* thing, and too much of a *bad* thing. Let us suppose a female countenance presented for our admiration, every feature of which possesses those qualities of outline, colour, position, and mobility, which are felt to constitute the perfection of female beauty. The eye, in particular, is the eye of the gazelle, so rich in softness and lustre, which "wins where it wanders, dazzles where it dwells." But alas! it exceeds in size the eye of the patient ox (beautiful in its own head), while all the other features are in the due proportions of humanity. We turn from such a countenance, not, indeed, with disgust, but with disappointment and distress. It is *too much of a good thing.* Let us now suppose a son of Adam, boastful of possessing the human perfection of his maker's image. The erect, stately, draped figure seems to justify the pretence.

He particularly insists that you shall admire his leg, as the perfection of the human limb, which he puts forward from beneath his robe, like the King of Spades. Lo! hairy and hirsute, crooked, horn-shod, and cloven-footed,—the hind leg, in short, of a bull of Bashan,—you regard it with disgust and terror. Still your admiration and worship is demanded, under the alternative of being kicked and trampled to death by the tyrannical hoof. Nay, under the same penalty, he insists that you submit one of your own cleaner pedestals, to some horrible assimilating process. This, again, is *too much of a bad thing.* It is not beauty rendered disagreeable by excessive disproportion. It is brutality rendered dangerous and *Tophetical* by excessive bumptuousness. And this we rather take to be the difference between that excess of the "estimable social qualities," for which Mr Burton has discovered the phrase,—"fanaticism of a gentleman,"—and the religious fanaticism of the Scotch League and Covenant.

Mr Burton's proposition seems to be this. The fanaticism of the Scotch Covenanters stands in the same relation to religious opinions "*not* carried to excess," that loyalty "become offensively prurient" does to those more estimable *social* qualities expressed by the word *gentleman.* We do not feel much interested, after all, on the part of "Bloody Clavers," captiously to quarrel with the terms of that equation. Right or wrong, it really seems to come to this, that a Scotch fanatic is *exceedingly* religious; and a prurient loyalist *exceedingly* a gentleman. But are we not entitled to extract, from all this pleasant play of words, that Dundee, if not *emphatically*, was at least *fanatically* a gentleman; of superior capacities and aspirations to the generality of his Order; and that, however offensively prurient (to some tastes that is to say) such attributes had become in him, he was nevertheless to a certain extent endowed with some type or other of those estimable social qualities of which the word gentleman is so significant? Come, here is a new niche in history for the "hero-fiend."

But can it be true, that a being endowed with the "handsomeness" of a hero of romance, and the "fanaticism of a gentleman;" one of the "most original men of his day;" of "military capacity so great;" whose ambition, capacities, and

aspirations, were "more far-seeing, and of a higher quality than the generality of his Order;" to whom "sad sympathy" belongs by right of the disinterested devotion of his life, and "the heroic glory of his death,"—is it, we ask Mr Burton, among those vulgar truths about Dundee to which he so knowingly refers, that this hero of a true romance, did put to death, and with his own hand, an innocent, inoffensive peasant, who, for his very piety, was called the "Christian Carrier;" and that he perpetrated this enormity under all the circumstances of heartless, useless, isolated barbarity, ascribed to him by Wodrow and Lord Macaulay? Is that a vulgar truth, or a vulgar error?

Mr Burton is silent; and we would have been content to assume his tacit rejection of the calumnious fable, were it not, that, after thus chaunting the glories of the Graham, he changes his hand and checks his pride, and passes on to what he calls the *one thing certain.*

"One thing is certain, his *utter disregard of human life*, his *cruelty* to his enemies, and his *recklessness* of the safety of his followers, would have prevented him from being a great *British* General, however largely he might have operated in the service of countries where there is less responsibility, and human life is of no account beside the military object to be obtained."

If this sententious and somewhat bewildering deliverance, be subscribing, after all, to the vulgar cant about "Bloody Clavers,"—if it mean, that, savage disregard of human life from the innate spirit of inhumanity, reckless and insane expenditure of the essential means of success in war from the mere love of cruelty and blood, characterised Dundee, the outrageous imputation has no foundation in truth, and is utterly incompatible with any rational understanding whatever of such a phrase as "the fanaticism of a gentleman." But, if it be taken in any other sense than that worst, how strange is the dogma, from an historian in the nineteenth century, that especial regard for human life in battle, humanity in the field towards a foe in arms, and carefulness in the din of conflict for the personal safety of armed followers, are the marked characteristics, the *sine qua non*, of the greatness of all British

Generals, as distinguished from that of foreign Generals, "largely operating in countries where there is less responsibility, and human life is of no consequence beside the military object to be attained." Generals, even great Generals, have varied somewhat in that respect, according to their dispositions and temperament, in all times and under all climes. The whole sanguinary system of embattled hosts, however, as we learn from the chronicles of Scripture down to the chronicles of Sir William Napier, involves, and to no small extent, disregard of human life, cruelty inflicted by the species upon the species, and recklessness in the field, of the safety of "food for powder." How did Marlborough in this matter differ from Gustavus? How did Dundee at Killiecrankie differ from Wellington at Waterloo? There, where the imperial eagle "tore with bloody talon the rent plain," the lives of thousands and thousands, even of his own followers, weighed with Wellington not a feather in the scale "beside the military object to be attained;" and that greatest of British Generals gained the greatest of modern combats by feeling, and fearing, no other responsibility. The devoted Dundee never commanded but in one great battle; and there "his recklessness of the safety of his followers" was chiefly evinced by his charging in person, and dying in the arms of victory. His christian *regard* for human life; his soldierly *consideration* for his soldiers; and the entire freedom of his lofty and enlightened nature, from that *cruelty* which is here so oracularly pronounced to have disqualified him from ever becoming a great *British* General, shall, in the progress of these Memorials, be exemplified by facts which do not happen to fall under Mr Burton's special knowledge of "a few vulgar truths about Dundee."

But our historian's school of politics did not greatly incline him, however competent, to institute the minute inquiries requisite to correct the vulgar error of "Bloody Clavers." He bestows upon him, as we have shown, with more of the affectation than the reality of impartial history, a somewhat enigmatical character of heroism, that is useless for his defence, and worthless to his fame. And having thus paid his character off, on the credit side, he proceeds, with rather more alacrity

to debit it to the full with all the damnation,—we beg pardon, *Tophetism*,—bestowed upon it by Shields, Wodrow, Walker, M'Crie, and Lord Macaulay. Moreover, lest it should be supposed that he was a literary genius, that he was educated, that he could read and write,—our historian has not failed to touch upon that phase of Dundee's character also, and with no friendly hand.

"Tradition," he says, "attributes to him many brilliantly epigrammatic speeches, to which his authentic writings give the lie, by showing that he had not sufficient command of grammar to have put his thoughts in the clear emphatic shape in which they are preserved, if he had ever formed them in his mind. It *is said* that he studied at St Andrews, and knew something of mathematics; but any *smattering of education* he may have received was early *rubbed out* in the camp of the mercenary soldier. He was a *younger son of a Scottish laird;* and, according to a common usage in a country which could not exercise its energies near at hand without arousing the trading jealousies of its affluent and powerful neighbour, he was sent to serve abroad." "Graham's abilities, evidently, did not step beyond warfare." And speaking of his traditionary reputation for Celtic letters, our historian adds, with the strong desire of reducing poor Claverhouse to the lowest place of the lowest form,—"It is not likely that Dundee knew *their* language, for he was *not very well instructed in his own.*" Nay, he quotes a meagre fragment, of one of the very few letters which had ever come under his eye, written by the hero, a mere scrap containing a hasty report, from a flying camp, of a few military circumstances, and a number of Highland names, upon which slender premises he has the singular temerity to found the remark,—"This fragment, printed *literatim*, may stand as a *fair specimen* of the great warrior's *epistolary capacities;*[1] an interesting subject, since Sir Walter Scott has de-

[1] The reader will please observe what Mr Burton notes as "a fair specimen of the great warrior's epistolary *capacities.*"

"Dundee writes from Moy, June 23, (1689):—"Captain of Glenrannald is near me these severall dayes. The laird of Baro is there with his men. I am persuaded Sir Donald is there by this. M'Lean lands in Morven to-morrow certainly. Apen, Glenco, Lohell, Glengaire, Keppock, are all raidy. Sir Alexander and Largo, have been here with their men all this while with me, so that I hope we will go out

nounced his spelling as that of a chamber-maid. It certainly exceeds the average spelling of the day in circuitous variability; but it would be easy to find worse specimens in his class and rank."

It is rather hard upon the hero of Killiecrankie, that *tradition* should be accepted as infallible, in proving him a monster, and be of no account in the matter of his "brilliantly epigrammatic speeches." To what "authentic writings" of his our historian can possibly refer, as "giving the lie" to his traditional reputation for good talk, we cannot imagine. When Sir Walter Scott wrote his tale of Old Mortality, there was scarcely even the fragment of a letter from Dundee in print. And three-fourths at least of such authentic writings of his as we can now produce, are still unknown to Mr Burton at this present time of our writing. We have shown before, how very hard he was put to it, in support of his anxious theory of *illiterate* Clavers. Yet this appears to have been especially the department, in the systematic depreciation of the hero, assigned to Mr Burton; as if there had been a division of labour, in the anxious undertaking, and Lord Macaulay had said to him, "I'll rub in the cruelty, if you'll rub out the learning."[1] And yet they were totally ignorant on the sub-

of Lochaber about three thousand. You may judge what we will gett in Strathharig, Badenoch, Athol, Marr, and the Duke of Gordon's lands, besides the loyall shires of Banf, Aberdeen, Merns, Angus, Pearth, and Stirling. I hope we will be be masters of north as the King's army will be of the south. I had almost forgot to tell you of my Lord Broad Alban who I suppose will come to the fields. Dumbeth with two hundred hors and eight hundred foot, and [is ?] said to be endeavouring to join us. My L. Seaforth will be in a few dayes from Irland to rais his men for the King's service."

See Mr Burton's "History of Scotland from the Revolution to the Extinction of the last Jacobite Insurrection, 1689–1748."

For Mr Burton's various characteristics and notices of Claverhouse consult his index, *voce* Dundee.

[1] Mr Burton's ingenious mind is fond of starting theories, and bending facts to suit them. Thus he says,—"The Scottish Lowlanders, with all their capacity for the serious business of life, and their performance of its duties, are an imaginative race." And, as one of the illustrations, he refers to "Dundee, one of the most *cordially hated men that ever existed*, yet one *whose name* and *genius*, a *true Scot*, even of the *strongest Presbyterian principles*, would not willingly see excluded from the sources of the biographical commemoration of *eminent men*," Hist. ii. 417. What verbiage is this? Did our author ever happen (for instance) to ask Dr M'Crie? But perhaps he considers that reverend critic's "commemoration" of Dundee, in

ject of his actual conduct, dispositions, education, and acquirements. Even the great novelist, when he so vividly depicted the disastrous affair of Drumclog, was not aware of a letter being extant, in which Claverhouse himself reports his defeat to head quarters, in the very quietest terms of a lofty and unruffled spirit. When, subsequently, that letter with a few others came to be printed for the Bannatyne Club, Sir Walter hurriedly crammed it into the illustrative notes of his new edition of the Tales. Perhaps by this time it was *de trop*. For it did not exactly tally with the historical romance. Moreover, it seemed directly to contradict an incident which had added no small degree of interest to the brilliant fiction, and which still stands therein recorded as a real historical fact, in the face of Claverhouse's own letter.[1] It is a trifle; but serves to mark the state of knowledge as to his "authentic writings," and the degree of attention hitherto paid to that subject.

Mr Burton, however, has, we think, dealt somewhat unfairly with Sir Walter's opinion, when he quotes him as having, generally, "denounced Dundee's spelling as that of a chambermaid." The letter itself will be found in its proper place in these Memorials. Here we may quote the very hasty remark with which the illustrious author of Old Mortality noted the newly discovered missive; a comment which surely was never intended to indicate Sir Walter's general estimate of Dundee's educational acquirements:—

"As the skirmish of Drumclog has been of late the subject of some enquiry, the reader may be curious to see Claverhouse's own account of the affair, in a letter to the Earl of Linlithgow, written immediately after the action. This gazette, as it may be called, occurs in the volume called Dundee's

his review of Sir Walter Scott, and also Lord Macaulay's, as fulfilling that desire of "a true Scot" on the subject to which he refers, as the *antagonistic* idea to the "cordial hatred." The fact is, that cordial hatred of Dundee, as a *national feeling*, is a vulgar myth; and it has been engendered by the very fact that "the strong Presbyterian principle" of a certain class of authors, has been, to overwhelm his name with abuse and calumny, and absolutely to exclude him from the catalogue of eminent and worthy Scotchmen.

[1] The supposed death of *Cornet Graham* at Drumclog. This will be examined afterwards.

letters, printed by Mr Smythe of Methven, as a contribution to the Bannatyne Club. The original is in the library of the Duke of Buckinghame. Claverhouse, it may be observed, spells like a chamber-maid."

There is no idea more puerile, than that the loose, variable, and, to the modern eye, very painful and grotesque orthography which characterises the epistolary correspondence of men of education, and of the highest rank and station, during the latter half of the seventeenth century, has anything whatever to do with the amount of their education, or their literary attainments and powers.[1] We entirely acquit Sir Walter of

[1] We cannot spare much room to expose this puerile idea; but may afford a few illustrations, selected at random, and with no desire to exaggerate the matter. We quote from "Letters to the Earl of Aberdeen," printed for the Spalding Club, 1851.

1. "Whythall, June 21. 1683."—"There is on Vest, a laweier hear, uho hes bene on the plote; and a gunsmithe declared that, about that tym, he bespok of him 30 or 40 paer of pistols, uhich uear not delyverd to him till uithin this fortnight or thre weeks. As furder discovers ar made in this matter, your Lordship shall be acquented by, my Lord, your most humble and fathefull servant, MORRAY." —(page 130). Why, here is an Earl spelling like a laundry-maid, and who can't spell his own name! The same nobleman writes, March 24. 1683,—"Sins my cuminge from Newmarkit, ther hapned on Thursday at nyne a clok at night a dredfall fyre ther, uhich, in a fiew hours consumed the wholl syd of the toune opposit to the King's lodgings, but nothinge tutchet on that syde they are" (p. 103). George eighth Earl Marischal certainly spells like a bar-maid. Take this specimen, 19th February, 1683,—"My Lord, the experienc and confidence I haue of your fauor maks me giue your Lordship this truble. Being informed ther is ane considerable soume taken wp off such as wold not giue obedience to the law, I hop by your Lordship's fauor and recommendation *I may haue ane schear, &c.*, (p. 99.) Then we have a Duke spelling like a dairy-maid: "Hamilton, 12th January, 1683:"—"Being under a course of phisik, it is not, uithout danger, in my pouer to come in so soon; therfor, I make it my earnist sute to your Lordship to delay that proces untill I have the honor to waite on you, that iff I be not instrumentall to agrie the matter, I may at least indevore," &c. "My Lord, your Lordship's most humble servant, HAMILTON."—(p. 96.) Now let us see how Claverhouse spelt when he was *under physic;* for the Devil it seems had not been able to save him from the Apothecary. He is writing to Queensberry, 12th October, 1683.—"The Bishop of Edinbourg did me the faveur to com and see me yesterday; being under fisik; when he took occasion to tell me all had passed betwixt your Lordship and him as to the business of the toun of Edinbourg, and made shou of great grief that he had had the misfortun to incur your Lordship's displeaseur," &c. *Queensberry Papers, orig. MS.* And think of the learned and accomplished Lord Advocate, Sir George Mackenzie, spelling like a byre-maid, in a letter to Aberdeen (p. 88.) "Clavrose has brok a caball that was designing in Galloway, to undertak for the peace of the countrey as Clidsdale did. The countrey is most peacable

all intention, in the above crude remark, so to test the literary qualities of Dundee. His letters are under the very same predicament, in regard to orthography, as all the letters of the noblemen and gentlemen with whom he was in constant correspondence for years. And, as regards composition, more acute, pointed, and spirited productions, of the rapid epistolary kind, emanating, too, from a flying camp, and rarely from the retirement of his closet, were never penned. But Sir Walter Scott has been made the scape-goat, for pronouncing him uneducated and illiterate, because of "spelling like a chambermaid;" a fanciful idea which, we venture to say, never could occur to any one of Dundee's own distinguished correspondents.

It is amusing, however, to observe the use which has been made of that careless expression. "We have his letters," says an ingenious North British reviewer, "printed from the originals, exhibiting a state of *education* and a *cultivation of mind*, that,—as Mr Macaulay said;—would have disgraced a Washerwoman." And this same clever off-hand whig critic, or his editor, has indulged in the very peculiar critical severity, of heading that page of his caustic review,—"*Letters à la Washerwoman*"![1]

and the shyr of Air is lyk to be as peacable as Angus, and keep the Kirk as well." The Earl of Linlithgow we must vote a kitchen-maid. "Edin. 10th Sept. 1682. May it pleais your Lordship. Ackording to your commands sum of thos Lords apointed to meit, did meit upon Thursday last, bot vee had litell to doe, and I houp shall not. If thair had anething accured vourthie of your Lordship's cognisance I should not haue fealed to haue acquantit you thairvith. Vee haue apointed to meit ageain vpon Thursday nixt."—(P. 57.) We have room for no more.

[1] North British Review, (of Professor Aytoun's Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers,) May 1850. We cannot discover where Lord Macaulay says that Claverhouse's letters "would have disgraced a washerwoman." Undoubtedly he uses that similitude with regard to the orthography of the period; and his remark would equally apply to the case of Claverhouse. He is not, however, speaking of his Tophet friend at the time, but of Roman Catholic champions of the Church, of whom he says,—"They had passed the greater part of their lives on the Continent, and had almost unlearned their mother tongue. When they preached, their outlandish accent moved the derision of the audience. *They spelt like washerwomen.*" Hist. vol. ii. p. 111, *Second Edition*. We are not quite certain whether Lord Macaulay means English washerwomen, or Scotch washerwomen. The washerwomen who wash with their arms, or the washerwomen who wash with their legs. We did not know, however, that either class spelt like *foreigners*. It is rather a soapy simile.

We have not been able to find, in any of Lord Macaulay's works, a passage where he applies that silly comparison directly to a letter written by Claverhouse. If the North British reviewer have quoted him accurately, the historian probably had under his eye Sir Walter Scott's illustration; and the ambition of originality may have induced him to dismiss the chamber-maid, and take in a washerwoman of his own.

A story is told of the expertness of a clever English barrister in breaking down evidence, when cross-examining on the trial of Lord George Gordon. A witness was so rash as to attempt to identify a rioter, who had been seen carrying a flag, by describing him as,—"like a *brewer's* servant in his *best clothes.*" But when unsparingly pressed to come to particulars, he could never get further, than,—"I think a brewer's servant's breeches, clothes, and stockings, have something very distinguishing;" and so he was told to go down, amid the derision of the Court. We suspect that even the two illustrious men, who have characterised the epistolary orthography of gentlemen of the seventeenth century, as above, would have cut no better figure, under a like fire of clever cross-examination, as to *their* distingushing marks, for the epistolary styles, respectively and distinctively, of the chamber-maid and the washerwoman. Assuming however, the accuracy of the whig reviewer, in saying, that Lord Macaulay has somewhere pronounced of Dundee's epistolary remains that they "would have disgraced a washerwoman," it were unfair to place Sir Walter's thoughtless remark under the same category of political passion and prejudice. [1]

To those who desire to believe in, and support the credit of Wodrow's legend of Saint Brown, it may seem necessary to establish the impression, that the mind of Dundee was as little

[1] It was not *fashionable* in those days to spell with precision, or by any consistent rule, in private *epistolary* correspondence. No more than it was, or is now, to write like a writing master's copy. It was spelling like a *printer* to do so. Authors very soon found out the value of not printing redundances or more letters than enough; and the convenience, and relief, of an invariable rule of spelling in printed works, very soon recommended it to the reader's eye. But aristocratic correspondents, both in French and English, continued their careless and lavish abuse of the letters of the alphabet, long after the press had drilled those significant symbols into steady marching order. Never was there a weaker sneer, than that comparison with "chamber-maids," and "washerwomen."

opened by education, as it was sternly closed by nature to every feeling of humanity. Fate did not suffer him to be a man of letters; nor is there any evidence, yet obtained, that the lava of poetic genius lurked beneath the volcanic features of his destiny, occasionally bursting forth with those startling eruptions which ever and anon illumined the career of Montrose. It is not the object of these Memorials to establish for Dundee a literary reputation, or, even to defend his *spelling*. But when crude ideas, flimsy speculations, and false assumptions, are grasped at with avidity, by literary critics of a certain school, in order to give the finishing touch to their portrait of Claverhouse, as a being endowed little above the beasts that perish, it is time the ridiculous injustice were corrected. Lord Macaulay, indeed,—upon whom new retrospective views, of the men and things he has been handling, must be apt to open, as his delightful history sparkles on through its golden shifting sands,—seems to have discovered, just as he is dismissing Dundee with his ears cropt, and a brand of infamy on his brow, that he possessed some great qualities after all. He honors him with this lofty congé,—accompanied, however, with a parting kick bestowed upon the disgraced hero, and all who dare to admire him: "During the *last three months* of his life, he had approved himself a great warrior, and *politician*, and his name is *therefore* mentioned with respect,"—not, indeed, by the inspired minstrel of heroic Rome,—but, "by that *large class of persons* who think that there is no excess of wickedness for which courage and ability do not atone"![1]

Dundee's own official correspondence, to be afterwards produced, will afford testimony of his abilities infinitely more valuable than any estimate by a modern historian, who was very ignorant of the true history and character of the hero, and who writes as if he really would prefer remaining so. But whatever Lord Macaulay and Mr Hill Burton may have decreed to stand for history on the subject, some of the most enlightened and liberal minded of Dundee's own contemporaries, have left, fortunately, a few passing but unequivocal indications of their opinion of the man.

Soon after his death at Killiecrankie, which established the

[1] Hist. iii. p. 367.

throne of King William, a Parliamentary commission was issued, 4th July 1690, for the visitation of Universities, Colleges, and Schools in Scotland. How this instrument of presbyterial tyranny was worked, is sufficiently indicated by one of the charges libelled against Dr Monro, Principal of the College of Edinburgh, namely, "His rejoicing the day that the news of Claverhouse his victory came to the town." The able and energetic object of this inquisitorial meanness, met the absurdity with a withering reply.

"The next article is, that I *rejoiced* upon the news of my Lord Dundee his victory! This is pleasant enough; for he (the libeller) could name no *outward* sign or expression of it. He *thinks* I rejoice, and therefore sets it down as a ground of *accusation!* So, my Lords, it was impossible for me to shun this, unless I had been dead some time before the victory. For this libeller names his conjectures, dark consequences, and remote probabilities, for sufficient *evidence!* For any thing he knew, this joy appeared nowhere but on the inward theatre of my mind. But, to make the story pass, why did he not name the usual and extravagant frolics that attend such mirth? Where was it? and with what company? Was *he* invited to this merry meeting himself? But this is no part of his business, to circumstantiate things, as common sense and justice would require in accusations. This brings to my mind the legend of Mother Juliana, who was said to *smell souls*, and at a good distance to discern whether they were in a state of grace, or under the power of sin. I have answered once already, that it was an impudent and impious thing to pretend to omniscience; and that I had some relations in Mackay's army, for whom I was extraordinary solicitous. The libeller does not think that I *rejoiced at the fall* of my Lord Dundee? *I assure him of the contrary.* For no *gentleman*, *soldier*, *scholar*, or *civilized citizen*, will find fault with me for this. I had an *extraordinary value* for him; and such of his *enemies* as retain any generosity, will *acknowledge he deserved it.*"[1]

[1] "Presbyterian Inquisition, as it was practised by the Visitors of the College at Edinburgh, in their proceedings against some of the Ministers there in August and September 1690."

"Articles

This bold and enthusiastic challenge, upon such a critical occasion, from the learned Principal of the College of Edinburgh, intimately acquainted with Dundee, and addressing many who must have been familiar with his general character, at once brings to shame all the pointed philippics, and indignant eloquence which appear in Lord Macaulay's pages on the subject. It is evidence of the very highest class, in support of the heroic Viscount having possessed, in some degree at least, those distinguishing attributes which the Principal, upon that public occasion, asserted for him with the emphatic confidence of a friend, who neither would nor could be denied. It was presented in less than a twelvemonth after the death of the hero, and at a crisis when those addressed were all the less likely to deal tenderly with his memory, or fairly by his attributes. The challenge was not taken up, and that burning eulogy remains unquenched. Of what weight in the scale against such evidence, is the virulence of a low-minded weaver of martyrologies like Wodrow? Or the *ipse dixit* of certain historical penmen, however accomplished, flourishing in the middle of the nineteenth century, (authors, be it also observed, entirely ignorant even of what letters Dundee had written, and of what sentiments, moral and political, he had therein expressed,) that he was *fanatically* a gentleman, *heroically* a fiend, and *literally* a fool?

There is another record in favour of the maligned hero, which Lord Macaulay surely will admit to partake strongly of the character of contemporary evidence. In his third volume, we find many references to a chronicle which he thus pointedly and justly eulogizes: "The singularly interesting memoirs of Sir Ewan Cameron of Locheil, printed at Edinburgh for the Abbotsford Club, in 1842; the MS. must have been at least a century older." Our historian, however, avoids referring to the testimony which these memoirs contain, entirely contradictory of his own character of Dundee. We are there informed, and no doubt truly, that the victor of Killiecrankie "had made a considerable progress in the mathematics, especially in those

"Articles of Inquisition against Dr Monro, to which he was made to answer before the Committee upon the 27th of August 1690."

Dundee fell at Killiecrankie, 27th July 1689.

parts of it that related to his military capacity; and there was no part of the *belles lettres* which he had not studied with great care and exactness. He was much master in the epistolary way of writing; for he not only expressed himself with great ease and plainness, but argued well, and had a great art in giving his thoughts in few words. To sum up his character in two words,—he was a good Christian and indulgent husband, an accomplished gentleman, an honest statesman, and a brave soldier; and, as he had few equals among his countrymen in these first qualities, so he had no superior in the last."

Does *this* admirer of Dundee fall under the category of that "large class of persons who think that there is no excess of wickedness for which courage and ability do not atone?" Notwithstanding such dictatorial and presumptuous verbiage, we suspect from the above that there must have been another class of persons who, right or wrong, admired Dundee upon a less disreputable principle. Among the many other terms of historical hectoring which Lord Macaulay bestows upon our hero, occurs the epithet "profane." But the antique chronicler whom, for other facts, he is so fond of quoting, had learnt the contrary: "Besides family worship," he says, "performed regularly evening and morning at his house, he retired to his closet at certain hours, and employed himself in that duty. This I affirm upon the testimony of *severals that lived in his neighbourhood in Edinburgh*, where his office of Privy Councillor often obliged him to be; and, *particularly*, from a Presbyterian lady who lived long in the storey or house immediately below his Lordship's, and was otherwise so rigid in her opinions, that she could not believe a good thing of any person of his persuasion, till his conduct rectified her mistake."

We have no inclination to adopt the too successful Wodrow trick, of founding history, and historical characters, upon vague references to hearsay gossip, derived from unnamed "persons of credit yet alive." Evidence of that nature, when continually and systematically offered in its most unsatisfactory, loose, and suspicious form, by one writing with the *animus* of the fanatical minister of Eastwood, is of little more

value than the paper on which it is printed. Such an anecdote, however, as the above, derived from a chronicler so nearly contemporary, of a fact so simply told, and so probable in itself, cannot well be rejected as a pure invention. If the Presbyterian lady quoted, and the other observing neighbours of Claverhouse in Edinburgh, never said anything of the kind to the compiler of the Memoirs of Sir Ewan Cameron, then a very intelligent, unassuming, and unsuspected chronicler, stands convicted of a most gratuitous falsehood! But if the chronicle be true,—and upon the interest and authenticity of his record Lord Macaulay himself lays the greatest stress, —what becomes of the Whig historian's own elaborate and violent *Tophetising* of Dundee?[1]

And surely it is better evidence than that upon which Wodrow has canonized King William,—a specimen of *Wodrowana*, by the way, so delectable, that we cannot forbear affording our readers the amusement of comparing it with the Prebyterian lady's testimony in favour of the "hero-fiend." Wodrow refers to a time when his Majesty was campaigning:—

"There was a barn near by the King's tent, to which he was frequently observed to retire, every morning *almost*. A soldier, who noticed it, was very earnest to know what the King was a-doing; and found means to get into the barn next morning before the King, and hide himself beneath some pottles of straw, and lie very close. He observed the King come in, and shut the door behind him; and take out of his pocket a little bible, and read upon it, *standing*, for near *half an hour;* and several times took his eyes off it, and looked up to heaven. This he closed, and kneeled down and prayed

[1] "Although the memoirs cannot exactly be termed contemporaneous, yet they were compiled so very recently after the date of the transactions recorded, and from such unexceptionable sources, as to afford the most satisfactory guarantee for their authenticity; while the general candour and impartiality of the narrative, and the additional light thrown upon the manners and state of society during the seventeenth century, must render them an acceptable addition to antiquarian literature. There is no reason to doubt that the author was John Drummond, one of the family of Drummond of Balhaldy, in Stirlingshire; but whether he was the grandson or great-grandson of Sir Ewan Cameron, or whether he was the proprietor of Balhaldy, or only a younger brother, does not seem perfectly certain."—*Editor's Preface to Memoirs of Sir Ewan Cameron.*

most fervently, and *weeped very much*. Then he arose, and took another book out of his pocket, which he said was *Flavell's piece on the heart*. And after he had read upon that for about a *quarter of an hour*, he put it up, and prayed very shortly, standing on his feet, but most fervently, with *many tears*. And, after all, wiped his eyes and his face, and opened the door and went out. This was a *great conviction* to the fellow, who did not think that *kings had prayed any*."[1]

How much has Lord Macaulay's history suffered, by his not studying a little more closely the authors upon whom he relies! "Of the sociableness of Charles the Second," he tells us, "William was entirely destitute. He seldom came forth from his closet; and when he appeared in the public rooms, he stood among the crowd of courtiers and ladies stern and abstracted, making no jest, and *smiling at none*.[2] His freezing look, his silence, the dry and concise answers which he uttered when he could keep silence no longer, disgusted noblemen and gentlemen who had been accustomed to be slapped on the back by their royal masters, called Jack or Harry, congratulated about race-cups, or rallied about actresses. The women missed the homage due to their sex. They observed that the King spoke in a somewhat imperious tone even to the wife to whom he owed so much, and whom he sincerely loved and esteemed.[3] They were amused and shocked to see him when the Princess Anne dined with him, and when the first green peas of the year were put on the table, devour the whole dish

[1] Wodrow thus states his authority:—"Mr Andrew Fullerton tells me he had this account of King William from *Mr Carstairs*, who was with the King in the camp at the time."—*Analecta*, vol. i. p. 264.

[2] Wodrow gives us this very different portrait of King William:—

"About the 1695, Sir William Cunningham of Cunninghamhead was standing in the King's room, the King and Queen present, Portland, and some others. The King cast his eye on Sir William, and said, 'I know Sir William is a Scotsman, but pray what part of Scotland is he?' Portland answered, 'Sir, he is a west country gentleman.' The King looking to him, *touched his nose with his finger*, and *smiling*, said, 'Sir William, I warrant you a great Whig!' and went to his coach. Portland, in going out, said, 'Sir William, yon was as much *as if the King had called you* sweetheart.'"—*Analecta*, vol. i. p. 304.

[3] And to whom he was most unfaithful,—a notorious fact, which Lord Macaulay is pleased to treat most tenderly as regards King William, however necessary he might deem it to expose and execrate the infidelities of the two last Stuarts.

without offering a spoonful to her Royal Highness; and they pronounced that this soldier and politician was no better than a Low Dutch bear."[1]

The good but curious centurion in the straw had greatly the advantage of "the crowd of courtiers and ladies" in the presence chamber. They ought to have seen the royal glutton of green peas, whom they so grievously misunderstood, suffering, "every morning almost," under the agonizing influence, not of the peas, but of his own solitary and seraphic exercises. They should have witnessed his tears, and inward strife, beside the pottles of straw. They should have gazed upon him, with reverential affection, as he "wiped his eyes, and his face,[2] and opened the door, and went out." Then would they, and Lord Macaulay, have better known how to value the gem of 1688,—the thrice blessed Protestant King of Glencoe, and Presbyterian worshipper in a barn.

Two great historical works passing through the press at the same time, by authors of the same school of politics, recognizing each other in those stately compliments which Lord

[1] Hist. vol. iii. p. 51; and a very sound judgment it was, by Lord Macaulay's own showing. Wodrow, however, presents us with this picture of his tact and manners:—"Mr Andrew Fullerton told me, likewise, he had it from good hands, that one morning when the King was in his closet, some Scotsmen fell a-speaking to the King anent Mr Carstairs, and they told him it was the mind of his best friends he should be removed from about him; and the English Bishops were taking umbrage that he should have so much of his ear. The King gave them no answer. Within a while the King came forth to the Chamber of Presence, and the on-waiters, nobility and others, made a lane for him to go through them. At the entry of the lane Mr Carstairs stood. The King bowed to all as he came through them; and when he came near to Mr Carstairs, he put out his hand to him, and said in the hearing of all, 'Honest William Carstairs, how is all with thee this morning?' This was answer enough to his accusers."—*Analecta*, vol. i. p. 264. This, we presume, was the mode in which King William "slapped on the back" his favoured courtiers.

[2] According to the following anecdote of Wodrow's, King William should also have wiped the place where he had been standing:—

"Mr Hastie tells me, that when King William was in Holland, he had good accounts from some of his servants, that, either before he came to England or was going to the war, he was observed long in private closet at prayer; and when the servants went to the place where he leaned, *it was all wet with tears!*"—*Analecta*, vol. i. p. 29.

Macaulay and Mr John Hill Burton have interchanged,[1] and yet showing at totally opposite points of the compass with regard to the characteristics of such a figure in history as Viscount Dundee, certainly causes the historic muse to look extremely foolish. Hand in hand with Mr Burton, she illustrates in lofty language the "fanaticism of a gentleman." Ushered by Lord Macaulay, she forgets her dignity, and foams at the mouth, in her excited proclamation of the styles and titles of the "chief of this Tophet." It will be instructive to cull from the latter all that terrific *Macaulese* about the Viscount of Dundee.

1. He was "the murderer," by right of having put to death with his own hand, and "in a fury," the "Christian Carrier," every man of his three troops of dragoons, composed of "Apollyon and Beelzebub," having refused to commit that crime. 2. He was "rapacious and profane, of violent temper, and obdurate of heart." 3. He "has left a name which, wherever the Scottish race is settled on the face of the globe, is mentioned with a peculiar energy of hatred." 4. "To recapitulate all the crimes, by which this man, and men like him, goaded the peasantry of the western shires into *madness*,[2]

[1] Mr Burton, in his well written History of the Revolution (Vol. ii. p. 507, *note*), designates Lord Macaulay "the first historian of our day." This was soon after the publication of the two first volumes of his History of England. Lord Macaulay returns the compliment in his third volume (p. 255), by referring to "Mr Burton's valuable History of Scotland." We presume they are both Scotchmen.

[2] Into what sort of madness? The madness, for instance, of murdering Archbishop Sharp? Lord Macaulay seems to say so; for he has favoured us with this *apologetic* record of that horrible crime:—"In Scotland, some of the *persecuted Corenanters*, driven *mad* by oppression, had lately murdered the Primate, had taken arms against the Government, had obtained some advantages against the King's forces, and had not been put down, till Monmouth, at the head of some troops from England, had routed them at Bothwell Bridge. These *zealots* were most numerous among the rustics of the Western Lowlands, who were vulgarly called *Whigs*."—(Hist. vol. i. p. 257.) Now, were these "zealots" originally an innocent, peaceable "peasantry," until "goaded into madness" by Colonel Graham of Claverhouse? Or, were they not the very "class of *enthusiasts*" whom he elsewhere describes as those who "wanted *not only* freedom of conscience for themselves, but *absolute dominion over the consciences of others*"? The very men of whom he says, "to reasons such as guide the conduct of statesmen and generals, the minds of these *zealots* were *absolutely impervious*"? (See *before*, pp. 12, 13) Was his mad character a *creation* of Claverhouse's,—carved by him, with a butcher's

would be an endless task." 5. He carried within his breast a "seared conscience, and an adamantine heart." 6. He was "the man of blood, whose name was never mentioned but with a shudder at the hearth of *any* Presbyterian family." 7. He was "haunted by that consciousness of *inexpiable guilt*, and by that *dread* of a terrible retribution, which the ancient polytheists personified under the awful name of *the Furies*."[1] 8. "His old troopers, the *Satans* and *Beelzebubs* who had shared his crimes, were ready to be the companions of his flight." 9. "The Covenanters of the west hated Dundee with deadly hatred.[2] In their part of the country, the memory of his cruelty was still fresh. Every village had its own tale of blood. The grey-headed father was missed in one dwelling, —the hopeful stripling in another.[3] It was remembered but too well how the dragoons had stalked into the peasant's cottage, cursing, and damning *him*, *themselves*, and *each other*, at every second word; pushing from the ingle-nook his grandmother of eighty; and thrusting their hands into the bosom of his daughter of sixteen; how the abjuration had been tendered to him; how he had folded his arms, and said, 'God's will be done;'[3] how *the Colonel* had called for a file with loaded

knife, out of an interesting, innocent, western peasant? Even Lord Macaulay cannot write nonsense with impunity.

[1] Hist. vol. iii. pp. 270, 280. It is almost needless to note, that this is a pure invention of the poetical historian's own imagination. As also is that about a "*shudder* at the hearth of *any Presbyterian family!*" It is scarcely fair in Lord Macaulay to wield against poor Claverhouse both the Christian demonology and the heathen mythology. Such redundant imagery is what Mr Hill Burton would call "offensively prurient."

[2] These are the "zealots" again. Did these "absurd and ferocious men" bestow their "deadly hatred" upon nobody but Dundee?

[3] But, may we ask, whether this "grey-headed sire," and "hopeful stripling," were innocent peasants, or the murderous zealots "of the west?" Was all this a scene in a peasant's cottage before being "goaded into madness," or after? Before, or after, the fall of the western peasantry from their state of peaceful innocence into that of the "absurdity and ferocity" of murderers and assassins? In either case, however, no one can approve of the conduct of the dragoon who "pushed" the very old woman from the fireside, and disturbed, with unhallowed hands, the *fichu* of the very young one. We must doubt any thing of the kind having occurred in the presence of Claverhouse, whose "fanaticism was that of the gentleman."

[3] Lord Macaulay's interesting and innocent "goodman of the house" had better, upon this occasion, have said, *God save the King*, and taken the oath absolving

muskets; and how, in three minutes, the goodman of the house had been wallowing in a pool of blood at his own door. The seat of *the martyr* was still vacant at the fire-side; and every child could point out his grave, still green amid the heath. When the people of this region called their oppressor a servant of the Devil, they were not speaking figuratively. They believed that between the *bad man* and the *bad angel* there was a close alliance on definite terms; that Dundee had bound himself to do *the work of hell on earth*, and that, for high purposes, hell was permitted to protect *its slave* till the measure of his guilt should be full."[1]

If this be History, then is History a senseless and a savage art. Fantastical in the delineation, disagreeable in style, and manifestly fictitious in fact,—that last paragraph, especially, would discredit any page of history, however accomplished the genius that directed the pen. The idealized *Tophetism* of a trooper's "damning," divided into three sections to heighten the effect! The octogenarian grandmother in the ingle-nook, —the grey-headed father,—the hopeful stripling,—the invaded bosom of the daughter of sixteen,—and then, "the Colonel"! crowning these infernal orgies with his celebrated word of command,—Death-file to the front—abjure—make ready present—fire! The pool of blood;—scene, a peaceful peasant's cottage;—time, just three minutes by the devil's death-tick!

himself from proclamations of war against the Throne, and published incentives to murder all adherents of the monarchy. No really good and innocent man, or woman either, possessed of their senses, ever refused to take that oath of abjuration in Scotland.

[1] Consult the indices to Lord Macaulay's volumes, for all his fanciful and frightful characteristics of Claverhouse, *voce* Dundee. He seems to consider, that only to the *haute noblesse* of letters does the privilege belong of heaping abuse upon the great personages of history. In the year 1838, an enthusiastic but truthful chronicler of family history, who is humble enough not to give his name, published a volume, which he entitled, "Account of the Clan M'Lean, by a Seneachie." The noble author of the latest history of England, who will bear no brother near the throne of historic vituperation, condescends to be down upon the unfortunate Seneachie's severe characteristics of the Marquis of Argyle; and after quoting all his indignant but well-merited expressions of obloquy, he thus extinguishes the family bard of M'Lean:—"It is a happy thing, that *passions so violent* can now vent themselves *only in scolding*."—(Hist. vol. iii. p. 319, *note*.) But Lord Macaulay beats the Seneachie altogether in the same line.

We venture to say that such a scene never occurred at all, under any Colonel's command of the period. We shall prove to demonstration, that, in so far as regards Colonel Graham of Claverhouse, it is a foul calumny. But these modern Dons of political letters, supreme judges presiding in the grand tribunals of history, are apt to take liberties with her handmaidens, truth and justice. Some gross exaggeration, some baseless violence, some glaring inconsistency, ever and anon startles us into the suspicion that they are but conceited constitutionalists after all, and not very fair historians. A determined searcher for the fact, in reference to some detail on which they have fancied it safe to run riot, soon learns to estimate at his own price their highflown exaggerations, and to disregard their loudest thunder. There is something demoralizing in all this. It is apt to engender an undue distrust of all history, such as is said to have haunted Lord North, and an irreverent and unbecoming disdain for all those high attributes of the great historian, eloquence and fervour, point and polish, which render history no less attractive than instructive. The temper it provokes, doubtless unduly, reminds us of a good story which actually happened not a hundred years ago. A distinguished leader of the Bar of Scotland was in anxious consultation, upon an appeal from the Court of Session, with a member of the English Bar, no less distinguished as a leader there. The long-headed logical Scot proposed to forbear arguing a particular point in the cause. "Why so?" said his southern colleague. "Because," replied the other, "the point is *untenable*." "Mr ——," rejoined the pink of Westminster Hall, with a lisp and languid sigh which rendered the undutiful apophthegm doubly piquant,—"never flinch from a point because of Bench or Woolsack,—Judges *are* such d——d *fools*."

3. *Bishop Burnet's characteristics of Dundee. Lord Macaulay's characteristics of Bishop Burnet. The Bishop's characteristics of himself.*

This Right Reverend historical libertine has not given us much about Dundee, of the details of whose military service, in the disturbed districts of Scotland, he was doubtless altogether ignorant. The little he has said is strangely ill informed, and essentially malicious. Burnet was a sycophant of the House of Hamilton; and therefore most inimical to the name and fame of the House of Montrose. The one clear-minded prophet, of that duplicity in the conduct of the first Duke of Hamilton which proved fatal to his benefactor Charles the First, was the great Marquis. Therefore the unscrupulous apologist of Duke Hamilton and his brother Lanerick, thus writes of their triumphant denouncer. "The Marquis of Montrose's success was very mischievous, and proved the ruin of the King's affairs;" and after amusing the reader with some of his pleasant gossip, he adds,—"His (the King's) affairs declined totally in England that summer; and Lord Hollis said to me, *all was owing* to Lord Montrose's *unhappy* successes"! This paradox is the finishing touch to a sketch composed of various sly and malicious notices of Montrose, in which the clerical artist would persuade us, that the predominant features of that hero's mind were, a mischievous spirit of ridiculous enterprise arising from a weak superstition, and a vain *affectation* of heroism checked and paralyzed by *his personal timidity in the field!* Well might filial piety, more tender of the Bishop's reputation than he was of that of others, suppress such a sentence as the following: "Montrose, in his defeat, took too much care of himself; for he was *never willing to expose himself too much.*"[1]

From the pen of such a chronicler, no fair or truthful record of Graham of Claverhouse could possibly be expected. He professes not only to have known him personally, but to

[1] In the original edition of the Bishop's "Own Time," this disgraceful passage was suppressed by the editor, the Bishop's son. But it has been restored in the edition of 1823, published at Oxford, with the valuable marginal notes from the MSS. of Lord Dartmouth, Dean Swift, and others. See vol. i. p. 71.

have possessed his confidence at the critical period of the advent of King William. "The Episcopal party in Scotland (1688)," he says, "saw themselves under a great cloud. So they resolved all to adhere to the *Earl* of Dundee, who had served some years in Holland, and was both an able officer, and a man of good parts, and of some very valuable virtues. But, as he was proud and ambitious, so he had taken up a *most violent hatred* of *the whole Presbyterian party;* and had executed all the *severest* orders against them with *great rigour;*[1] even to the shooting many on the high-way that refused the oath required of them." Such intentionally vague, and malicious slip-slop it is that engenders history like this,—"Those shires in which the Covenanters were most numerous were *given up* to the *licence of the army.*" We are further informed by the Bishop, that,—"The *Earl* of Dundee had been at London, and had fixed a correspondence both with England and France; though he had *employed me* to carry messages from him to the King, to know what security he might expect if he should go and live in Scotland, without owning his Government. The King said, if he would live peaceably, and at home, he would protect him. To this he answered, that, unless he were forced to it, he would live quietly. But he went down with *other resolutions*, and all the party resolved to submit to his command. Upon his coming to Edinburgh he *pretended* he was in danger from those armed multitudes. And so he left the Convention, and went up and down the Highlands, and sent his agents about to bring together what force he could gather. This set on the conclusion of the debates of the Convention."[2]

If Burnet really was on any terms of intimacy with Dundee, he must have known well how meanly, how falsely, he was recording the noblest and most interesting public character of the period. Yet so little does he appear to have known about him, that he invariably names the Viscount "*Earl* of Dundee." The fact is, the Bishop cherished in secret a pet scandalous chronicle of his own, intended to be published after his death, wherein he took, from time to time, a hasty and *safe* revenge

[1] The very contrary is the truth, as we shall show.

[2] Burnet's Own Time, vol. iii. p. 365; and, vol. iv. p. 39.

upon all who happened to cross his humour. Lord Dartmouth notes,—"Mr Secretary Johnston, who was his (Burnet's) intimate friend and near relation, told me, that, after a debate in the House of Lords, he usually went home, and altered every body's character as they had pleased or displeased him that day." We happen to possess the means of strongly corroborating, even under the Bishop's own hand, this severe sentence. Let us premise, however, Lord Macaulay's extraordinary characteristics of Burnet.

In vain has that historian provided him with a character, for truth, disinterestedness, generosity, and manly courage, such as was never bestowed upon him by any one else, save by the Bishop himself. "Though often misled by prejudice and passion he was emphatically an honest man."[1] We deal with the historian and care not for the man. "Prejudice and Passion," fine conventional terms, include in this case a host of petty iniquities, composing the historian Burnet, which it would scarcely have squared with that emphatic eulogium to particularize. Even as stated, the plausible admission is utterly inconsistent with the idea of an honest *historian*. The man *often misled* by prejudice and passion, sacrifices truth to his prejudice, and honesty to his passion. But, proceeds Lord Macaulay, "though he was not secure from the seductions of vanity, his spirit was raised high above the influence either of *cupidity* or *fear*." About as true this, as the same noble dispenser of characters' fiat against Dundee. In his two wealthy marriages we can discover no symptoms of this prelate being raised any higher above the influence of cupidity than he was above the influence of Cupid; and as for the rest, we shall prove in the sequel that he was at heart an arrant coward. What further? "His nature was kind, generous, grateful, forgiving." Was this demonstrated by the characters he left (not to mention others of less note) of Charles the First, Charles the Second, and James the Seventh, to be published after his own death? Lord Macaulay, in a note, adds this astounding testimony. "No person has contradicted Burnet more frequently, or with more asperity, than Dartmouth; *yet Dartmouth says*,—'I do not think he designedly published any-

[1] Hist. vol. ii. p. 177.

thing he believed to be false.'" The wrong witness called into court by a blunder! We have heard much of the noble historian's extensive reading and unbounded historical knowledge. Upon this occasion, however, he had read Lord Dartmouth conveniently short. True, that critical nobleman, after perusing the portion of Burnet's history first publishsd, noted on the margin,—"He was extremely partial, and readily took every thing for granted that he heard to the prejudice of those that he did not like; which made him pass for a man of less truth than he really was: I do not think he designedly published anything he believed to be false." But when his Lordship had perused the rest, he notes that more decided opinion which had escaped Lord Macaulay's reading: "I wrote in the first volume of this book, that I did not believe the Bishop designedly published any thing he believed to be false; therefore think myself obliged to write in this, that I am *fully satisfied* that he published many things that *he knew to be so.*" And, upon the concluding *prayer* of this celebrated performance, the same critic remarks,—"Thus piously ends the most partial, malicious, heap of scandal and misrepresentation, that was ever collected for the laudable design of giving a false impression of persons and things to all future ages." The Bishop himself would rather have dispensed with that witness to character.[1]

Lord Dartmouth knew Burnet better than Lord Macaulay

[1] Lord Macaulay only discovered his own gross blunder after two editions of the two first volumes of his History were in the hands of the public. For in the *third* edition the note above commented upon appears in this *amended* form: "No person has contradicted Burnet more frequently, or with more asperity, than Dartmouth. Yet Dartmouth says 'I do not think he designedly published any thing he believed to be false.' At a later period, Dartmouth, provoked by some remarks on himself, in the second volume of the Bishop's history, retracted *his praise;* but to such retraction *little importance* can be attached"! This is not a very successful or ingenuous cobble. What *praise* did Lord Dartmouth retract? His justly severe notes on Burnet contain not a particle of praise. The noble author, who snubs Dartmouth in order to cover a blunder of his own, does not confess that blunder, which appears in two editions of his work, and is careful not to give the words of Lord Dartmouth's *retraction*, but thinks to redeem his own false position by an unworthy, and transparent attack upon the truth of the noble author whom he had so absurdly misquoted. Compare Lord Macaulay's History, vol. ii. p. 177, *second* edition, with the latest edition, vol. ii.

does. But the latter continues multiplying his characteristics as if none but he had really fathomed the Bishop.

"His faults had made him many enemies, and his virtues many more." What a world we live in! But no matter; in another page we have the reverse of that medal. "Burnet was a man *warmly loved*, as well as warmly hated. The great majority of the Whigs stood firmly by him; and his *good nature*, and *generosity*, had made him friends even among the Tories." What between vice and virtue, friends and foes, whigs and tories, the Bishop must have fared well after all. "He was not naturally a man of *fine feelings;* and the life which he had led, *had not tended to make them finer.*" He was afflicted then, we presume, with an "obdurate, admantine heart," and "seared conscience"? No such thing. Turn the medal, or the page, again. Tillotson died. "Burnet preached the funeral sermon. His *kind* and *honest heart* was overcome by so many *tender* recollections, that, in the midst of his discourse, he paused, and *burst into tears*, while a loud moan of sorrow rose from the whole auditory." But neither are we to suppose that this interesting divine, so obtuse of feeling, yet so tender hearted, so warmly loved, and at the same time so warmly hated, had not fully earned the latter estimate also. "Burnet was allowed, even by friends and admirers, to be the most officious and indiscreet of mankind." He was "a pushing, talkative divine, who was always blabbing secrets, asking impertinent questions, obtruding unasked advice,"—and, as Lord Dartmouth, who knew him better still, would have added, *secretly recording lies.* Moreover, continues Lord Macaulay, "he had that character which satirists, novelists, and dramatists, have agreed to ascribe to *Irish adventurers.* His high animal spirits, his boastfulness, his undissembled vanity, his propensity to blunder, his unabashed audacity, afforded inexhaustible subjects of ridicule to *the Tories.* Nor did his enemies omit to compliment him, sometimes with more pleasantry than delicacy, on the breadth of his shoulders, the thickness of his calves, and his success in matrimonial projects on *amorous*, and *opulent* widows."

What a monster! Surely these last named fortunate accessories alone protected him from a simultaneous rising of

friends and foes to thrust him out of society? Not at all. "He had been admitted to familiar conversation both with Charles and James; had lived on terms of close intimacy with several distinguished statesmen, particularly with Halifax; and had been the spiritual director of some persons of the highest note." And that "sagacious Prince," King William, though fully sensible of the Pandora's boxful of vicious qualities which Lord Macaulay has so cruelly let loose to the Bishop's shame, "perceived that he was nevertheless an upright, *courageous*, and able man, well acquainted with the temper and the views of British sects and faction." Neither will his friendly but most damaging eulogist, who had pronounced him "*emphatically* an honest man," but "full of passion and prejudice," leave his posthumous chronicles without a severe correction also. Lord Macaulay assumes King William to have been guiltless of the massacre of Glencoe, but adroitly admits against him "a great fault,—a fault amounting to *a crime*,"—to-wit, that he did not immolate the Master of Stair to the manes of that glen-full of murdered Scotchmen! "Burnet," he adds, "*tried* to frame, not a defence, but an excuse. He *would have us believe*, that the King, alarmed by finding how many persons had borne a part in the slaughter of Glencoe, thought it better to grant a general amnesty than to punish one massacre by another. But this representation *is the very reverse of the truth*." But what matters it. Lord Dartmouth may note what he pleases of the Bishop debauching the historic muse according to his own variable humour after a debate in the Lords; still, Lord Macaulay triumphantly records, that, "Burnet had been exhorted, in the name of the Commons of England, to continue his *historical researches*."[1] We must now continue our own.

[1] Wodrow, in his *Analecta*, i. 274, thus indicates the general reputation which Burnet enjoyed as a faithful chronicler: "April, 1710. I am told that Bishop Burnet hath several large collections relative to the Church History in Scotland, and the continuation of the History of the Reformation in England, ten or twelve folios in print ready for the press, which he will order to be published *when he dies*, but never till then, and therein he *will use the greatest of freedom in matter of fact*. A curious reputation for a man to have acquired who, according to Lord Macaulay, was "emphatically an honest man."

The following very curious "Memorandum," which has never yet entered History, was written by this notorious prelate of mendacious memory. It refers to the fearful crisis occasioned by the Rye-House plot. The date is immediately after the suicide of Essex, and on the eve of the execution of Lord Russell. It is addressed to John Brisbane, Esq., Secretary of the Admiralty, a very distinguished public servant, who was the husband of Margaret, Baroness Napier in her own right. Hence it is that the curious and instructive document we are about to quote, has been preserved in the Napier archives, where it yet remains. It is the *original*, and all in the handwriting of Burnet. The Memorandum is inclosed within the following note:

"Dear Sir,

"I have writ the inclosed paper with as much order as the confusion I am under can allow. I leave it to you to shew it to my Lord Halifax, or *the King*, as you think fit, only I beg you will do it as soon as may be, that, in case my Lord Russell sends for me, *the King may not be provoked against me by that.* So, Dear Sir, adieu.

"Memorandum for Mr Brisbane.

"To let my Lord Privy Seal know that out of respect to him, I do not come to him.[1] That I look on it as a great favour, that when so many houses were searched mine was not, in which though nothing could have been found, yet it would have marked me as a suspected person. That I never was in my whole life under so terrible a surprise and so deep a melancholy as the dismal things these last two or three days has brought forth spreads over my mind; for God knows I never *so much as suspected* any such thing; all I feared was only some rising if the King should happen to die; and that *I only*

[1] Lord Halifax. If Burnet, as he tells us in his History, was in the habit, before and after the date of this letter, of bearding in their dens both the King and the heir-presumptive, why so ceremonious with the Privy Seal? Besides, Lord Macaulay informs us, "Halifax and Burnet had long been on terms of friendship;" and "Halifax often incurred Burnet's indignant censure." Burnet himself would have us believe so; and yet, in the above letter, he is crawling to the feet of Halifax, and the King, through the intervention of a third party!

collected out of the obvious things that every body sees as well as I do,[1] and to prevent that took more pains than perhaps any man in England did, in particular with my unfortunate friends, to let them see that nothing brought in Popery so fast in Queen Mary's days as the business of Lady Jane Grey, which gave it a greater advance in the first month of that reign than otherwise it is likely it would have made during her whole life. So that I had *not the least suspicion of this matter;* yet if my Lord Russell *calls* for my attendance now, *I cannot decline it*,[2] but shall do my duty with that fidelity as if any Privy-Counsellor were to overhear all that shall pass betwen us.

"I am upon this occasion positively resolved never to have any thing to do more with men of business, particularly with any *in opposition to the Court*, but will divide the rest of my life between my function and a very few friends, and my laboratory; and upon this *I pass my word and faith to you, and that being given under my hand to you, I do not doubt but you will make the like engagements in my name to the King;* and I hope my Lord Privy Seal will take occasion to do the like, for I think he will believe me. I ask nor expect nothing but only to *stand clear in the King's thoughts.* For preferment, I am *resolved against it, tho' I could obtain it;*[3] but I beg not to be more under hard thoughts; especially since in all this discovery there has not been so much occasion to name me as to give a rise for a search; and the friendship I had with these two,[4] and their confidence in me in all other things, may show

[1] It is really curious to compare this solemn declaration, of his perfect ignorance of the existence of a conspiracy, with the History of his Own Time, many passages of which prove that he *was* particularly cognizant of a dark revolutionary scheme, though to what extent is uncertain. Indeed, his most intimate friends were the leading conspirators.

[2] Yet by his History we are led to believe that Burnet's attendance on Lord Russell in his last moments was a daring act of magnanimous friendship. Speaking of his cousin Baillie of Jerviswood, who was imprisoned at the same time, he says,—"I also, at his desire, sent him books for his entertainment, for which I was threatened with a prison. I said I was his nearest kinsman in the place, and this was only to do as I would be done by. From what I found among the Scots, I quieted the fears of Lord Russell's friends." The Bishop had enough to do, it would seem, *to quiet his own fears.*

[3] "When the Devil fell sick, the Devil a monk would be,
When the Devil got well, the Devil a monk was he."

[4] Essex and Russell.

that they knew I was *not to be spoke to in any thing against my duty to the King.*[1] I do beg of you that no discourse may be made of this, for it would look like a sneaking for somewhat; and you in particular know how far that it is from my heart; therefore I need not beg of you, nor of my Lord Halifax, to judge aright of this message; but if you can *make the King think well of it*, and *say nothing of it*,[2] it will be the greatest kindness you can possibly do me. I would have done this sooner, but it might have looked like fear or guilt; so I forbore hitherto, but now I thought it fit to do it. I choose rather to write it than say it, both that you might have it under my hand, that you may see *how sincere* I am in it, as also because I am now so overcharged with melancholy that I can scarce endure any company, and for two nights have not been able to sleep an hour. One thing you may, as you think fit, tell the King, that tho' I am too inconsiderable to think I can ever serve him while I am alive, yet I hope I shall be able to do it *to some purpose after I am dead;* this *you understand*, and I will do it *with zeal.*[3] So, my dear friend,

[1] But see the History of his own Time! "Lord Essex, being in the country, I went to him to warn him of the danger I feared Lord Russell might be brought into by his conversation with my countrymen. He diverted me from all my apprehensions, and told me I might depend on it Lord Russel would be in nothing without acquainting him, and he seemed to agree entirely *with me that a rising in the state in which things were then would be fatal.* I always said that when the root of the constitution was struck at to be overturned, then I thought subjects might defend themselves; but I thought jealousies and fears, and particular acts of injustice could not warrant this. He did agree with me in this; he thought the obligation between prince and subject was so equally mutual, that, upon a breach on the one side, the other was free; but though he thought the late injustice in London, and the end that was driven at by it, did set them at liberty to look to themselves, yet he confessed *things were not ripe enough yet*, and that an ill-laid, and ill-managed, rising *would be our ruin.* I was then newly come from writing my History of the Reformation, and did so evidently see that the struggle for Lady Jane Gray, and Wyat's rising, was that which threw the nation so quickly into Popery after King Edward's days, that I was now *very apprehensive of this;* besides that I thought *it was yet unlawful.*"—Vol. ii. p. 156. It appears from this and other passages of his History that Burnet *was* consulted.

[2] This shows inexpressibly mean in Burnet, especially compared with his treatment of the King in his *posthumous* History.

[3] This and the concluding paragraph of the letter alludes to the History of his Own Time, which he was then weaving. When, however, that posthumous work saw the light, there appeared the most villanous character of Charles II. it was possible to draw. And the character of Charles I., given in *that* work, is most disgraceful to Burnet; Swift notes upon it, "not one good quality named!"

pity your poor melancholy friend, who was never in his whole life under so deep an affliction ; for I think I shall never enjoy myself after it ; and God knows death would be now very welcome to me.[1] Do not come near me for some time, for I cannot bear any company ; only I go oft to my Lady Essex and weep with her ; and, indeed, the King's carriage to her has been so *great and worthy, that it can never be too much admired; and I am sure, if ever I live to finish what you know I am about, it, and all the other good things I can think of, shall not want all the light I can give them.* Adieu, my dear friend, and keep this *as a witness against me if I ever fail in the performance of it.* I am, you know, with all the zeal and fidelity possible, your most faithful and most humble Servant,"

"*Sunday Morning,*
17th July 1683." "G. BURNET."

Burnet's abject letter did not succeed. He was disgraced, and obliged to go abroad. He became the most active agent of the Revolution, and obtained a mitre from King William. In his Life, prefixed to the History of his Own Time, it is said, " His behaviour at the trial of the Lord Russell, his attendance on him in prison, and afterwards upon the scaffold, the examination he underwent before the Council, in relation to that Lord's dying speech, and the *boldness* with which he there *undertook* to vindicate his memory, as also the indignation the court expressed against him upon that occasion, are all *fully set forth in the history.*" But it is impossible to credit that history, in such matters, after reading the above letter ; which, be it observed, was to be made known to the King. Where had Burnet miraculously found the courage which, as the danger thickened around him, made him so collected and daring, before that very King and his Council, as to enrage them all ? " *Lord Halifax* (he says) sent me word that the Duke looked on my reading the journal (before the Council) as a studied thing, to make a panegyric on Lord Russell's memory." Lord Halifax, for whom the letter had been written from our " poor melancholy friend"! *Credat Judœus.*

[1] There were, however, two wealthy wives and a bishopric, yet in store for our " poor melancholy friend !"

Here, then, is Burnet *Redivivus*, and now the Bishop may call Montrose a coward, or what he likes, and persuade the world of his own supereminent moral courage, if he can. For our part, after reading the above letter, we do not believe one malicious word of what Burnet has uttered, in the History of his Own Time, against Charles I., Charles II., James VII., Montrose, or Dundee,—and he has therein said nothing about them that is not malicious. We do not believe that the apology for Hamilton, which he has given to the world in the Memoirs of that house, is by any means so truthful an exposition of the character of that mysterious Marquis, as the letters and papers entrusted to the Bishop, for the purpose of compiling the Memoirs, enabled him to give. We feel thoroughly persuaded that Bishop Burnet in that work, as well as in the History of his Own Time, reversed the golden maxim of Cicero, *ne quid falsi dicere audeat, ne quid veri non audeat.* The marvellous of himself, and the malicious of others, we henceforth altogether disbelieve when resting on the sole authority of the Bishop's historical record, and will never listen to when retailed traditionally and at second-hand from him. Finally, we do believe the truth of that anecdote, that the Bishop, " after a debate in the House of Lords, usually went home, and altered every body's character as they had pleased or displeased him that day ;" and that he kept weaving in secret, till he died, this chronicle of his times, not to enlighten posterity, or for the cause of truth, but as a means of indulging in safety his own interested or malicious feelings towards the individuals that pleased or offended him.[1]

[1] See Appendix to this volume for an account of Lady Napier's subsequent correspondence with Burnet, when he attained to power in the reign of King William. It is amusing to compare his ebullition of spleen against Archbishop Sharp, with his own abject letter to Mr Brisbane : " The King, in a letter to Lord Rothes, ordered him to write to Sharp to stay within his own diocese, and to come no more to Edinburgh. He upon this was *struck with so deep a melancholy* that he showed as great an *abjectness* under this slight disgrace as he had showed *insolence* before when he had more favour."—*Hist of His Own Time*, vol. i. 351. Good, from " our poor melancholy friend" !

See also a most complete detection, of one of the grossest of Burnet's calumnious falsehoods,—that Queen Henrietta Maria, namely, had denounced and discarded Montrose on account of scandalous behaviour to herself,—in Memoirs of Montrose, pp. 656, 657, 697-9, 707. The author was so fortunate as to discover, among the

4. *Wodrow and his Army of Martyrs.*

We have now to examine the foundation of Lord Macaulay's inordinate abuse of Viscount Dundee. Mas Wodrow, indeed, has poisoned the history of Scotland in many a page less prejudiced, and more sober, than those of his latest and not unwilling dupe,—that noble author, whom, with all due acknowledgment of his domineering genius, as an orator, a poet, a *literateur*, and a *causeur*, cannot be called a peerless historian. Ere proceeding to fulfil the ultimate object of this division of our Memorials,—to clear away, namely, the mists of "passion and prejudice," which have so long clouded the fame of Claverhouse,—we now propose to afford our readers some insight into the character of Scotland's chief martyrologist, as a historian, a Christian, and a man.

The Reverend Master Robert Wodrow, who became Minister of Eastwood in Galloway, was born in 1679; the very year in which occurred (to use his own jesuitical phraseology) the "violent taking away of the life of that bitter persecutor," Archbishop Sharp. Our martyrologist, therefore, could not have been assisting in person at that religious ceremony, and sweet smelling sacrifice, as manifestly he considered it to be. The only particulars in Wodrow's life worthy of memory are his publication of the work he entitled,—"History of the Sufferings of the Church of Scotland, from the Restoration to the Revolution." His *Analecta*, or "Materials for a history of remarkable Providences, mostly relating to Scotch ministers and Christians:" Another manuscript collection, being lives of Scotch worthies of his own kidney: And a vast gathering of miscellaneous documents, original and transcripts, which his industry had accumulated for the purpose of enabling him to execute, "after his own fashion," the divine histories and biographies above mentioned.

Wodrow's *Analecta* occupy six small volumes very closely written in his own hand, and now preserved with the rest of

Montrose Papers, a series of her Majesty's autograph letters to Montrose, of dates immediately *before*, and immediately *after*, the alleged scandal, which letters most distinctly prove it to be an abominable falsehood.

his manuscripts in the Advocates' Library. The world was not destined to be enlightened with the unique history which that collection could have so amply furnished. It is indeed a voluminous and amusing medley of odd facts, characteristic anecdotes, more or less apocryphal, the vilest of superstitions, and the grossest of calumnies, all seemingly of equal importance in the estimation of this vulgar glutton of coarse and canting gossip.

His published work appeared in the shape of two lumbering folios, the first volume in 1721, and the second in 1722. For a long time this clamorous and assuming publication was unhonoured in the republic of letters; indeed, of no account whatever save with a sect who were willing to believe that the dead made a sign, or a cow spoke, if Wodrow said it. It was disregarded in England until Fox's posthumous fragment, professing to be a history of the early part of the reign of James the Second, was published in 1808. Sir Walter Scott, in 1818, speaks of "the historian Wodrow, whom Mr Fox introduced to the knowledge of the English, raising the price of his two ponderous volumes from ten shillings to two or three guineas." And verily there never was a certificate of character less valuable than Fox's *imprimatur* on Wodrow's history. Malcolm Laing, with whom the great statesman corresponded while glowing with the ephemeral fancy of becoming a great historian, probably had introduced him to the work of the Martyrologist, upon whose authority Laing himself fondly leant. The political bias of Fox's elegant but feeble fragment, becomes manifest to any one who takes the trouble to investigate, a little more closely than he did, the most authentic contemporary sources of history. In recording the affairs of Scotland *anno* 1685, of course, Charles Fox must devote some pages to the "cruelty of Government." To a whig politician undertaking such a theme, Wodrow was invaluable. Accordingly, that portion of Fox's narrative betrays a puerile dependence upon Wodrow's records of the Sufferings of his Kirk,—every page of which exhibits the marked characteristics of apocryphal and calumnious history.

One of Wodrow's ingenious devices was, ever and anon to interject a remark, in the long catalogue of his unvouched

libels, to the effect, that he had left many tales of cruelty untold, because the full narrative would be interminable: "It would swell this section too much," he says, "should I even insert all the instances I have met with:"—"By those *hints* we may some way *guess* at the ravages committed upon the neighbouring parishes; and indeed particular instances would be *endless*":—"It would be *endless* almost to enter upon the ravages and spulzies committed by the King's forces after the engagement at Bothwell:"—"*Multitudes* of instances, once flagrant, are now at this distance *lost*. Not a few of them were *never* distinctly known, being committed in such circumstances as upon the matter *buried them*:"—"Many other hardships were they under, *too long* here to be narrated:"—"No doubt, in this *multitude of murders* at this time, there are several of them not come to my knowledge, and the reader hath but short account of some of them; but from the particular and attested narrative of others, he may *form an idea of the rest*:"—"I have *omitted* many particulars and circumstances of the severities of Claverhouse in the south country at this time:"—"Should I run through all the particulars I *have by me*, of the hardships and severities up and down different parishes these three or four months, this account would run a great length," &c.[1]

Now it is somewhat amusing to find this most convenient mode, of rendering calumny at once interminable and invulnerable, adopted by such giants as Charles Fox and Lord Macaulay. To recapitulate *all* the crimes," says the latter, "by which this man (Dundee) and men like him, goaded the peasantry of the Western Lowlands into madness, would be an *endless task*, and a few instances must suffice." Fox had previously helped himself to the very same device. In his celebrated testimony for Wodrow, whom he slavishly follows, he says,—"To recite *all* the instances of cruelty which occurred *would be endless;* but it may be *necessary* to remark that no historical facts are better ascertained than the accounts of them that are to be found in Wodrow. In every instance where there has been *an opportunity* of comparing those accounts with records, and other authentic monuments, they

[1] See Wodrow's History *passim*.

appear to be quite correct."[1] Did the accomplished Fox, between the Liberties of his Country and seven's the main, his thundering in St Stephen's, rattling of the dice, and thumbing of the Classics, ever find any such opportunity? His theory, of history, compared with his actual practice, provokes a smile. While picking lazily at that which certainly failed to constitute his fame, he thus writes: "History goes on,—but it goes on very slowly. The fact is, I am a very slow writer, but I promise I will persevere. I believe I am *too scrupulous* both about language and *facts;* though with respect to the latter it is hardly possible. It is *astonishing*, how many facts one finds related for which there is no authority whatsoever"![2] Yet Fox swallowed Wodrow whole, as readily as he would have swallowed an oyster. The covenanting martyrologist, himself gifted with a power of swallowing that would bolt a whale,—whom we shall discover raising the Devil in one page, and the dead in another, as plain matters of fact not to be controverted,—even the wonder-mongering Wodrow, in correspondence with congenial spirits, assumes to himself the severe accuracy of a Hailes, and the right to chide a Clarendon! "Names" he says, writing to his friend Dr James Fraser in 1730, "have no great weight with me; and I am such an *unbeliever in historical facts*, that I would still have them vouched with original papers; which I desiderate in Clarendon, and others also."[3] And yet so meanly authenticated are his own gross improbabilities, that when Lord Macaulay labours to polish, and fix them in the many coloured mosaic of his own history of England, he is fain to seek the protection, in every paragraph, of such miserable vouching as this,—"The story ran:"—"It is said:"—"It was reported by credible witnesses:"—"It was rumoured:"—Till, finally, the immortal minstrel of antient Rome, is constrained to *sing* rather than say,—"Old men who remembered the evil days,"—like Falstaff coming rollicking in with the snatch of a ballad.

[1] Fox's History, p. 140. Except through Wodrow, Fox knew nothing earthly about the matter of these "cruelties."

[2] See Introduction to Fox's History, p. vii.

[3] Letter from Wodrow to Dr Fraser, dated Eastwood, 30th March, 1730. See *Analecta Scotica*, edited by Mr Maidment, and published by Thomas G. Stevenson, 1834; *first series*, p. 325.

Charles Fox found it "necessary to remark," in terms of that *verbiage* about the authenticity of Wodrow already quoted, because his own historical essay was gone if the Scotch martyrologist was not to be trusted. He seems to have imagined, that, seeing the author quotes, and prints, certain official documents, and is not to be contradicted in certain facts which he derives from such sources, that therefore his history is thoroughly authenticated throughout. Wodrow's work, indeed, is garnished and puffed out with a vast parade of public documents, printed entire. But under this historical disguise lurk the real merits of the martyrologist, as a historian, like the person of Goose Gibbie half smothered under the borrowed panoply of war. Doubtless he states many facts which public records will confirm; and for the simple reason that from those records they are derived. But what records authenticate his martyrologies? What "authentic monuments" confirm those conveniently curt and slippery slanders, which form the staple of his work? By what record is that more circumstantial story of the "Christian Carrier" verified? Do "authentic monuments" support Wodrow in his disengenuous adoption of that monstrous assertion that Archbishop Sharp murdered an illegitimate infant to conceal the fact of its birth, and buried it beneath the hearth-stone? Nay, if Fox had even taken the trouble to compare the official published record, of the brutal murder of that venerable prelate, with Wodrow's disgusting apology for it, he would have found that the latter was just as jesuitically false, as, in the face of facts too notorious, it could possibly be.

Of course the great Whig stateman had never found an "opportunity" of testing that strange story of the death of John Brown, by any records or monuments whatever. Nor had any one else. Wodrow had it all his own way. Yet Fox,—who, we verily believe, had no more faith in the existence of such saintly purity, such academic powers, such divine gifts, such high and holy attributes, all concentrated in the person of a Scotch carrier, of the troubled year of God 1685, than if the same had been asserted of a Scotch terrier,—would not undertake to face the *details* of that martyrological romance. Indeed, he makes such *very* short work of *his* version

of a story which Lord Macaulay has popularised so elaborately, that we have some difficulty in recognizing it at all under the following lofty allusion, after the manner of Malcolm Laing, and Tacitus:—"Graham, afterward Lord Dundee, having intercepted the flight of one of these victims, he *had him shown to his family*, and then *murdered in the arms of his wife:* The example of persons of such high rank, and who must be presumed to have an education in some degree correspondent to their station in society, could not fail of operating upon men of a lower order in society."[1] It was not without reason that Lord North declared he disliked to read history, as he never could trust it. And well may we exclaim with Fox himself, "It is *astonishing* how many facts one finds related for which there is no authority whatever." In this memorable instance, the whig star of St Stephens, turning from the dangerous garrulity of Wodrow, had condescended to borrow exactly, and without quotation, the phraseology of the conceited Laing: "On another occasion, *a husband*, whose flight he (Claverhouse) had arrested, was *produced to his family*, to be *put to death in the arms of his wife.*"[2]

The historian of the Sufferings of the Kirk, was imbued with a strong hereditary bias in favour of rebellious fanaticism. His modern editor, Dr Burns, gives the following account of an incident occurring at the time of Wodrow's birth, which sufficiently indicates the relations subsisting between that worthy's father and the Government; although this version, derived from the *ex parte* statement of the martyrologist himself, is not conclusive of the merits of the case: "At the time of the birth of her son, Mrs Wodrow was in the fifty-first year of her age; and her death, though it did not happen for several years after, was then fully expected. Her excellent husband, *obnoxious to a tyrannical Government*, narrowly escaped imprisonment, or something worse, in attempting to

[1] Fox's History, p. 130.

[2] Hist. vol. ii. p. 137; *first edition*, 1800. Manifestly, Laing had led Fox into this utter nonsense; and very lazy it was in the latter to copy Laing *verbatim*. The consequence is, that Fox's history is left in the lurch,—saddled with the absurd figures of Laing, who, in his *second* edition, (1804), ashamed of his former fine writing, makes an attempt to escape from himself, by thus *amending* his version: "On another occasion, a husband, whose flight he had arrested, was *brought back* to his family, to be put to death *in the presence* of his wife."—Vol. iv. p. 148.

obtain a last interview with her. As he passed the town-guard house, he was watched, and soon followed by the soldiers into his own house, and even into his wife's bed-chamber where he was concealed. The officer in command checked this violence, sent the men out of the room, and left the house himself; placing, however, sentinels both within and without till the critical event should be over. In half an hour after, Mr Wodrow, at his wife's suggestion, assumed the bonnet and great coat of the servant of the physician then in attendance, and carrying the lantern before him, made an easy escape through the midst of the guard. They soon renewed their search with marks of irritation, thrusting their swords into the very bed where the lady lay; who *pleasantly* desired them to desist, 'for the bird,' she said, 'is now flown.'"

Moreover, this enthusiastic editor informs us, that, "In common with all true-hearted Scottish Presbyterians, Wodrow stood forward as one of the warmest defenders of the Hanoverian interest," &c.;[1] and then he favours us with this

[1] Wodrow dedicated his Martyrology to George the First; and the anxiety he displays for royal patronage and approbation is very characteristic. In a letter to his friend Dr Fraser, written in the month of February 1725, three years after the publication of his *magnum opus*, he is still in the agony of doubt whether the King, or any of the royal family, had ever looked into his lumbering tomes. Most probably they scarcely did; and the idea of George the First studying the dreary calumnies is too ludicrous. "I do own," he writes, "I am *fond to know*, if ever the King has had as much leisure as to *look on my book*. I think you wrote to me the Princess had read some of the first volume; and, it may be, his Royal Highness the Prince may have glanced at it; and I can say, beside the *honour and pleasure* I had in my bound duty to send them a book that concerns this part of his Majesty's dominions, it will be a great satisfaction to *know* that they had any information from it, of the *villanies* of a *persecuting popish spirit*, that raged in this poor country during the times I describe." In a previous letter to the same, written in 1722, the year in which his second volume was published, he says: "It's a vast pleasure to me to find that her Royal Highness, the Princess, has condescended to look into the copy I did myself the honour to send her, and that, in any measure, she is satisfied with it; as soon as the second volume is finished, it shall be carefully transmitted." In the same letter, he adds: "I did regret in the preface, that I had not time to look over my history, and that it's printed very much as it first dropt from my pen; and there may be some passages in it that are not so well expressed; and all such I am most willing to retract."—*Analecta Scotica*, First Series, pp. 306, 310. Wodrow's modern editor, Dr Burns, says innocently enough, "The life and correspondence of Robert Wodrow, *judiciously arranged*, and accompanied with suitable supplementary illustrations, would form a most *valuable present to the republic of letters*. We should like to see it. The value would not con-

emphatic opinion, to which all will subscribe who are still inclined to bow to the Solemn League and Covenant as a pure emanation of the Christian mind, and a divine inspiration for human government:—" To a man thus admirably qualified, by principle, by extensive information, by a habit of persevering and accurate research, and by a native candour of soul which bade defiance to all the arts of chicanery, no literary undertaking could be more appropriate than that of the ' History of the Sufferings of the Church of Scotland,' during the days of prelatic persecution."[1] There be here mighty fine words. We are not inclined to dispute that Wodrow's literary undertaking was very appropriate to his accomplishments. But as for his native candour of soul, we shall show cause for maintaining, that his honesty can only be defended at the expense of his intellect.

With such antecedents and predilections, this clergyman's object, avowedly, was to compose that most apocryphal of chronicles, a grand *Martyrology*, in support of a " persecuted Kirk and a broken Covenant." Raking together for that pur-

sist in establishing the authority of Wodrow. His fishing in that letter of the 3d of February 1725, for royal favour, was so far responded to, that, on the 26th of April 1725, appears a royal order upon the Exchequer in Scotland, signed by Walpole, to pay to Wodrow the sum of £105 Sterling, because he " did *some time since* dedicate and present unto us his History of the Persecution in Scotland, from the Restoration to the Revolution, consisting of two large volumes in folio." It is amusing to see how much Dr Burns makes of this tardy act of gratitude,—an honour somewhat equivocally extorted : " Thus," he says, " while the bigotted adherents of a persecuting dynasty were crying out most lustily against the humble Scottish presbyter and his book, the highest personage in the empire was publicly conferring on the said presbyter a most substantial mark of his regard, *just because* he had written a book which at once exposed the horrors of former reigns, and displayed by reflection and by contrast, the blessings connected with the Hanoverian succession."—*Memoir of the Author*, p. xii. Walpole should have made him a Peer. Dr Burns, by the way, is more enthusiastic as a biographical illustrator than profound. He thus speaks of Bishop Burnet's notoriously *posthumous* history : " The veracity of Wodrow has been farther established by the testimony of historians at the time, and other published sources of evidence. *Bishop Burnet published* his History of His Own Times immediately after our author had given to the world his History of the Sufferings of the Church of Scotland ; and these two works, however different and even opposite were the sentiments of their authors, confirm each other in all the material transactions of the period." These authors sometimes lied in unison ; but they also differed essentially, and Wodrow is welcome to all the confirmation he can obtain from the *posthumous* work of Burnet.

[1] Memoir of the Author, prefixed to Dr Burns' edition of Wodrow.

pose, from any quarter, however suspicious, a most heterogeneous magazine of materials,—accuracy, precision, truth, justice, and common sense, the most valuable characteristics of History, appear as if absolutely excluded from the premeditated design of this ungainly performance. Of a narrow mind and very limited intellect, prone to the most senseless and illiterate superstitions, and somewhat deficient in the quality of conscientiousness, the fanatical author's bustling and laborious activity became indeed most availing for the apology and eloge of Scottish fanaticism. But it was by reason of the effrontery with which he proceeded to gloss iniquity, and confound truth, to malign the high-minded, and sanctify the murderer. His success was great, however, in the private acquisition of materials for illustrating that gloomy period of the history of Scotland. He was a mighty hunter of wild documents, the outlying deer of history. His collection of manuscripts is valuable, and very voluminous. But, along with many withered leaves, dried branches, and prolific seeds, which the winter of our discontent had scattered, he raked together a vast proportion of mud and impure matter, in the shape of what he called " Informations from credible witnesses,"—unnamed and unknown,—and of this last it suited his purpose to make the greatest use. Hence his so-called history is absolutely rank with calumny. In compiling it, he piously proceeded upon a principle suggested to him by his friend and confidential correspondent, Mr George Redpath, a Hanoverian Covenanter of his own stamp. This last, in reference to the work in progress, " humbly proposes," in a letter of instructions to the historian, " that what is merely circumstantial might be left out, excepting where it is necessary for illustrating the matter, *or aggravating the crimes of our enemies.*"[1] Now, whatever this congenial counsellor may really have meant by such advice, as the chief matter that Wodrow intended to illustrate was " the crimes of our enemies," he practically interpreted the instruction thus,—Suppress every circumstance, however well established, that may tend to condemn our friends, or to exonerate our enemies, and record every circumstance, however ill vouched, that may be " neces-

[1] See Wodrow's correspondence, prefixed to Dr Burns' edition of his History.

sary for aggravating the crimes of our enemies." In fairness to his correspondent, however, it must be also noted, that, in the same letter, he says, " Where matters of fact are *not well attested*, they should be entirely left out, or but slightly touched as common reports, and not even noticed but where the case is extraordinary." The first instruction Wodrow interpreted to suit him, and the second he totally disregarded.

There was another instruction, however, of a very different character, with which this Mr Redpath favoured his friend; but it was quite unnecessary. He referred him to the most polluted printed sources, for illustrating the merits of the case between the Monarchy and the Scottish Covenant. The learned editor of Kirkton's history passes this just remark upon a class of publications which he had thoroughly sifted: " The principles of assassination being so strongly recommended in *Naphthali*, *Jus Populum vindicatum*, and afterwards in the *Hind let loose*, which books were in almost as much esteem as their bibles, it is wonderful enough that more assassinations were not committed during those intemperate times." They produced a tolerable crop, however, as we shall presently find; and nothing but the energy of the executive, which brought such a storm of calumnious invective against Claverhouse, and (as Lord Macaulay has it) " men like him," prevented that deadly fruit of conventicle oratory, and clerical bullying, from being multiplied fourfold. " I need not hint," writes Redpath to Wodrow, " that there are very great *helps* to be had in the *Apologetical Relation; Naphthali;* the *True Nonconformists;* supposed to be the late Sir James Stewart's; *Jus Populi;* the *Hind let loose;* and other accounts of those named *Cameronians;* though the latter should be touched with *great caution*, as I find you have done the unhappy controversy about the Indulgence, wherein I applaud your moderation and judgment."

One of the chief prophets of the Cameronian school latterly, was Alexander Shields, a violent conventicle preacher, but somewhat of a coward, whose addled brain admitted no other idea of civil government than the Solemn League and Covenant. He was the anonymous author of that vile work, already mentioned, " A Hind let loose." This man's history is somewhat edifying, and deserves to be noted in reference to

the unmeasured abuse which he vomited forth against the murdered Primate, because of his so-called *apostacy*. From Wodrow himself, his great admirer, we quote the following, which occurred in 1685, the memorable year of the death of the "Christian Carrier."

"March 6th, Mr Alexander Shields, being examined before the Lords of Justiciary, 'did *abhor*, *renounce*, and *disown*, in the presence of Almighty God, the late pretended declaration of war, in so far as it declares war against his Majesty, and asserts it lawful to kill such as serve his Majesty in Church or State, Army or Country;' and, August 6th, Mr Alexander Shields, having signed the abjuration, owned the King's authority, but not upon oath, is remitted back to the Council: And by their register I find (adds Wodrow) August 7th he is sent under a guard to the Bass." Having thus saved his neck, this back-slider contrived to break his bonds, and join that murderous crew who rejoiced in the name of "Society People," and in the leadership of such saints as Renwick, Cargill, and Cameron. In 1686, Wodrow tells us,—"That *excellent person* Mr Alexander Shields was received by the Societies; he had found means to escape out of his confinement, and made an acknowledgment to the general meeting of what he thought he had *done wrong before the Justiciary:* He was extremely welcome to Mr Renwick, and the more judicious people among them; he was mighty useful to them, and much against some of the lengths they ran to; and came in heartily at the Revolution, as I doubt not Mr Renwick would have done, had he been alive."[1]

"The lengths they ran" must have been far indeed, if the "Hind let loose" was outstripped by them, in the deadly schemes and principles of covenanting anarchy. This Hind, or rather hound, would not indeed follow them unto martyrdom; but that work of his, anonymously printed in 1687, two years after his loyal and solemn abjuration, may be called the great Institute of the Kirk's Lynch-law; and therein assuredly he makes ample and *safe* amends for what "he had done wrong before the Justiciary." He denounces the reigning Sovereign, and all that royal race from the time of Queen Mary,

[1] Consult the index to Dr Burns' edition of Wodrow, *voce* Shields.

as adulterers, miscreants, bastards, murderers, and parricides. The murdered Primate he execrates as a villain, a sorcerer, a murderer, and a beast of prey. He loudly proclaims the people's right of *lynch-law* in the teeth of an established executive; and quoting John Knox as a practical approver of such frightful doctrines, breaks out into this scornful climax,—"Yet now such a fact, committed upon such another bloody and treacherous beast, (as Beaton) the Cardinal prelate of Scotland, eight years agone, is generally condemned as *horrid murder*"! Moreover, that there might be no mistake as to his own approval of the deed, he thus records it:—

"That truculent traitor, James Sharp, the Arch-prelate, &c. received the *just demerit* of his perfidy, apostacy, sorceries, villanies, and murders,—sharp arrows of the mighty, and coals of juniper. For, upon the 3d of May 1679, several *worthy gentlemen*, with some other men of *courage* and zeal for the Cause of God, and the good of the Country, executed *righteous judgment* upon him, in Magus Muir, near St Andrew's."[1]

This railing Rabshakeh of the Covenant, who had taken precious care that "righteous judgment" should not be executed upon him, had been well studied by Mr Wodrow, with whom he is an especial favourite; and they only who will undergo the penance of reading the Cameronian's insane productions, can sufficiently appreciate the absurdity of the following *eloge* of him, by the fanatical minister of Eastwood:—

"Mr Shield's was a minister of extraordinary talents and usefulness; he was well seen in most branches of valuable learning; of a most quick and piercing wit, and full of zeal and a public spirit; and of shining and solid piety." He further characterises him as "a successful, serious, and solid preacher, and useful minister in this Church; moved with *love to souls*, and somewhat *of the old apostolic spirit.*"[2]

[1] A Hind let loose, or an historical representation of the Testimonies of the Church of Scotland for the *interest of Christ*, with the true state thereof in all its periods," &c. "By a true lover of Liberty"!

This cowardly miscreant meant *his own* liberty. See before, Lord Macaulay's opinion of him, p. 13.

[2] Wodrow, Hist. vol. iv. p. 233. Wodrow appears to have had these sort of characters stereotyped *for the nonce*; and *vice versa*.

That he should thus praise his own prototype in the walk of history is not surprising. For Wodrow never hesitated to give the best of characters to the worst of criminals, if it suited the scheme of his grand Martyrology. We have a prominent example in his treatment of the romance of John Brown, to which we must presently recur. Meanwhile we present our readers with another instance, the too notorious facts of which did not enable Wodrow to mislead history quite so far.

If ever there was a scoundrel on earth, it was James Mitchell, the assassin, who caused the death of Bishop Honeyman, in the first attempt, which failed, upon the life of Archbishop Sharp. Originally excluded from the Presbyterian ministry as incapable, turned out of the house of Dundas, where he was *dominie* of the lowest degree, for dissolute conduct, he subsequently attached himself to the vilest companionship, that of the infamous Major Weir, and having passed through some hypocritical ordeal in the service of a she saint, he joined the rebels in arms at Pentland, and, after the defeat of that miserable insurgency, had to skulk for his life. But the measure of his iniquities were not full. He had now sufficiently qualified for saintship and martyrdom, although he had missed the Presbyterian ministry. So, taking his cue from the conventicle orators, and flying at the highest game, that which was most likely to secure their patronage, he directed his cowardly pistol against the Primate. That wild fanatical preacher, and chronicler of the Kirk, Mr James Kirkton, was certainly not indisposed to bestow a far better character upon zealots than they deserved, and to cast corresponding approbrium upon the objects of their violence. Manifestly, however, even that fond and foolish historian of Kirk troubles, neither felt, nor cared to express, any respect or sympathy whatever for Saint Mitchell.

"One Mr James Mitchell," he says, "a *weak scholar*,[1] who had been in arms with the Whigs, *resolves* he will kill Bishop Sharp; and for this provides himself with a case of loaden pistols. One day, after dinner, he waits for the Bishop as he

[1] Obviously referring to his rejection as incapable for the ministry. The history of this assassin will be further illustrated in a subsequent part of these Memorials.

was to come from his lodging into his coach. At length down comes Sharp, with Honeyman, Bishop of Orkney, at his back. Sharp enters the coach first, and takes his place; then Mitchell draws near and presents his pistol, while in the instant Honeyman steps into the coach-boot, and lifting up his hand that he might enter, receives upon his wrist the ball that was designed for the Bishop. So Sharp escaped at that time. After the shot, Mitchell crosses the street quietly, till he came near Niddrie's wynd head, and there a man offered to stop him; upon which he presents the other loaden pistol,[1] and so the pursuer leaves him; there he stept down the wynd, and turning up Steven Law's close, entered a house, and shifting his clothes passed confidently to the street. The cry arose, a man was killed. The people's answer was,—'It's but a Bishop'; and so there was no more noise. The council convened presently to deliberate how to find the assassin; but because that they could not do, they emit a proclamation offering two thousand marks to any that shall discover, and three thousand marks to any that shall apprehend, the assassinate; and more they did not this day. This happened in June 1668."

And subsequently, when Kirkton comes to record the assassin's death on the scaffold, which took place ten years afterwards, he tells us,—"Mitchell died *avowing* the act, and also *justifying it;* and, *there was an end of his tragedy.*"[2]

Now what does Wodrow make of this miscreant, who having passed through his various phases of low debauchery, diabolical companionship, hypocritical sanctity, armed rebellion, and cowardly assassination, died avowing and justifying the crime

[1] This desperate ruffian, it seems, was prepared to commit a second attempt at murder, upon this occasion, had he been arrested. This is not the spirit of a Saint and Martyr.

[2] Kirkton's History of the Church of Scotland, edited by Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, pp. 277, 384.

Sir James Turner, also, had formerly seen Mitchell, and duly appreciated his character. He states in his Memoirs,—"At Douglas I was accosted by one Mitchell, whom I had never seen before, *a preacher*, but *no actual minister*, who spared not to *rail sufficiently against all authority*, both supreme, and subaltern."—*Turner's Memoirs*, p. 165. The miscreant's declared incapacity for the ministry appears to have been very notorious. Will Lord Macaulay reckon him among those *western peasants* who were "driven mad by persecution"!

that gained him his Scotch crown of martyrdom? *Wodrow justifies it too!* The eventual murder of the Primate is the pet incident of Wodrow's martyrologies, and all connected therewith are of necessity exalted in his ragamuffin army of martyrs. In narrating the attempted assassination, which proved fatal in the end to the Bishop of Orkney, he takes the facts from Kirkton; but the godly character he bestows upon the assassin rests upon his own *ipse dixit;* which he is fain to fortify, however, with the alleged testimony of a brother zealot. His own testimony is truly characteristic:—

"Mr James Mitchell was a *preacher of the gospel*, and a youth of *much zeal and piety;* but *perhaps* had not these opportunities for learning and conversation which would have been *useful to him.*[1] I find Mr Trail, minister at Edinburgh, in the year 1661, recommending him to some ministers in Galloway, as a *good youth*, that had not much to subsist upon, and as fit for a school, or *teaching gentlemen's children.*[2] He was *at Pentland;* and is *excepted* from the indemnity, in all the three lists we have seen. From *what motives I say not*, he *takes on* a resolution to kill the Archbishop of St Andrews,"[3] &c.

When Mitchell came to pay the penalty of his enormities, the Dean of Edinburgh humanely wrote him a letter of exhortation, especially inculcating that his attempt to assassinate the Primate could not come from God, like the impulse of *Phineas* as the hypocrite had pretended, seeing that he Mitchell had failed in the attempt. The miserable culprit, in an insolent and canting response, attempts no reply to this home thrust against his blasphemous assumption of a divine mission.[4] But the ingenious author of the history of the Kirk's sufferings supplies the defect, and has thus answered the Dean.

"People," he says, "could not but observe the righteousness of *Providence*, in *disabling Bishop Honeyman's hand;* which

[1] A disingenuous allusion to the plain fact that this assassin had been judged, by presbyterian authority, incapable of being a minister.—Hist. ii. 115.

[2] Wodrow is careful to say nothing of the result of Saint Mitchell's "teaching gentlemen's children;" or of his disgraceful dismissal from the family of Dundas.

[3] The motives, manifestly, were those of a low and murderous miscreant. But it would not have suited the plan of Wodrow's grand Martyrology to say so.

[4] See Mitchell's letter, printed in *Rarillac Redivivus*, p. 18.

was no way designed by Mr Mitchell." "People could not but remark that that person who wrote against the truth he once so vehemently espoused, had a mark set upon *him* instead of his *debaucher*, and without *any design in the actor*" ![1]

In plain language: The Almighty directly prompted Mitchell's attempt to assassinate the *Archbishop*, decreeing, however, that he should fail therein, in order that he might unexpectedly hit the *Bishop*, whereby that equally sinning Prelate should die a lingering death, the Archbishop, meanwhile, being reserved for a yet more horrible but no less providential retribution, eleven years afterwards!

Wodrow, most disingenuously, would evade any fact however unquestionable the evidence, and within his own reach, that tended to turn the tables, as regards the character of savage ferocity, against the privileged sect with whom alone Claverhouse had to deal in arms. Robert Hamilton, one of the fanatic leaders at the affair of Drumclog, is understood to have been by birth a gentleman, but most undoubtedly he was a ruffian by nature. Wodrow, who is constrained, however, in various pages of his history to pronounce him a coward, thus tenderly and evasively treats the truculency of his dispositions. "Mr Hamilton in *this* action (Drumclog) discovered abundance of bravery and valour; and, from this day's success, he reckoned himself entitled to command afterwards wherever he was, though he had no experience in military affairs; and some reckoned him of a passionate and positive temper. I find *some papers* blame him for one of the soldier's being killed after quarters given; but how far this is true *I cannot determine;* and they add, that, after this, his conduct, counsel, and courage evidently failed him."[2]

Did Wodrow not know, or was the fact beyond the reach of his industrious research, that Hamilton himself owned the soft impeachment, and gloried in that renown? Sir Walter Scott has collected an ample record of the circumstances:—

"The commander of the Presbyterian, or rather *covenanting* party (at Drumclog), was Mr Robert Hamilton of the honourable house of Preston, brother to Sir William Hamilton, to whose title and estate he afterwards succeeded; but, according to his biographer, Howie of Lochgoin, he never took

[1] Hist. ii. 117. [2] Hist. iii. 70.

possession of either, as he could not do so without acknowledging the right of King William, (an *uncovenanted* Monarch,) to the Crown. Hamilton had been bred by *Bishop Burnet*, while the latter lived in Glasgow; his brother Sir Thomas having married a sister of that historian. 'He was then,' says the Bishop, 'a lively, hopeful, young man; but getting into that company, and into their notions, he became a *crack-brained enthusiast.*' Several well meaning persons have been much scandalized at the manner in which the victors are said to have conducted themselves towards the prisoners at Drumclog. But the principle of these poor fanatics, I mean the high-flying or Cameronian party, was to obtain not merely toleration for their Church, but the same supremacy which Presbytery had acquired in Scotland, after the treaty of Rippon betwixt Charles I. and his Scottish servants in 1640. The fact is, that they conceived themselves a chosen people, sent forth to extirpate the heathen, like the Jews of old, and under a similar charge *to show no quarter.* The historian of the insurrection of Bothwell makes the following explicit avowal of the principles on which their General acted:—

"'Mr Hamilton discovered a great deal of bravery and valour, both in the conflict with, and pursuit of, the enemy; but when he and some other were pursuing the enemy, others flew too greedily upon the spoil, small as it was, instead of pursuing the victory; and some, without Mr Hamilton's knowledge, and directly *contrary to his express command*, gave five of those bloody enemies quarter and let them go. This greatly grieved Mr Hamilton, when he saw some of Babel's brats spared, after that the Lord had delivered them into their hands that they might dash them against the stones. In *his own account of this*, he reckons the sparing of these enemies. and letting them go, to be among their first steppings aside, for which he feared that the Lord would not honour them to do much more for him; and says, that he was neither for taking favours from, nor giving favours to, the Lord's enemies.'[1]

[1] Sir Walter Scott quotes,—"A true and impartial Account of the persecuted Presbyterians in Scotland, their being in arms, and defeat at Bothwell Brigg, in 1679, by William Wilson, late schoolmaster in the parish of Douglass." Sir Wal-

"Sir Robert Hamilton himself felt neither remorse nor shame for having put to death one of the prisoners, *after the battle*, with his own hand, which appears to have been a charge against him by some whose fanaticism was less exalted than his own:—

"'As for that accusation, *they bring against me*, of killing that poor man (as they call him) at Drumclog, I may easily guess that my accuser's can be no other but some of the house of Saul or Shimei, or some such, risen again to espouse that poor gentleman (Saul) his quarrel against honest Samuel, for his offering to kill that *poor man Agag*, after the King's *giving him quarter*. But I, being to command that day, gave out the word, that *no quarter should be given;* and returning from pursuing Claverhouse, one or two of these fellows were standing in the midst of a company of our friends; and some were debating for quarter, others against it. None could blame me to *decide the controversy;* and I *bless the Lord for it* to this day. There were five more that, without my knowledge, got quarter, who were brought to me after we were a mile from the place, as having got quarter, which I reckoned among the first *steppings aside;* and seeing that spirit amongst us at that time, I then told it to some that were with me (to my best remembrance it was honest old John Nisbet) that I feared the Lord would not honour us to do much more for him. I shall only say this,—I desire to bless his holy name, that, since ever he helped me to set my face to *his work*, I never had, nor would take, a favour from enemies, either on right or left hand, and desired to give as few.'"[1]

ter adds, very significantly,—"The reader who would *authenticate* the quotation, must not consult any other edition than that of 1697; for, *somehow or other*, the publisher of the last edition has *omitted* this remarkable part of the narrative."

[1] Sir Walter Scott adds,—"The preceding passage is extracted from a long vindication of his own conduct, sent by Sir Robert Hamilton, 7th December 1685, addressed to the anti-Popish, anti-Prelatic, anti-Erastian, anti-Sectarian, true Presbyterian remnant of the Church of Scotland; and the substance to be found in the work, or collection, called 'Faithful Contendings Displayed, collected and transcribed by John Howie.'" *See note to Old Mortality, chapter* 17.

Lord Macaulay had thus easy access to authentic facts regarding this ruffian, Hamilton; and he has judged him, in his history, accordingly, without sharing any of the doubt expressed on the subject by Wodrow. "In a paper," he says, "drawn up by Sir Robert Hamilton, the oracle of the extreme Covenanters, and *a*

Thus we have determined, by Hamilton himself, the question of the cruelty of his acts and the truculency of his nature,—a question which the cautious and forbearing martyrologist would fain bequeath to the doubts of History,—declaring, " how far this is true, I cannot determine" !

With Mr Wodrow, and indeed with every writer of his stamp, even the most moderate imposition of fines, under the published orders of Government, upon the seditious promoters of a " blood-thirsty," armed rebellion, was *lawless oppression:* all killing even of " ruffian" rebels, by the constituted authorities, whether with arms in their hands in the fields, or after trial on the scaffold, and even for crimes more atrocious than armed rebellion, were *murders*, and *assassinations*, committed by the enemies of the Lord. On the other hand, the foulest murder or assassination, perpetrated in the most savage or cowardly manner, upon a member or adherent of the lawful Government, by any one pretending to the sanctity of the sect, was the most venial of offences, a violence not only excused but hallowed by the visibly directing finger of God ! It is not the morbid misdirected fervor of religion, (so called,)—the sordid bigotry, or the redundant use, and grotesque abuse, of scriptural phraseology, that will suffice to characterise the sect called *fanatics* in Scotland ; and who, at the period of the fearful struggle we have undertaken to illustrate, were usually indicated by the now more flexible, and thoroughly respectable term *Whigs.* The climax and key-stone of the character is their sanguinary violence, not merely in defence of their own tenets and discipline, but in forcing the same upon others *vi et armis;* their tendency to outrage, in their ever aggressive obstinacy, all laws human and divine ; their disregard even of the semblance of truth in their deadly vituperations ; and that vile system, arising out of such disorganization of legitimate government, whereby every man may claim a divine mission

blood-thirsty ruffian, Cleland is mentioned as having been once leagued with those fanatics, but afterwards a great opposer of their testimony. Cleland probably did not agree with Hamilton in thinking it a sacred duty to cut the throats of prisoners of war who had been received to quarter. See Hamilton's letter to the Sectaries, Dec. 7. 1685."—*Hist.* vol. iii. p. 277, *note.*

to judge, and to execute judgment upon, his neighbour. Alas! the crimson vein, of the Kirk's lynch-law, can be too distinctly traced, running on, through all the various formations and strata of the Church as reformed in Scotland; and the instances are but too many and conspicuous, in which the worst of murderers, assuming for their own savage ends the most sanctified garb of the sect, have been by them received as brothers, and their services acknowledged with scarcely disguised satisfaction and gratitude.

With just that spirit of truth and Christianity that might be expected from the admirer and copyist of the "apostolic" Shields, does Wodrow himself record Archbishop Sharp. Affecting the most perfect candour, pretending to the greatest forbearance, professing only to disclose some of the least frightful features of a character he feigns too villanous to be fully unveiled, Wodrow artfully proceeds to lay a foundation for the constant ebullitions of his venom against the murdered Primate. That a zealot should be violent on the subject of a presbyterian minister having turned from the ways of the Covenant to Episcopacy, and for having obtained the highest episcopal prize in Scotland,—that he should put the worst constructions upon his motives in doing so, and grossly exaggerate the guilt of such apostacy, would be nothing. All this is perfectly natural to the contention of rival sects, in politics, sacred and profane. But Wodrow's slander goes far beyond the limits of any such controversy. *The Primate was foully murdered.* The most prominent clergymen, of that sect which it was Wodrow's object to sanctify, had first prompted, and then justified the deed. While the raging tempest of covenanting anarchy was at its height, it sufficed, for the self-justification at least of those rampant zealots, that high above the storm the name of God should be incessantly howled by those whose hearts were black with hate, and their hands red with murder. But Wodrow had a different and more difficult part to act. The storm had subsided. The trick was stale, the cry was obsolete, which used to proclaim every vigorous supporter, of a recently restored Monarchy struggling for its very existence, as a truculent villain, a

bloody murderer, an atheistical *sorcerer;* and every victim, however criminal, of his own insane attempt to subvert that government, and all law and order, a *martyr* and a *saint.* That blatant outrage upon Christian truth, and common sense, had begun to lose credit even with the least rational minds ; and there was actually some danger of the intelligent community appreciating the calm authentic narrative, and plain sense, of Sir George Mackenzie's " Vindication." The *mythical* tyranny, and duplicity, of Charles the First, and even the sad reality of the intensely provoked severities of his immediate successors, or their advisers, in their desperate efforts to save the rudely assaulted throne, had paled before that grand inauguration of the zealot's millenium under the House of Orange,—the Massacre of Glencoe. Wodrow, himself a fanatic, undertook to write up the old cause again, for the benefit of the Hanoverian succession, and to give its meanest calumnies a permanent place, and credibility in History.

But the murder on Magus Muir was no myth. It had to be faced by the disciple of the " apostolic" Shields[1] as a terrible fact. There was no veiling a crime that is yet burning like a coal on the forehead of unhappy Scotland. The chance remained, however, of infecting history with such a character of the venerable victim, that from him all human sympathy would be withheld, as from a wolf slain in the sheep-fold, or a scorpion crushed in an infant's cradle. This was an adventure not to be achieved by truth.

" His life," says this mean and audacious writer, " until his arriving at the top of his ambition, I have read, written by one of the *after sufferers*, a *worthy gentleman;* and should I give an abstract of it, the portrait would be very black and

[1] It is amusing to contrast Lord Macaulay's estimate of Alexander Shields, with Wodrow's, whose authority the noble historian, however, adopts, where it suits him, as not to be questioned : " It is not easy to conceive that fanaticism can be heated to a higher temperature than that which is indicated by the writings of Shields. According to him, it should seem to be the first duty of a Christian ruler to *persecute to the death* every heterodox subject, and the first duty of every Christian subject to *poniard* a heterodox ruler. *Yet* there was then in Scotland an enthusiasm compared with which the enthusiasm of this man was *lukewarm*" !—*Hist.* vol. iii. p. 345. Pretty strong this. And, pray, against whom was it, that the " persecuting" spirit of Claverhouse was directed ?

surprising." Thus jesuitically professing to abstain, in mercy, even from *an abstract*, Wodrow forthwith proceeds to extract from the work to which he so vaguely refers, all the worst portions of the vilest scandal, and the lowest writing, ever penned, or that ever usurped the title of biography. It was written, he says, by an " after sufferer," a " worthy gentleman," from which phrases, we may not be far wrong in concluding that his author belonged to that class of worthy gentlemen whom Alexander Shields lauds, and in those very terms, for murdering the Primate; and that his " after suffering" consisted, either in skulking to escape the scaffold, or in canting upon it, at his well-merited death. And from this worthless source it is, that Wodrow derives all the most villanous features of the following cunningly constructed character:—

" His dream when at the University: His taking the tender: His proposal to Oliver Cromwell, which made the Usurper to assert him, very publicly, to be an atheist: His betraying Presbyterian ministers when at Court, and afterwards pursuing them for his charges: His baseness with Isobel Lindsay, as *she declared* in his face, openly enough; and share in the murder of the poor infant: His perjury in Mr James Mitchell's case: His cruel life, and *strange death*,—would make a *very black history:* and as they were commonly talked of, so I find they were commonly believed by those who lived with and had access to know him. But this is not a place to *insist on them.* His great talents were, caution, cunning, and dissimulation, with unwearied diligence; these very much qualified him for his *terrible undertakings.* He got himself into the Archbishopric of St Andrews, as a reward for betraying his Church."[1]

Hinc illæ lacrymæ. The very fact of his being murdered, is here pressed into the service of overwhelming him with this concentration of venom. Besides being guilty of suffering his " strange death," he is accused, as if it were a notorious fact, of the seduction of a female, the murder of their infant, and the desertion of the mother, upon no better au-

[1] Hist. i. 236. The foul source of this outrageously calumnious character, which none but the most prejudiced mind would have palmed upon history, will be exposed in a subsequent Part of these Memorials.

thority than the mere ravings, in a kirk, of a poor mad woman, perfectly understood at the time so to be; exculpatory details, however, into which Wodrow dared not enter. Oliver Cromwell "the Usurper's" assertion, is the evidence for the Primate being an *atheist*, at a time when he was honoured and trusted by the spotless Kirk!

But what, then, were the other features of this veiled prophet, which our merciful martyrologist was unwilling to disclose? *Horresco referens.* There is another famous collection of Wodrow's, which bears the same relation to his histories, published and projected, that a monster *midden* does to the fat acres it foments,—his *Analecta*, namely,—from which we now quote.[1]

"Upon a time when Archbishop Sharp was at Edinburgh, a member of the Privy Council, and active in prosecuting criminally some men who had been at Pentland, he wanted a paper, which tended to a further clearing of the libel, which was in his cabinet at St Andrews; and so dispatched his footman in haste to bring it, giving him both the key of his closet and cabinet, directing him distinctly to the shuttle where it lay. The footman came off about ten o'clock in a summer day, and was in St Andrews about four o'clock in the afternoon, having run very fast. When he opened the closet door, he saw the Bishop sitting at a table near the window, as if he had been reading and writing, with his black gown and tippet and his broad hat, just as he had left him at Edinburgh; which did surprise the fellow at first, though he was not much terrified: For, being of a hardy frolic temper, or a little *hollowed*, as we call it, he spoke to him merrily, thus: 'Ho! my Lord! well ridden indeed. I am sure I left you at Edinburgh at ten o'clock, and yet you are here before me! I wonder that I saw you not pass by me.' The Bishop looked over his shoulder to him, with a sour and frowning countenance, but spoke not a word; so that the footman runs down stairs, and tells the secretary or chamberlain that the Bishop was come home. He would not believe him. He (the foot-

[1] Wodrow's *Analecta*, as already stated, are in six small volumes, in his own handwriting, among the MSS. in the Advocates' Library. They were printed for the Maitland Club in 1842, in four volumes, to which our references apply.

man) averred that he saw him in his closet, and that he was very angry; and desires the chamberlain to come up stairs and he would see him likewise. So they came both up stairs; but before they were fully up, they both saw the Bishop standing upon the stair-head, staring upon them with an angry look, which affrighted them in earnest. Within a little, the footman came up to the closet, and there was nobody there. So he opens the cabinet, and takes out the paper, and comes away in all dispatch to Edinburgh, and was there the next morning, where he meets the Bishop, and delivered to him the paper, and told him the former story. Upon which the Bishop, by *threats* and *promises*, enjoins him to secrecy."

It might be supposed that Wodrow, who obviously records this story for truth, and as bearing essentially upon the Bishop's character, and the propriety of his being murdered, had obtained his valuable information from the two eye-witnesses of whom he speaks,—perhaps some of Lord Macaulay's "old men who remembered the evil days?" No such thing. "My author," he says, "is the foresaid Mr J. G.;" an informant, however, whom he nowhere names save by those initials, but whom he had previously designed "a minister who lives nigh to Montrose."

Having afforded this unanswerable corroboration of his apostolic friend Alexander Shields, who had formerly denounced the murdered prelate as being, among other accomplishments, "a sorcerer," Wodrow immediately proceeds to disclose him actually cheek-by-jowl with the Devil *in propria persona.*

"At another time, Archbishop Sharp presiding in the Privy Council, was earnest to have Janet Douglas brought before that Board, accusing her of sorcery and witchcraft. When she was brought, she vindicated herself of that alleged crime; declaring, though she knew very well who were witches, yet she was not one herself; for she was endeavouring to discover these secret hellish plots, and to countermine that kingdom of darkness. The Archbishop insisted she might be sent away to the King's plantations in the West Indies. She only *dropt one word* to the Bishop. 'My Lord,' says she, 'who was *yon* with you in your closet, on Saturday night last, betwixt twelve and one o'clock?' Upon which the Bishop

changed his countenance, and turned black and pale, and then no more was said. When the Council rose up, the Duke of Rothes called Janet into a room, and inquired at her, privately, who that person was with the Bishop? She refused at first; but he promising upon his word of honour to warrant her at all hands, and that she should not be sent to America, she says, 'My Lord, it was *the meekle black Devil.*' My author is Mr P. Tullideph."[1]

We are not given to understand that the above scene passed as a joke. Indeed, it was no joking matter to be accused before the Privy Council of Scotland in those days of the crime of witchcraft. The accusation thus privately obtained from their prisoner of a like offence against the Primate himself, was of the most serious nature; and withal so delicate to deal with, that, it seems, the *delater* (as such accusers were then called) was by that enabled to keep her formidable inquisitors mutely at bay. We may presume it to have been Wodrow's sage view of the affair, that, from this moment, the Duke of Rothes was sufficiently convinced of his clerical coadjutor's diabolical character; and that, without any figure of speech, he did, in his own closet in Edinburgh, hold personal interviews with the Prince of liars. This conclusion, however, is somewhat interfered with by the tone and terms of a letter written by the Duke of Rothes himself to the Earl (afterwards Duke) of Queensberry, at the moment when the former was first made aware of the murder of the Archbishop, and which letter contains the following sincere tribute to the memory of that unfortunate prelate. "As it is talked, those base unworthy people in Fife, that have committed this assassination, threaten they will follow the same example with several persons in public trust, not sparing your humble servant. But I am not afraid in the least for them. They are certainly but very few Fife people among them; but I am afraid some there were; and I am very confident that *most execrable murder* will be discovered. Let the unjust world say what they will, he was not only Lord Primate of this kingdom, but a faithful subject, and *a wise and just person*, and a *most eminent pillar of the Church;* and, I am sure, my friend at that rate, that I do

[1] *Analecta*, i. 104, 105.

not know what to do since he is gone, but to revenge myself upon all that *murdering sect.*" "I will hasten to Fife, that I may add my endeavours, with all the faculties of my soul, for the discovery of this late horrid murder."[1]

The most revolting chapter of history (so called) ever penned, is that which constitutes the third section, of the first chapter, of the third book of Wodrow's "History of the Sufferings of the Church of Scotland." Was this murder one of their sufferings? He entitles it, "Of the violent death of the Archbishop of St Andrews, Saturday, May 3. 1679." At the very outset our martyrologist displays his colours, by circuitously avoiding the appellation of murder; and the first sentence involves a justification of the deed. "The violent taking away of the life of that *bitter persecutor*, Mr James Sharp, at this time Archbishop of St Andrews, is a subject not a little misrepresented by Tory writers, and what was the occasion of much reproach to, and persecution of, the Presbyterians." Jesuitical and untrue in the glossing details, sanguinary in the spirit of it, no intelligent and humane reader, even without other versions than this author's to inform him of all the details, can peruse that narrative without a feeling of disgust at the narrator. How "*Tory* writers" could be guilty of "misrepresentation," simply by recording, with "energy of hatred," the too notorious facts of that foul murder, perpetrated by nine ruffians on the high-road, at noon-day, it is difficult to conceive. Nor, if we consider the conventicle hallelujahs that seemed to ascend from hill, or rather from hell, to heaven, when that *whig* triumph, long meditated, and twice before attempted, was at length accomplished, with every concomitant of baseness and horror, is it at all to be wondered at, that the frightful subject of their exultation "was the occasion of much reproach to, and persecution (so called) of Presbyterians."

Wodrow was credulous. Wodrow was superstitious. Wodrow believed in witches. What then? So did all the world in those days. It was a law of the Church to believe in witches; and it was the law of the Church and of the land

[1] Queensberry Papers, MS. The letter will appear in a subsequent Part of these Memorials.

to torture them. Doubtless the insane belief was wofully promoted and prolonged by Wodrow's own sect. The prurient investigation of some horrible liaison between the Devil and a Scotch wench, was a field day, or an opera night, for some of the coarser and more zealous spirits of the Covenant. No tabbies over tea ever enjoyed their scandal more intensely. That sin of the Solemn League it is which gives such exquisite point to the climax in Burns' famous epic, so familiar to all,—

> "Even Satan glower'd and fidg'd fu' fain,
> And hotch'd and blew wi' might and main;
> Till first ae caper, syne anither,
> Tam tint his reason a'thegither,
> And roars out,—'Weel done Cutty-sark!'"

We may refer to the Presbytery registers *passim*. The first and most guilty party to that abomination of Scottish history was the zealous clergy; the next, the zealous lawyers. The epoch is too horrible, too humiliating to contemplate. We can only now say, God forgive them all. Yet we must accept of our History, of our Law and Gospel, from such learned progenitors.

But Wodrow's superstitious credulity as far exceeded that of the clouded intelligence of his times, and of the times before him, as the falseness of his fanatical records surpasses the unfairness of party libels. Bishop Burnet believed in witches, and revelled in hearsay slander. He was the old-clothes man of History. But he would have shrunk abashed from some of Wodrow's dull and dreary fables; and have laughed to scorn his infinite gullibility. The notorious Lauderdale believed in goblins and witches. When constrained, by the ascendant star of Argyle, to rusticate in Holland for a time, he amused himself, in some of the Catholic establishments, scrutinizing the ceremony of driving the Devil out of possessed Nuns, and doubtless ogling the Nuns themselves. But this child of the Scotch Covenant and Solemn League, never lost sight of worldly cunning and common sense. He frankly declares, that, upon the occasion referred to, he "saw only some great Holland wenches hear exorcism patiently, and belch most abominably; so if those were devils, they were windy devils; but I thought they were only possessed with a morning's

draught of too new ale."[1] But as for Wodrow, poor creature, though belonging to a century later, there was no evidence too worthless, no fact however improbable, or *impossible*, that he would not receive, and set down for truth, if it only served to illustrate his "remarkable Providences relating to Scotch ministers," or to "aggravate the crimes of our enemies." Is the man to be trusted, to be quoted as a reliable historian, who believed, and seriously recorded for truth, and as precious materials for Church History, such degrading trash as the extracts we have already given from his *Analecta*, and as these other specimens which here follow:—

"1706: Mr A. Simson tells me, that about thirty years ago, he had this account from the minister of Penpont and his wife, and from many others. The thing was *notorious* and *known*. In the parish of Penpont there was a child found buried in a yard. The child was discovered when it was fresh, and the minister told of it; who ordered the child to be raised, and brought to the church; and caused convene all the inhabitants about, to see if they knew any thing about the child. After many had come, a man came near to the child, and the child *lift up its hand and pointed at him;* which so struck his conscience, that immediately he confessed to the minister, and all that were present, that he was the father of the child, that it was begotten in incest on his wife's sister, and, *I think*, that he was privy to its murder. He was secured and delivered to the Sheriff, and *I think*, the sentence of death was passed on him; but, having means, he *bribed the Sheriff*, and got off."

"1707. In the year 1693 there was a gentlewoman who *died* at Edinburgh; and, some hours *after her death*, the *body* being laid upon a bed, and dressed up in dead-linens, and there being a considerable number of gentlewomen in the same room, *the corpse rose up*, and sat upon the bed, in the sight of the whole company, and called upon a woman by her name, *three times*, who was sitting at the foot of the bed, and *spoke*, in the hearing of them all, these words,—'For lying, backbiting, and slandering, of my neighbours, which the

[1] Lauderdale shall be more fully recorded in a subsequent Part of these Memorials.

world thinks little of, I am, by the righteous judgment of God, condemned eternally to the flames of Hell,'—and then presently fell back, and spake no more. Mistress Hamilton, the laird of Househill's sister, who is my author, had this from a person who *was present* when this happened,—if I rightly remember who is own cousin-german,—viz., Mistress Grahame, married to Harry Grahame, merchant in Edinburgh."[1]

Were such things permitted, we could not imagine a more instructive "remarkable providence relating to Scotch ministers," than the corpse of Bishop Burnet, in the presence of Wodrow and a seance of "old women who remembered the evil days,"—in *presentia Dominarum*,—rising from the dead, and calling upon the living Wodrow to list the fearful fate reserved for that "lying, backbiting, and slandering, which the world thinks but little of."

Nor, it seems, had these miracles ceased at the time of Wodrow's writing. According to his own exquisite narrative, the following demonstration, not only of the Devil's walking with Bishops by day, but couching with honest women o' nights, even on this sublunary scene of his machinations against mankind, was still in the progress of continuous manifestation while Wodrow wrote.

"A woman had her husband, who went abroad, and she heard no account of him for a year, or some years. There were some accounts came at length of his death. She fell into a very great concern, and frequently had that expression,—'Oh! that I might once see him'! After some time, one night, one comes to the door, and she opens, and, as she thought, it was her husband. He tells her a story of his great hazard and danger, and what had kept him away so long. *To bed they go.* And within a little she felt him grow cold like lead, and began to be in a dreadful terror, and to sain (bless) herself. Whereupon her pretended husband *gave her a nip*, and *vanished.* She fell in dreadful terror; and the Devil, in the shape of her husband, *frequently appears to her;* and when he does so, she has an intolerable pain *in the place where she was nipped;* and it's that excessive, and her terror so great, that she is in hazard of making some concessions to the Devil

[1] *Analecta*, i. 86. 117.

when he appears, from the force of the torture. The minister of the place, and others, *are much concerned about her.*"[1]

These, and a hundred others such like, are anecdotes vouched for, and fully credited by Wodrow! Is the historical tongue of such a chronicler any scandal? Are we to accept from the literary work-shop of such an artist as this, the characters, fashioned upon any vulgar slander that suited him, of such men as Archbishop Sharp and Viscount Dundee? These stories of themselves suffice to prove how mean was the intellect of the fanatical minister of Eastwood, and how worthless his testimony, where he labours to destroy the characters of those public men whom to malign fell within the purview of his undertaking.

The tragedy on Magus Muir is not that which furnishes the only instance of Wodrow's historical system, of excusing, if not sanctifying the murderer, and, as a means to that end, calumniating the murdered. He had another case to deal with,—of a murder by some of his own sect of one of his own cloth,—in which we find his jesuitical powers taxed to the utmost, and his characteristics as a historian strongly brought out.

The established clergyman of the parish of Carsphairn in Galloway, Mr Peter Peirson, a brave and energetic man, anxious and not afraid to do his duty in those evil times, was on that account, murdered at midnight, in the month of December 1684. Since the murder of the Primate, the country, especially the west of Scotland, had been in a fearful state. The curates were flying from their sacred offices, in terror for their lives. The Lord Advocate declares, and he is abundantly borne out by facts, " that no man who served the King could know whether or not his murderer was at his elbow, and they had reason to look upon every place as their scaffold, considering the violent and cruel temper of their enemies." The market-crosses, and more especially the church-doors, were secretly placarded by the broken and fugitated rebels, with a declaration of war against the Government; proclaiming at the same time, as a moral obligation, that the King's authority

[1] *Analecta*, i. 356.

should be disowned, and those who supported it, put to death. It is not surprising that this public proclamation, by the secret emissaries of fanaticism, should have occasioned the most lively apprehensions in the minds of the well disposed, and the most vigorous measures of a monarchy in great peril. For their desperate audacity had been immediately followed by *repeated midnight murders.*

None but those evil spirits among the fanatical preachers, who prompted such deeds, attempted to justify them at the time. The distinguished whig lawyer, Sir John Lauder of Fountainhall, with all his bias against the Government, never dreamt of doing so. He recorded the successive murders, of the soldiers of the Royal Guard, of the Curate of Carsphairn, and of Captain Urquhart, as became an enlightened gentleman, and a Christian chronicler.

"20th November 1684: The news came this morning to Edinburgh, that some of the *desperate fanatics* had, last night, fallen in upon two of the King's Life Guards, viz., Thomas Kennoway and Duncan Stewart, who were lying at the Swine Abbey, beyond Blackburn in Lithgowshire, and *murdered them most barbarously:* Whereupon the Privy Council ordained them to be searched for and pursued, if it were possible to apprehend them; and called for Carmichael, landlord of the house, and examined him and others. This was to execute what they (the rebels) *had threatened* in their declaration of war."

"12th December 1684: News came to the Privy Council, that the *wild fanatics* had fallen in upon one Peirson, minister at Carsphairn in Galloway, a great delater (accuser) of them in his sermons, and killed him. They ridiculously keep mock courts of justice, and cite any they judge their inveterate enemies, to them, and lead probation, and condemn them, and thereafter *murder them.* And thus they proceeded against Nory, minister of Dunfermline; but he kept himself out of their way."

"January 1685: The few handful of *fanatic rebels* left in the west turning *very insolent*, the High Treasurer (Queensberry) to *put a rub on Claverhouse*, who had been lately there in December last, and could not wholly suppress them, causes

his brother Colonel James Douglas select out of his whole regiment two hundred of his prettiest men, and by order of the Privy Council sends them against *these rogues*, that the glory of defeating them might fall to his share. And, accordingly, Douglas being one day in the fields in Galloway, with a small party of eight or ten, he meets with as many of the rebels at a house, who kill two of his men, and Captain Urquhart, Meldrum's brother; and had very nearly shot Douglas himself dead, had not the whig's carabine misgiven; whereupon, Douglas pistolled him presently. Urquhart is the only staff officer *this desperate crew* have yet had the honour to kill. He was brought into Edinburgh, and buried with much respect. They came a company of them to Kirkcudbright, and *killed two men;* and caused a minister called Mr Shaw to swear he should never preach again in Scotland."

About three months after the last of these successive murders, there occurred the military execution, in due form of law, of a most incorrigible rebel of this very class, Lord Macaulay's hero, *John Brown.* Were it really the case (an allegation to be presently brought to the test) that Colonel Graham of Claverhouse did, in that very same locality, use his own pistol against some rampant rebel, we may rest assured, that he was not a moment too quick with his weapon, any more than was Colonel Douglas. But no such event occurred.

Now, mark Wodrow's historical record of the atrocities which we have quoted above, from those contemporary and most authentic sources. And first of the murder of Captain Urquhart.

"January 28th (1685). The Council direct a letter to those they had commissioned for Wigton and Kirkcudbright, about their processing such who had killed Captain Urquhart, and some with him. *I know no more about it*, than what is in the underwritten letter. It seems to have been some engagement some of the *Wanderers* had with the Captain and his party, wherein, it seems, the soldiers have been worsted."

This was an instance where the details would not suit "for aggravating the crimes of our enemies." The incident happened to lie on the blind side of Wodrow's powers of research.

But the more atrocious murders of the gentlemen of the Life Guards, and the Curate of Carsphairn, he felt compelled to face more elaborately. Our martyrologist's record of these sad events, is most discreditable to him, as a historian, a clergyman, and a Christian. Deliberate and cowardly assassinations ought, in the eyes of such, to find no palliation whatever, from any thing that can be said against the general character of the victims. But to indulge in the spirit of calumny against the murdered, with the object of extenuating the murder, is indeed deserving of the severest reprehension. All Wodrow's attacks upon personal character, are *ex parte* statements, of the most rambling and ill-vouched kind, generally gathered in the loosest manner from the most tainted sources, and utterly unworthy of credit. He knew perfectly well that in this notorious case of the murder of the Life-guard's men, there never was a pretext of self-defence, nor a doubt as to the cowardly nature of the crime, which he thus disposes of in the jesuitical style he usually adopts when conscious of the extreme difficulty of his apology.

"The incident of the killing of Kennoway and Stuart put the managers upon new and yet more barbarous methods. I have not so distinct an account of the murder of these two as I wish I had; neither can I say whether it was in *self-defence* or not; but it is generally said it was premeditated by some persons in the neighbourhood, or Society people lurking among them, they having been *severely oppressed* by Kennoway for many years; and *if* this was an assassination, nobody ought to defend it."

Having thus, as he supposes, sufficiently saved himself from the imputation of bestowing his own approval upon such foul deeds, Wodrow goes on to cover his victims with calumny, as if to hide the stains of that midnight murder.

"They were both gentlemen, as the style was, of the Life-guard, and killed, as is said, coming out of the door of the house of Swine Abbey,[1] in the parish of Livingston; and after the most narrow search that was made, none of the actors could ever be found; but I am assured, the Society people refused to admit some persons to their fellowships whom they

[1] They were murdered "*in their beds.*"—Sir G. Mackenzie.

suspected to be concerned in this murder. I have no account of Stuart; but Kennoway's oppressions in Livingston, West Calder, and that neighbourhood, from Pentland to this year, have been in part noticed; and I shall add a few other well vouched instances of his former carriage."

Our martyrologist then proceeds, *more suo*, to enumerate, and to exaggerate into crimes of the deepest die, this gallant and loyal soldier's successful activity at the battle of Pentland, and on various other occasions when rampant or lurking rebellion demanded his energies in defence of King and Constitution. To this rubbish of calumny he adds his usual seasoning of abuse in these terms,—"Indeed, he was notoriously wicked and profane, a known adulterer, and a fearful drinker, and blasphemous curser and swearer;" and then he winds up with this precious specimen of *Wodrowana*:—

"This is all the account I can give of this matter; and I do not set down these things to *vindicate* the actors, but to show how *righteous the providence was*, that this *wicked man* is cut off in the midst of his days and projects, however blameable the persons might be in their manner of doing it. Before I leave those two persons, I only insert the Council's act, December 9th, 1684, anent their widows, to show the concern they showed for the relatives of such as had been *active in the persecution*:—'The Council having considered the petition of Janet Stuart, relict to Thomas Kennoway, one of the gentlemen of his Majesty's guard, and Jean Jaffray, relict to Duncan Stuart, another of them, lately inhumanly murdered and butchered by some desperate rebels and fugitives, at the house of Swine Abbey, in the night time, do recommend them to the Treasury for charity.'"[1]

We pass on to a yet more flagrant instance of Wodrow's historical system, of maligning the murdered, in order to excuse the murderer,—the case already referred to of Mr Peirson, the curate of Carsphairn in Galloway.

This reverend gentleman, being of a fearless nature, refused to be driven from his manse, and his sacred duties, either by

[1] Wodrow's Hist. iv. 152, 153. The Martyrologist seems to have considered this recommendation, not as a humane and charitable act, but as an evidence of the *persecuting spirit*.

the threats or the deeds of these assassins. Against the horrible system of Conventicle lynch-law, he set his face, and dared to raise his voice. The hill preacher might suggest and sanctify such doings, but he denounced them in the face of man and in the name of God. Their threatened advent against his own life, he declared he dreaded less than the noise of rats and mice in his own solitary dwelling; and, yet more daring announcement, he ventured to tell these lawless and sanguinary fanatics, that the very *papists* were better subjects than they were, and might afford them an example of Christian charity and conduct. From his pulpit he rebuked and denounced all such characters, as the murderers of Archbishop Sharp and of many other victims since that catastrophe; and he rendered the Government such assistance as a clergyman might in bringing to light and justice those murderous ruffians whom Wodrow so fondly calls "Wanderers," and the "suffering remnant." The unflinching front which Mr Peirson thus presented to all this villany, was his doom. He appears to have been somewhat rash in braving the danger. He lived alone in his manse, without other protection than the arms with which he had provided himself. "Mr Peirson," says Wodrow, "was an unmarried man, very blustering and bold, and used openly to provoke the *poor people* by saying in public companies,—'He feared none of the whigs; nor, anything else but rats and mice.' He lived at the manse alone, without so much as a servant with him, and kept still a number of fire-arms in his chamber." Surely a very necessary precaution under the circumstances. Alas! it proved unavailing for this courageous man.

In the month of January 1685 "The Council orders the Advocate to pursue the parishioners of Anworth for affronts done to their minister; and the parish of Carsphairn for the murder of their minister by some skulking rebels." Wodrow does not like to hear his friends called names. The Government, and the intelligent and sane portion of the community gave the deed its right name,—a foul, cowardly, and sacrilegious murder, perpetrated by a band of skulking rebels. There was no rational doubt about the matter. Wodrow, however, sets down the scandal (not to be hidden) to the score of

grievances of the Saints against the Tory defamers! "I know nothing," says that innocent, "anent the affront done to the minister of Anworth, and say no further about it." Had the affront been to Saint Mitchell, or Saint Shields, or Saint Williamson, or Saint Welsh, or Saint King, or Saint Cargill, or Saint Renwick, or Saint Cameron,—being the Saints who promoted such "affronts," their faithful martyrologist would have *found* facts somewhere, rather than have said "no further about it." Murder will out, however, and he must face that of the unimpeached Curate of Carsphairn, as he best can:—

"But the murder of Mr Peter Peirson of Carsphairn," he says, "at the manse there, is a fact whereof no *just account*, so far as I know, hath been yet given to the public; and this, with the murder of Bishop Sharp, are generally charged upon Presbyterians, as proofs of their practising the hellish and jesuitical principle of assassination." The public were in as full possession of the notorious facts of the brutal murder of this clergyman, as of that of the Archbishop. They needed not to be enlightened by any jesuitical version of either, from the minister of Eastwood, in the century after the events. Nor is it the case, that the whole lieges of the Presbyterian persuasion, though too apt to be hoodwinked and misled in such matters, were privy to, accused of, or made responsible for, such enormities. The guilty parties were, the Conventicle preachers and pamphleteers, who violently promoted, and quoted Scripture for the divine origin of, these diabolical crimes; some debased ruffians, such as Saints Mitchell, Rathillet, and Russell, hanging loose upon society, and ready to take their murderous cue from such prompters; and other hot-headed, weak-minded zealots, of the stamp of Wodrow himself, who excused, softened, and too manifestly favoured the foul deed when done.

And what is Wodrow's "just account" of this murder? Four or five scoundrels, whom he names, combined to invade the dwelling of this solitary clergyman, with loaded fire-arms in their hands, in the dead of night and of winter, "to *force him*," says Wodrow, "to give a written declaration that he would forbear instigating their enemies, and other violent courses, and deter him from them in time to come, still expressly

declaring they would do him no bodily harm." According to the martyrologist's own account, this *armed* bands of ruffians forced their way at night into the dwelling of this lonely curate, who, suddenly arming himself, makes a feeble show of defending his door and his life. Without a single act of aggression on his part, or a condition of mercy offered to him, the intrepid clergyman, who had disdained to follow the example of Mr Nory, and others, by deserting his post, and had only erred in fearlessly doing his duty, is shot dead on his own threshold. These facts are gathered even from Wodrow's carefully concocted relation; and not all the disingenuous glossing with which he attempts to justify it, by alleging a previous determination of this armed band "to do him no bodily harm," and that some of these conspirators thereafter "expressed their detestation of the fact," can leave any other impression upon the rational mind, than that these are flimsy pretexts superinduced upon the plain facts of this premeditated murder, in which the actors themselves gloried at the time.

Neither does their friendly chronicler trust entirely to that species of extenuation,—that they *did not mean to do it.* It must also be impressed upon the Christian reader that the murdered clergyman *deserved that they should do it.* "He was," says Wodrow significantly, "a surly, ill-natured man, and *horridly severe;* he was openly a favourer of *popery*, and gave shrewd enough signs of his being *popishly inclined*,[1] by defending not a few of their peculiar tenets; he was a notorious *informer*, and instigator to all the violences in that country."[2] Having thus put in a plea for the murderers, at once calum-

[1] "What is a Papist? The word is not a word of definite signification, either in law or in theology. It is merely a popular nickname, and means very different things in different mouths."—*Lord Macaulay*, Hist. vol. iii. p. 499. Yet the whole pretension of the Covenanters, to being *par excellence* the defenders of the faith, and that which so many admit as a sufficient apology for all their violent and truculent proceedings, is based upon their constant use and abuse of that "popular nickname."

[2] This spirited clergyman did his best to repress the most outrageous violences of the western fanatics, by endeavouring to bring the actual perpetrators to justice. Therefore Wodrow brands him with the vaguely abusive term, "a notorious informer;" and the active measures adopted by Government to save society, and to protect the state, he terms "violences." Doubtless there are some who will call the decapitation of Orsini a "violence," and the decapitated a martyr.

nious and irrelevant, the martyrologist thinks it necessary to wash his hands in the very puddle he has made. "Those things I do not at all notice to *vindicate* the fact I am going to relate, for I abhor and detest it; but that the reader may know the *true state* of this matter, and what *unwarrantable provocation* this *ill* man gave."[1]

Such is Wodrow's stereotyped style for defending his murderous martyrs. The murder of the Archbishop of St Andrews, of the two gentlemen of the Lifeguard, and of the Curate of Carsphairn, are treated by him precisely upon the same plan. There is a transparent attempt to justify all these murders, by calumniating the victims; and with no better authority for the calumny than the murderers themselves, or their aiders and abettors. Had this historian, as he parenthetically pretends, really abhorred and detested these crimes, it is impossible that he would have recorded them as he has done, or have so anxiously seized the very opportunity for emitting his rancour against Christian pastors, and brave soldiers, who fell under the cowardly hands of banded assassins.

We know no labour more oppressively disgusting, than to search through Wodrow's voluminous and intricate collection, of scarcely decipherable manuscripts, in order to discover, if possible, the private authorities upon which he professes to rely. His own pretensions to great accuracy, founded upon the vaguest references to "my informations," and "credible witnesses," must of course pass for truth with a world of readers, to whom his alleged proofs are practically inaccessible. We have a striking example in this very version of the murder of Mr Peirson. "I shall give," he says, "a plain account of the matter of fact at Carsphairn, which I have from a gentleman of *undoubted credit*, who had the details of this matter from *the persons concerned in this wickedness;* and another concurring testimony from John Mathison, a very judicious and worthy elder in the parish of Glencairn, *lately*

[1] The conclusion of the sentence is manifestly intended "to vindicate the fact." It would be no vindication were it true. But it is not true; for the clergyman of Carsphairn had neither given "unwarrantable provocation," nor was he an "ill man,"—a term used by the calumnious Wodrow to signify every thing that is bad, and worthy of death.

dead, who had his information likewise from *the persons present.*" The credit of witnesses who kept such company can scarcely be "undoubted." But having been so fortunate as to discover the "gentleman of undoubted credit's" letter among Wodrow's manuscripts, we shall allow him to speak for himself, by here giving the precious missive precisely as we find it written:—

"Rev. & Dr. Cuss.

"I have been under graveish pains since I sau you; every day but two; or then you might have hard from me sooner. I give you the account from the best informatione its possible to be got, viz. from Robert Dun in Woodheade of Corsphairne, and John Clark, then in that parish, now in Glenmont, in the parish of Strathone,—anent the curat's death of Corsphairne, which *they* had from *the actors' own mouth*,—James M'Michaell, formerly fouler to the laird of Maxweltoune; Robert Mitchell, in the new parish of Cumnock, *nephew* to Mr James Mitchell *who suffered;* William Herron in the parochin of Glencairne in Nithsdale; Rodgert Pedzen, in parochin of Sanquair. I pairted from the above Johne Clark in Muirbrock, three miles from Corsphairne kirk. Upon a night neare the middle of November 1684, being certainly informed that Mr Peter Pearsone, said curat, keept fyre armes in his house, and was hard say he feard non of the whigs, nor any thing else bot rats and mice; he lived alone in the manse of Corsphairne, shewing there *shrewd signs* of his being a favourer of poperie; and said to Nicolas Fergusone, spouse to James M'Turk in holme of Dalquhairne, *several expressions* in favour of purgatory and papists; and told, that papists were better subjects than they. The above named 4 persones went to the manse of Corsphairne; Robert Mitchell going befor the other 3, rapped at the door, and hard nothing; but, in a little time thereafter, the door was a little opened by Mr Pearsone; on which James M'Michael fyred ane pistoll at some distance, least Mr Pearsone should have *fyred first;* with which shot the curat was killed deade; and in all tyme thereafter that actione was so detested by the whigs, they never allowed any of the said 4 to keep christian communion with them; and it was remark-

able that 3 were all killed by the King's forces before the next yeare; and Rodgert Pedyen, became a dragoon in Captain Strachan's troup, who was thought to have been a rogue the wholl tyme of his being with the whigs; and informed the forces of the refuging places, and prompted up that other 3 to fall on that unhappy actione. I have been quite out of condition to doe any thing farther anent *the Sufferings* since I saw you, on account of my gravel, which will in all probability shorten my days."[1]

This mean document, of the very lowest stamp as *proof* in support of those parts of Wodrow's version which are intended to extenuate a crime too notorious to be concealed, is dated 16th June 1715, and signed only with the initials J. C. It is a perfectly fair specimen of those written "informations," and "*attestations*," unseen by, and anonymous to the public, by means of his vague references to which, Wodrow not only succeeded in placing himself in the worm-eaten throne of Scotch fanaticism, but has even obtained the homage of such illustrious historical essayists as Mr Fox and Lord Macaulay. His correspondent in this instance appears to have been a relation of his own; but Wodrow is not so frank as to name him. Neither does he venture to disclose the date of a document of which he adopts the general details, and some of the very phraseology, in his own narrative. The date would have called attention too distinctly to the fact, that his "just account" was derived from information obtained *thirty years* after the events. Moreover, he suppresses the significant fact, contained in the letter of his informant, that the leader of the ruffian band, Robert Mitchell, whom he names, was a nephew of the ruffian who attempted to murder Archbishop Sharp.

It would be most instructive, were it possible, to place each of Wodrow's scandals, which he strings together in his weary chronicles as a boy threads eggs, in immediate juxtaposition with the relative scraps of documentary evidence upon which he so artfully founds. Any circumstance, be it a date, or

[1] Wodrow MSS. in Advocate's Library. There is more of the letter, but only concerning private domestic matters, indicating that Wodrow and his correspondent were related.

a name, or an expression, likely to mar the desired effect of the testimony, is sure to be omitted. The following absurdity against Graham of Claverhouse, is intended to swell the catalogue of his "cruelties."

"James Brown, in the parish of Coulter, was very barbarously treated about the middle of June this year (1685), of which I have before me *an attested account.* When fishing, he was discovered by Claverhouse when ranging up and down the country, and apprehended. A powder-horn was found upon him, and *that was fault enough.* Claverhouse declared he was a knave, and must die. Accordingly, six of the dragoons dismounted, and he is set down before them to be shot. By the intercession of the laird of Coulterallers, providentially present with Claverhouse, his execution was delayed till *next day*, and James carried away by the soldiers to the English border, and from thence to the tolbooth of Selkirk, being all the while bound with cords. After some time's imprisonment, he happily escaped."[1]

It seems, then, that "Bloody Clavers," even in the very moment of his murderous impulses, was accessible to the voice of humanity, if it happened that some douce west country laird was "providentially present" with him at the time. But how came the inexorable "murderer" of *John* Brown in the month of May, to part so easily wtth his prey *James* Brown, in the month of June thereafter? And what means the story, that the execution was only "delayed till next day," and yet that he was immediately carried to the tolbooth of Selkirk, and was therein confined for some time, until he broke his prison? Of all this, Wodrow tells us, "I have *before me* an attested account." Does the account bear that no one but Claverhouse exercised jurisdiction in this affair? Who attests the account? Upon what authority? With what details, and of *what date?*

Bound into a little old mouldy volume of Wodrow's collections, we find an isolated scrap of closely written manuscript, its dimensions about three inches by two, which is there left to tell its own story, as follows:—

[1] Wodrow's Hist. vol. iv. p. 329.

"James Brown, weaver in the parish of Culter, as he was fishing upon the 18th day of June in the year 1685, Clavers with three troops of horse apprehended him; and there being a powder-horn found upon him, Clavers said that he was a knave, and therefore must die; and accordingly six soldiers were commanded to light from their horses to shoot him; but the laird of Culterallers being providentially present with Clavers, intreated him to delay the execution of his sentence for the space of twenty-four hours, which was granted. But the said James Brown was carried alongst with the soldiers to the English border, and from thence to the tolbooth of Selkirk, all the time being tied with cords, where he remained a prisoner for the space of (a) month, during which time the Magistrates *many times* urged him to take the test, which he refusing, the *Magistrates* said that he was a knave, and therefore should be put to death; but that, within *some few days thereafter*, he made his escape out of prison. This declaration is made before me James Forrester, minister of the Gospel at Culter, the eighteenth day of April 1712 years, and subscribed by the said,"—

"Ja. Forrester."[1]

A declaration, not said by whom emitted, only subscribed by the attestor, and that too in the year 1712, of events said to have occurred in the year 1685,—such is the evidence in support of this point of dittay against Colonel Graham! But why did Wodrow *suppress* so much? Why did he suppress the very important fact, contained in the manuscript before him, which in other respects he copies verbatim, that the *Magistrates of Selkirk* had become the responsible parties for this alleged barbarous treatment; that they had "many times urged him to take the test," and that his obstinate refusal to do so it was that put this delinquent's life in jeopardy? Because the facts go to justify Claverhouse, and lead to the rational conclusion, that the prisoner had refused to abjure the published, but anonymous incentives to murder, doubtless put to him by the military commander also, and had in reality

[1] Wodrow's MSS., *Advocates' Library.*

been *mercifully* dealt with. The details were suppressed, because they happen to be the very reverse of "necessary for aggravating the crimes of our enemies."

To disprove absolutely, and in detail, the long catalogue of calumnies, of which Wodrow's vicious history is composed,—a history so much relied upon and so rarely tested, so often quoted and so little read,—would indeed be a difficult undertaking. It involves the task of proving an interminable series of negatives, in refutation of *Wodrowana*, which that zealous partizan records for the most part with an assumed brevity that forms their best protection. Happily, however, the means of precise and complete refutation is not altogether awanting; and no one witness, of all the pestilent "Cloud of Witnesses," that have poisoned History on the subject of Scotland's troubles with her Kirk, has better earned a contemptuous dismissal, under the legal brand, *Falsum in uno falsum in omnibus*, than the minister of Eastwood himself. Let us examine his record of the martyrdom of Saint Steel:—

"In December this year (1686) David Steel, in the parish of Lesmahago, was surprised in the fields by Lieutenant Crichton; and, after his *surrender of himself on quarters*, he was, in a very little time, *most barbarously shot*, and lies buried in the church-yard there."[1]

In thus curtly recording this "instance," Wodrow had not anticipated the possibility of the accused himself publishing his own detailed account of the very incident; and, obviously, without any reference whatever to Wodrow's false version of it. Nor can we refrain from expressing surprise, that the martyrologist's modern editor, however lavish of his illustrative notes, has omitted all notice of the story as we have it in those well known Memoirs of Captain Creichton, compiled for him, from his own narration, by Dean Swift, and latterly edited by Sir Walter Scott.

It is manifest from the context, that neither the hero of those Memoirs, nor his patron the Dean, were cognizant of Wodrow's version of the incident; his great martyrology being at that time in very little repute. Nor, throughout Captain

[1] Hist. iv. 357.

Creichton's Memoirs, is there the slightest attempt to conceal or extenuate his own uncompromising hostility in pursuit of the muirland martyrs, or any of the harsh and reckless features of his professional activity in that deplorable service. Had he shot David Steel with his own hand the moment he caught him, no one who peruses those unreserved and graphic revelations can doubt for a moment that he would have so reported the matter to head-quarters, at the time, and have so narrated it to Dean Swift in after years. Now, the truth appears to be, that, although slain in the fray, and with arms in his hand, David Steel was not shot at all; Creichton was not present at the moment of his death; there was no question of quarter; and the only shot fired upon the occasion was by Steel himself! Captain Creichton thus described this martyr to Dean Swift; and his account is of the more importance, that Wodrow did not consider the case to be one in which the *details* would serve "for aggravating the crimes of our enemies."

"This man was head of the rebels since Airs moss, having succeeded to Hackston, who had been there taken and afterwards hanged, as the reader has already heard.[1] Steel, and his father before him, held a farm in the estate of Hamilton, within two or three miles of that town. When he betook himself to arms the farm lay waste, and the Duke could find no other person who would venture to take it. Whereupon, his Grace, at whose table I had always the honour to be a welcome guest, desired I would use my endeavours to destroy that rogue, and I would oblige him for ever."

According to this rough dragoon's own account, a fortunate concatenation of drinking and dreaming at length directed him to the prize.

"Having drunk hard one night, I dreamed that I had found Captain David Steel, a *notorious rebel*, in one of the five farmers' houses on a mountain, in the shire of Clydesdale, and parish of Lesmahago, within eight miles of Hamilton, a place that I was well acquainted with. When I waked out of my dream, I presently rose, and ordered thirty-six dragoons to be at the place appointed, by break of day. When we arrived

[1] Hackston of Rathillet, one of the murderers of Archbishop Sharp.

thither, I sent a party to each of the five farmer's houses. This villain Steel had murdered above forty of the King's subjects in cold blood; and, as I was informed, had often laid snares to entrap me. But it happened, that, although he usually kept a gang to attend him, yet at this time he had none when he stood in the greatest need. One of my party found him in one of the farmer's houses, just as I happened to dream. The dragoons first searched all the rooms below without success, till two of them, hearing somebody stirring over their heads, went up a pair of turnpike stairs. Steel had put on his clothes while the search was making below. The chamber where he lay was called the *chamber of dais;* which is the name given to a room where the laird lies when he comes to a tenant's house. Steel suddenly opened the door, fired a blunderbuss down at the two dragoons as they were coming up the stairs; but the bullets, grazing against the the side of the turnpike only *wounded*, and did not kill them. Then Steel violently threw himself down the stairs among them, and made towards the door to save his life, but lost it upon the spot; for the dragoons who guarded the house dispatched him with their broadswords. *I was not with the party when he was killed*, being at that time employed in searching at one of the other four houses; but I soon found what had happened, by hearing the noise of the shot made with the blunderbuss. From hence I returned straight to Lanark, and immediately sent one of the dragoons express to General Drummond at Edinburgh."

Deserving as he was of the gallows, Steel died stoutly; and if the question were whether he "had murdered *above forty* of the King's subjects in cold blood," we would not hold that fact absolutely proven, merely by the above narrative. But as for the manner of Steel's death, and the general character of the culprit, Creichton's most circumstantial and unreserved account of an exercise of his professional duty, which he had *immediately reported to head quarters*, is not to be disbelieved. Wodrow's meagre record cannot stand for a moment against it.

But where did the martyrologist obtain his version of the affair? He refers to no authority. Neither have we been

able to discover any written "information" on the subject among all his manuscripts.

Doubtless, upon this occasion, Wodrow had helped himself out of an obscure and now extremely rare print of the year 1690, anonymous, and fathered by no publisher, which indeed, appears to be the prototype of his own grander scheme of martyrology. To this venomous, and utterly unvouched record of fanaticism, we shall have to recur more particularly in the sequel. At page 37, of the pamphlet in question, and under the head,—"A *short hint* of those that have been *murdered* since the year 1682,"—the 31st item of the account runs thus:—

"Lieutenant Crichton, now prisoner in Edinburgh, did, *most barbarously*, *after quarter*, *shoot* David Steel, in the parish of Lesmahago, December 1686."[1] Here, manifestly, is Wodrow's "information" on the subject. He adds, however, that Steel lies buried in the church-yard of Lesmahago; where sure enough there is a monument to the martyr, with a suitable inscription. Captain Creichton is there of course immortalized as a *murderer*, since he commanded the party that attempted to seize Steel, when the desperate outlaw met his death, blunderbuss in hand. But beyond the usual vituperation to be found in all of those fanatical obituaries, the inscription upon Saint Steel's affords no corroboration whatever of Wodrow, or of his anonymous authority. It does not say that Steel was *shot;* and Creichton himself, while mentioning the epitaph, appears to have been totally unconscious of any such false version existing, as that so obscurely printed in 1690,

[1] Shields had not obtained, nor cared to seek for, the particulars of Steel's death. It sufficed for his purpose to know that he was one of the "sufferers." He took it for granted, seeing that this rebel outlaw had been disposed of by the military, that he was *shot;* and in recording such martyrdoms, it was the stereotyped style of these mendacious fanatics, to assert roundly that it was "*after quarter.*" Shields does not say (but so puts it that the inference may be adopted if you please) that Creichton shot David Steel *with his own hand.* That officer did not even witness the death of the outlaw, as he happened to be searching for him elsewhere at the moment. Shields himself tells us that he only means to afford "a short hint," of those who were "murdered;" a very convenient form for his brutal calumnies. We shall find his *short hint* of the martyrdom of the "Christian Carrier" (so effectively elongated by Wodrow and Lord Macaulay), to be precisely of the same character as this of David Steel.

and slavishly repeated by Wodrow in 1721. "Steel," says Creichton, "was buried in the church-yard of Lesmahago by some of his friends; who, *after the Revolution*, erected a fair monument on pillars, over his grave, and caused an epitaph to be engraved on the stone, in words to this effect: 'Here lieth the body of Captain David Steel, a Saint, who was murdered by John Creichton.' Some of my friends burlesqued this epitaph in the following manner:—

'Here lieth the body of Saint Steel,
Murdered by John Creichton, *that deil.*'"[1]

But it might have been parodied so as to afford a true characteristic of all those coarse and crumbling calumnies, upon which so much mistaken sentimentality has been lavished:—

Here lies the body of Saint Steel,
And here his tomb-stone *lies as weil.*

The author of the anonymous print, from which Wodrow had borrowed his version of this martyrdom, is none other, as

[1] Creichton only narrated from memory, and imperfectly of course, the words of the epitaph with which this martyr was honoured. See Sir Walter Scott's edition of Swift, x. 161; where the following note occurs:—

"Steele's epitaph is still legible, and was obligingly transcribed for the Editor, by the reverend Mr Hall, minister of the parish.

'Here lies the body of David Steel, martyr, who was *murdered* by Creighton for his testimony to the covenanted work of reformation, and because he *durst not own the authority of the then tyrant destroying the same*,—who died the 20th of Dec. *Anno Domini* 1686, and of his age 33.

David, a shepherd first, and then
Advanced to be King of men,
Had of his graces in his quarter, [*sic*]
And here this wanderer, now a martyr,
Who, for his constancy and zeal,
Steele to the back, did prove true *steel*,
Who for Christ's royal truths and laws,
And of the covenanted cause,
Scotland's famous reformation,
Disowning tyrants' usurpation,
By cruel Creighton murdered lies,
Whose blood to Heav'n for vengeance cries.'

"Whatever honour this punning dogrel may do either to the memory of the martyr, or of Creichton, the reader will probably agree that the poet will have small share in it."

It will be observed, that there is nothing in the above obituary record, to corroborate Alexander Shields' assertion that David Steel was *shot*.

we shall presently prove, than his *apostolic* friend, Alexander Shields, the author of "A Hind let loose." And it is in this same worthless pamphlet that we discover the earliest record of the martyrdom of Saint Brown, the "Christian Carrier." But ere we pass on to that now celebrated and classic instance, —of the savage nature of Claverhouse, and the cruelty of the British Government so happily superseded by the merciful era of the massacre of Glencoe,—let us pause upon the record with which Wodrow has honoured the greatest of the Grahams.

Fortunately the history of the Marquis of Montrose, from his cradle to his grave, has of late years been so thoroughly elucidated, by every species of authentic and contemporary document, that all he ever did, or ever said, bearing upon the question of his conduct and character, has been made patent to the world. No other historical character, indeed, has ever been submitted to a more searching ordeal; and the result, incontrovertibly proved, is, that he was a gentle and accomplished nobleman in social life; a humane General, even in the moment of sanguinary victory, and amid the broils and bloodshed of a fearful civil war; a high-minded and disinterested statesman and patriot, even during the chaos of the Constitution, and the wreck of public and private integrity. The whole of Montrose's career, thus minutely illustrated, emphatically gives the lie to the following low and ignorant libel, which we find set down, by Wodrow alone, in his *Analecta*, and without the expression of a doubt, in the year 1710:—

"He (Mr Andrew Fullarton) tells me, that in Montrose's time, there was one Mr William Smith, minister *somewhere* in Caithness. When Montrose came there with his army for the King, he called the ministers in that bounds, and obliged them all to take the oath of allegiance to King Charles. They all yielded, except Mr Smith. Montrose called him, and threatened him. Mr Smith told him, he resolved to live peaceably under the King's government, or any government that would preserve liberty and property, but would not take an oath of allegiance. After all fair and *foul* means would not prevail,[1] he

[1] This is characteristic of Wodrow. Most libellers would have been contented with saying, "after all *fair* means would not prevail, he ordered," &c.

ordered him to be bound with a cord about the middle, and caused him to be dragged this way after the boat, *a mile of way in the sea;* and aye when the boatman *saw him expiring*, to pull him in, and press him with the oath. He underwent this, *out and in again.* He was brought into a room half dead; and, after he was recovered a little, Montrose told him he would yet offer him his life once; if not, he would order him presently to be killed. He answered,—he was in his hands, and he might do in that as he pleased; but he was resolved in that matter, and would not do it; but, since he behoved to die, *he had a message to him from the Lord*, which he entreated him to hear and consider: 'You have dragged me,' says he, 'this day, and made me *a gazing-stock to hundreds*, but know, says he, 'that within nine (or six, *I have forgot)* months, you shall be taken and dragged,' says he, 'as dishonourably as I am, and a thousand shall gaze on you for every hundred that has looked on me, and you shall die in the evil cause you have in hand.' This damped Montrose very much. He left Mr Smith in prison, and went south, and was *beat entirely at Old Earn,—if I be not forgot*,—and taken into Edinburgh, and execute at Edinburgh."[1]

Here is a true brick of Wodrow's Babel. Torturing tyranny exercised over the Lord's saints: Heroic unflinching martyrdom endured by the elect: Condign retributive punishment overtaking the godless tyrant: Beatified prophecy issuing out of the inspired mouth of the martyr, speedily followed by exact and awful fulfilment!

But the battle of Old Earn, or Auldearn, was one of Montrose's greatest victories! Beaten in the south, at Philiphaugh, certainly he was, not very long afterwards. But instead of being "taken into Edinburgh and executed," some "nine or six months" either after the battle of Auldearn or the surprise at Philiphaugh, it was more than five years thereafter that Montrose met his fate. So much for covenanting prophecy, and Wodrow's knowledge of the history of the recent times he was professing to illustrate. We must now dispose for ever of this illiterate falsehood.

[1] *Analecta*, i. 268. When writing the Life of Montrose, the author had not discovered this atrocious calumny of Wodrow's, or it would have been refuted there.

1. When Montrose was, for a brief space, a soldier of the Covenant, he greatly displeased the dominant clergy, by his humanity contrary to orders. The Reverend Robert Baillie repeatedly refers with regret to that contumacious lenity. He bitterly complains of Montrose's "too great lenity;" of his not "using some severity for example;" and he adds,—"the discretion of that generous and noble youth was but *too great.*" Commanding for the King, Montrose, in the moment of his first desperate victory at the gates of Perth, *refused* to allow the captured cannon to be turned against the masses of the flying foe. When he entered the captured city he took instant measures to protect the whole community. *There is not a case on record of Montrose having put a prisoner to death.* From Inverlochy, the officers at his mercy, even of the Clan Campbell, were dismissed on their parole. With his latest breath on the scaffold, he anxiously and emphatically repelled the vague fanatical calumny of cruelty, hurled at him because of the blood that flowed on the fields of his victories. "Disorders," he said, "in an army *cannot be prevented;* but they were no sooner known than punished; never was any man's blood spilt but in battle; and even then, *many thousand lives have I preserved.*"

2. At the very time of the useless, impolitic, and horrible cruelty, alleged to have been exercised upon the person of this covenanting clergyman, every act and movement of the dreaded Montrose was closely watched, and *minutely chronicled*, by the zealots themselves. There is not a hint of such an incident in any chronicle of the period. Nor in any other page, or under any other hand, than Wodrow's own. Yet the facts, as he records them, are so flagrant, as to render it absolutely impossible that all the fanatical chroniclers of the day could have missed them, or have failed most clamorously to hold them up to public execration. The sufferer is said to have told Montrose,—"you have dragged me this day, and made me a gazing-stock to hundreds"! Was there not one of that "cloud of witnesses" to report this most public act of indefensible cruelty, perpetrated upon a clergyman, and one of the most heroic of his sect, even to the reverend Robert Baillie, the Clarendon of the Covenant, whose pen was in his hand?

Or to the Argyle Parliament? Or to the General Assembly of the Kirk?

3. There also exists, in Wodrow's own handwriting, and of a date *prior* to that of his record of the cruelty in question, a minute report which he had obtained from one of those clerical zealots who tormented Montrose in prison, with their invectives and denunciations, on the eve of his execution. Thus *safely* in immediate contact with the dreaded hero himself, and while loading him with every accusation they could think of, these death-ravens of the Covenant *never hinted at such a crime!*

4. Lauderdale, Montrose's bitterest enemy, and *prime abuser*, when categorically questioned, as to the violent but ever vague accusation of cruelty, was constrained categorically to exonerate Montrose: "The Earl confessed that *he did not know* that he was guilty of any, *but what was done in the field.*"[1]

5. The period of Montrose's last descent in arms upon covenanting Scotland, was about the middle of April 1650. On the 9th of April he is discovered dictating orders "from shipboard, near the island of Flotta," of that date. A few days thereafter he had landed in Caithness. For the following missive, addressed to "to the gentlemen and heritors of the Sheriffdom of Caithness," is dated "Thurso, 14th of April 1650:"—

"GENTLEMEN: Your not appearing to us, after our arrival in this place, so timely as we expected, hath necessitated us (the conveniency of his Majesty's affairs requiring our removal from this part) to leave behind us some certain persons belonging to us, by whom we have thought good to communicate unto you such things as we judge most necessary to be done by you at this time, in order to the establishing and carrying on of his Majesty's just service in these parts, and the peace and happiness of every one of yourselves. For which end we have particularly commanded them to offer unto you, in our name, *an oath of fidelity and allegiance*, to be subscribed by all and every one of you, to his sacred Majesty; as it hath,

[1] See the author's Memoirs of Montrose; Edinburgh, T. G. Stevenson, 1856, vol. ii. pp. 561, 785.

been already *cordially* done by those of *the gentry and ministers of Orkney*. As we expect your cheerful performance hereof, and ready concurrence with us in the prosecution of that trust his Majesty has again reposed in us, so we shall make it evidently appear unto you, that they could not have pitched upon any who should more firmly and constantly *protect and defend you*, in all your just rights and concernments, than your very affectionate friend,"

"MONTROSE."[1]

We are asked to believe that the anxious writer of this most temperate, courteous, humane, and dignified manifesto, had, at this very time, been exhibiting the most diabolical dispositions, before hundreds of spectators, in torturing a Caithness-shire clergyman because he refused to take that oath of allegiance ; and further, that Montrose himself having fallen into the merciless hands of that same clergyman's sect, in the month of May *immediately following*, he was not then accused of an act of atrocity, the proclamation of which, through the length and breadth of the land, would have been of far greater importance to the cause of those railing zealots, than the life even of so devoted a brother as the reverend William Smith.

Thus Wodrow has the merit of being the only chronicler, of any period, who ever recorded even a hint of this frightful accusation. He stands in the very same relation to the hero of Killiecrankie. Of Claverhouse, too, he has recorded a foul calumny, the most atrocious feature of which is to be met with in no history prior to his own, published in the eighteenth century, and in none since, until it finds its apotheosis in those golden chronicles of England which have so greatly amused the nineteenth century. The inquiry then becomes

[1] Memoirs of Montrose, Vol. ii. p. 743. The historian of the Earls of Sutherland, very inimical to Montrose, thus records the simple fact :—" James Graham compels the inhabitants of Caithness to subscribe certain new papers, swearing obedience to his Excellency, as to the King's Generalissimo, which he presents also to the *ministers* there. They do all subscribe these papers *except one Mr Smith*, whom, upon his refusal, he sent to his ships, to be put in irons ; but this minister was afterwards released."—(P. 552.) An unruly firebrand, doubtless as leniently treated as possible under the circumstances.

necessary, as to the authority upon which Scotland's martyrologist had constructed that unique legend of the martyrdom of John Brown, the "Christian Carrier."

By way of verification, he as usual refers to "my informations," but leaves us to find them where we can. With his nameless and unknown *oral* informations,—if any he had,—very old women, perhaps, "who remembered the evil days,"—we cannot grapple. But amid the dusty and dreary maze of his manuscripts, we have succeeded in discovering what, manifestly, was his *written* informations on the subject. The document is undated, and unsigned. But it is docqueted, in Wodrow's own hand, "Sufferings of the parish of Muirkirk." Valuable to our martyrologist was the word "sufferings," and he worked it well, as did all his zealous correspondents. His liberal use of it seemed to settle the question, without the necessity of other proof. The information itself, to which we now refer, written in another hand, bears this title: "The Sufferings of the parishioners of Muirkirk, in the *late times*, under the reign of Charles the Second, and of his brother King James." The internal evidence proves it to have been compiled sometime after the Revolution. In this manuscript Claverhouse is only once mentioned, towards the conclusion of it, and under this imposing head: "A list of persons in this parish of Muirkirk, drowned, murdered, killed, and sent over the seas, *since Pentland.*" The accusation against our hero runs thus:—

"Also, Claverhouse, in the year 1685, coming out of Lesmahago, apprehended John Brown in Priestshield, at his work, his wife standing in the door, and a child in her arms; *he caused shoot him;* and we are *credibly informed* that his wife said to Claverhouse, 'You will give an account of what you have done.' Claverhouse answered, that, 'to men I can be answerable, and for God I can take him in my own hand.'" Not another word about Claverhouse does this manuscript contain. Nor can we discover among the Wodrow collections any other "Informations" on the subject. That it was information obtained by the martyrologist in aid of his chronicle of the "Sufferings" of his Kirk, is proved by his possession of it; and also by this, that he adopts the very phraseology

of his hearsay evidence. In reference to the vulgar bandying of words, and blasphemous bravado with which the lofty cavalier is said to have concluded the scene, it will be observed that Wodrow, in his history, adopts the words of the manuscript, —" I am credibly informed," &c. Now, the revelation is startling, and anything but creditable to Wodrow, that he was in possession of, using, and founding his own historical credit upon latent written information, which, after that inspection which Wodrow did not anticipate it would be submitted to, is found absolutely to contradict the worst feature in the story against Colonel Graham that Wodrow's published version of it contains. It is not merely that the unscrupulous martyrologist had raked out of some other gutter a more truculent fact than his written information had happened to supply. But it is, that he had secretly before him a manuscript of what he calls " my informations," and the contents and very phraseology of which he adopts, so far as they suit his purpose, which nevertheless contains a positive contradiction,—kept latent by the martyrologist,—of the most telling fact against Graham of Claverhouse that is recorded in Wodrow's own historical version of the death of John Brown! That history tells us, that the " Christian Carrier," " having great measure of the gift, as well as the grace, of prayer, the soldiers were affected and astonished; yea, which is yet more singular, such convictions were left in their bosoms, that, as *my informations bear*, not one of them would shoot him, or obey Claverhouse's commands; so that he was *forced to turn executioner himself*, and, in a fret, *shot him with his own hand*, before his own door, his wife with a young infant standing by, and she very near the time of her delivery of another child." While recording for history so gross a falsehood (as in the sequel we shall prove it to be), derived from what other source it were needless to inquire, Wodrow was secretly in possession of " my informations" of the " Sufferings of the parish of Muirkirk," wherein it is expressly stated that Claverhouse " *caused shoot him;*" a mode of expression distinctly implying that the execution was in *military form*, and not by the hand of Claverhouse himself. And this most important variation in the story Wodrow withholds from history and the

public, in order that the vile calumny he was anxious to establish might fall under no doubt or discredit!

But we discover another, and a printed record of the death of John Brown,—a record also known to Wodrow, and of date only five years after the event. It exists in that rare pamphlet compiled by Alexander Shields, from which, as we have already shown, Wodrow had culled his false version of the death of Saint Steel. As formerly promised, we now recur to a more particular exposition of this fanatical performance.

It is entitled, "A short Memorial of the Sufferings and Grievances, past and present, of the Presbyterians in Scotland, particularly of those of them called by nickname Cameronians: Printed in the year 1690." That Alexander Shields, the author of that infamous production, "A Hind let loose," was also the author of this pamphlet, there can be no doubt. For Patrick Walker, the fanatical pedlar (a contemporary of whom more anon), uses these expressions in his "Life and death of Mr Alexander Peden:"—

"Let all who desire to be truly informed of the beginning, rise, height, and length, of the tyranny of that twenty-eight years' persecution, read the 'Sufferings and Grievances of Presbyterians, especially those of them nicknamed Cameronians,' written by *famous Mr Shields.*"

But, independently of the half-crazy pedlar's exulting announcement of the fact, the authorship can be easily gathered from the context. It had originally been framed for presentation to King William, as a help and directory to the new Government, upon the fond but consistent fanatical idea, that the advent of the Orange dynasty would prove the inauguration of a triumphant Millenium of the Covenant in Scotland, established upon the religious views and Christian sentiments of such men as "famous Mr Shields." But the Cameronian clique, to which he had given in his adhesion, were no less disappointed, as regarded their own position in the State with King William, than the Argyle clique had been with Charles the Second. No sooner had the death of Dundee, in 1689, steadied the rocking throne of the Dutchman, than these Cameronian wolves came fawning to his footstool. But, when approaching with a too triumphant leer, their assuming gri-

maces and ridiculous anathemas against any government save the useless and impracticable directory of the Conventicle, were unceremoniously thrust back. A preface to the reader, in Saint Shields' "Short Memorial," contains this long groan over the ignominious discomfiture:—

"Now, for adhering to this complex testimony, what have been the sufferings and grievances of Presbyterians in general, and ours in particular, since anno 1660, from the popish, prelatic, and malignant party, is more fully demonstrated, with the principles and testimony contended for by us vindicated, in *Naphtali*, *Jus Populi*, the *Hind let loose*, our *Informatory Vindication*, and the *Testimony against the Toleration* given in by that faithful and zealous minister of Christ, Mr James Renwick, and here summarily remonstrated. We had once a resolution, at the first appearance of the Prince of Orange, who, under God, was the honoured instrument of our begun enlargement from them, to have addressed his Highness with this same memorial. But *that failing*, after this long suspense in expectation of some redress of grievances,—whereof we and many others have been in a great measure disappointed,—we have been induced to publish it in this juncture, with an *appendix* of our present complaints of something that we understand to be wrong in the Church, State, Army, and Country, at the time of the writing thereof; which was in the time and upon occasion of the many adjournments of Parliament; wherein something will occur which may seem *obliquely* to reflect upon the Government, when we complain of the ill administration of many *malignants* in power. But as they are *sad truths* which cannot be denied, and though we may be charged with imprudence in speaking so freely what many thousands, and those of the surest friends the Government hath, do think, so, however we be neither politicians nor flatterers, we think conscience and loyalty both doth oblige us to speak what concerns the King and Country both to hear," &c. &c.

But neither the Court, the Kirk, nor the Parliament, of Presbyterian King William, would have anything whatever to do with the "conscience and loyalty," of the sect whom Saint Shields was now leading; nor would they condescend

to patronize, or venture to listen to, "the surest friends the Government hath." This Dutch ingratitude, and Orange obstinacy, roused at least the indignation of that godly pedlar, Patrick Walker. Referring to King William's General Assembly, convened in October 1690, he bitterly complains of "The hard and bad treatment Master Shields, Linning, and Boyd met with; their paper containing the *Grievances* only read in a Committee; not one speaking in favours of it,—except an old minister from the north, who said, 'That is a fell sort of a paper; it deals *the beetle among the bairns*, and gives me a cuff in the by-going,'—and condemned in open Assembly, though few of them knew what was in it. Old Sir James Stewart, Advocate, said several times, this was a stain to that Assembly: And let the unbiassed world judge, if that paper deserved these epithets they gave it, inserted in their public Acts, viz., that it contains several peremptor gross mistakes, unseasonable and impracticable proposals, *uncharitable* and *injurious reflections*."

Patrick the pedlar must have had strange notions of "the unbiassed world," to suppose that it could do any thing else than coincide with an Assembly of the Kirk in condemning this alarming and untoward resurrection of their own revolutionary principles. Nor can it well be doubted, that when the venom found a safer vent, for all concerned, in the shape of a pamphlet *anonymously* printed, that production would be yet more redolent of fanatical trash, treason, and calumny. As it contains the earliest record we can discover of the death of the "Christian Carrier," and really seems to be the fountain at which the Shields-inspired Wodrow drank of the Sufferings and Grievances of his Kirk, we must pause a little upon the long forgotten record.

It commences with an address to the reader of several pages of zealot bombast, assuming to be a "deduction" of "Religious and Civil Liberties." But all intention is disavowed of opposing King William, whom it bespatters with praise, laying the entire blame upon "*Malignants* at Court, Council, and Parliament, who are seeking to betray him and *us* both." This advanced guard, of his army of martyrs, is followed by the main body of "Grievances,"—thirty-three in number, systematically

martialled. The curious in that interminable subject "Scottish Grievances," would do well to hunt out this very rare specimen of them, and study the subject under the light of such a genius as "famous Master Shields." After the "Grievances," march a rear guard of "Sufferings," showing somewhat like Falstaff's recruits,—"ragged old-faced ancients; nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs as if they had gyves on; there's but a shirt and a half in all their company." There is not the slightest attempt to *authenticate* this libellous section of the performance. The naked assertion by the anonymous pamphleteer, of the most violent accusations against men of the highest position, must be accepted of, as the fact. If we are to believe this record, among all the rebels of the west of Scotland, from before the murder of Archbishop Sharp until after the death of Dundee, there was not one single *criminal*. On the other hand, every member of the royal family, every statesman, every nobleman, every military commander, every laird in any degree connected with upholding the uncovenanting throne in Scotland, against a lurking rebellion of armed assassins, were men without piety or principle; without a spark of Christian feeling or natural humanity in their bosoms; and daily occupied, as a pleasant pastime, with slaughtering some harmless and saintly peasant, at his cottage door, or by the wayside, or (according to Malcolm Laing and Charles Fox) "in the arms of his wife." No single fine was ever exacted that comes not under Saint Shields' category of cruel extortion. No tax to sustain the executive was ever imposed, that does not enter his black list of lawless oppression. No *rebel*, however rampant, was ever deprived of his life, in battle, or under martial law, or by judicial sentence, that was not *murdered*,—that had not lived a saint and died a martyr. What a picture of Scotland! During the latter half of the seventeenth century, all the lowest in the land represented Heaven, all the most noble and exalted represented Hell! How came this to be? Let us learn from famous Master Shields, who inspired a Wodrow, who instructed a Macaulay.

"The immediate authors, actors, and instruments, of these oppressions, were principally the *Curates*, instigating the

Privy Council, which empowered the *forces*, and *noblemen* and *gentlemen* of the country, to *prey upon the poor people.* All cannot be here expressed ; but some of the most noted in the western shires shall be named, who were the greatest persecutors and oppressors, by finings, and other exactions."

And first this recording angel names "Officers of the Forces," commencing with the prime minister's brother : "Colonel Douglas, now Lieutenant-General Douglas, brother to the Duke of Queensberry : Lieutenant-General Drummond : Earl of Lithgow : Earl of Airlie : Lord Balcarres : Graham of Claverhouse, afterwards Viscount of Dundee: Colonel Buchan:" and so on through all ranks of the infernal host, Majors, Captains, and Lieutenants, till we come to,—"Bonshaw, a borderer, a *highwayman*, afterwards an officer of dragoons, robbed much from poor people in Clydesdale : Duncan Grant, a *cripple with a tree leg*, a very outrageous persecutor, exacted in Clydesdale, from poor people, above fifteen hundred pounds"!

Next in this Pandemonean panorama are paraded the noblemen and gentlemen, great statesmen and influential landed proprietors. Hide your heads Christian descendants of the upholders of Antichrist. They are catalogued under their respective shires,—nailed to the locality of their iniquities like kites and beasts of prey on a barn door. Clydesdale, Renfrew, Ayrshire, Galloway, Nithsdale, Annandale ! How a Christian gentleman, or a righteous judge, should ever have reached us, as we know they have, from the loins of such a stock, is matter of marvel. In Ayrshire,—"Crawford of Ardmillan, a *wicked persecutor and spoiler;* the laird of Craigie, a *great persecutor and oppressor.*" In Nithsdale,—"The Duke of Queensberry and his sons *oppressed much :* John Alison, Chamberlain to the Duke of Queensberry, when dying said, he had damned his soul for the Duke his master." 'Twere long to tell all the tyrannical iniquities of the great heritors enumerated under this head ; nor can we enter here into the savage details, which the author curtly and nakedly catalogues, under the following sanguinary rubric,—

"The list of those who were killed in cold blood, without trial, conviction, or any colour of law, by the persons under-

written ; a short hint of those that have been *murdered* since the year 1682 will *suffice*" (suffice ?)

And this is the vial of wrath, out of which the giant Wodrow issues, in vaporous and vapouring expansion, *monstrum horrendum ingens!* He had possessed himself of a great deal of the calumnious rubbish which formed the staple of the older martyrologist's anathemas ; and his own " History of the Sufferings of the Church of Scotland," exhibits throughout the impress of his fanatical master. And in this anonymous print of 1690 it is, that the earliest record occurs (so far as discovered), of the death of John Brown. But Alexander Shields does not therein dignify Colonel Graham of Claverhouse according to the figurative denunciations of Lord Macaulay, as " chief of this Tophet on earth." He sets down against him, indeed, every necessary exercise of the executive power entrusted to him, as a murder or a savage act. But he tells us, " The *chief* contrivers and authors of all these slaughters and mischiefs, were they that enacted and subscribed the edicts for them in Council ; principally the Earl of Perth, Chancellor : Duke of Queensberry : Marquis of Athole ; and particularly the Viscount of Tarbat, who *invented* the murderous device, wherein yet he carried so cunningly that he procured the despatch of the act to the King with such suddenness, that he found a way to shift his own subscribing it." The terrible guardsman, however, is not left unscathed by this famous chronicler. Among less conspicuous instances of his professional activity, the following is recorded : " *Item*, the said Claverhouse, in May 1685, apprehended John Brown in Priesthill, in the parish of Muirkirk, in the shire of Ayr, being at his work, about his own house, and shot him dead before his own door, in presence of his wife."

Thus curtly, and just five years after the event, is the death of the " Christian Carrier" recorded against Claverhouse, by the most unscrupulous pen that was ever dipt in brimstone, —a pen that, as the fanatic pedlar so dolefully admits, was scorned and rejected by the Presbyterian Government of King William, and formally condemned by the Assembly of the Kirk " for its gross mistakes, unseasonable and impracticable

proposals, uncharitable and injurious reflections."[1] Had there existed, at that time, such a story, however false, as that Colonel Graham had shot with his own hand an innocent peasant, because the dragoons under his command had refused to obey the cruel order, that version would have been no less valuable, for the object of Alexander Shields, than it was to the design of Wodrow's martyrologies, and would have been recorded *con amore* in the venemous pamphlet of 1690. But, as we ascend to the source, the hideous legend of Saint Brown becomes " fine by degrees, and beautifully less." Nay, when twenty-four years thereafter the concentrated essence of fanatical and reckless calumny was raked together into that feculent heap, the Scotch Newgate Calendar of Saints, entitled, " A *Cloud of Witnesses* for the royal prerogative of Jesus Christ," the testimony of this delinquent, John Brown, was again presented to the public, but simply in the form of a *verbatim reprint* of what had been recorded on the subject by Alexander Shields in 1690.[2]

[1] The Report from the Committee of Overtures to the General Assembly, containing the sentence quoted by Walker in his Life of Peden, adds these words, which the pedlar had omitted,—" Tending rather to kindle contention, than to compose divisions." See next Note.

[2] The Reverend Alexander Shields, author of " A Hind let loose," was in fact one of the most outrageous, and at the same time cowardly, firebrands of the age. Many were the poor delinquents whose ignorant minds he inflamed, and drove on to their destruction. Yet so little was he himself inclined to afford in his own person the " testimony" of a martyr, that he never failed to succumb and crouch to authority when arraigned for his offences. We have seen (p. 61.) how to save his life he took the oath of allegiance, and solemnly abjured the truculent treasons of his sect, at the time when so mercifully dealt with in being only sent a prisoner to the Bass. But the Kirk Government of King William, which might have been expected to be grateful to the firebrands that lighted the advent of the Orange dynasty, regarded Alexander Shields, and his coadjutors, as dangerous to all established government, and treated them after a fashion which entirely justified the fallen dynasty in having placed their leader in limbo. Nor is that true which Wodrow records, that this fanatic " came in *heartily* at the Revolution."—(See before, p. 61.) The very reverse is the truth. The following is from the oldest printed volume of the Acts of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, published in 1691 :—

" Edinburgh, 25th October 1690.—The General Assembly having received a Report from the Committee of Overtures, anent *two papers* given into the said Committee, and subscribed by Mr Thomas Lining, Mr Alexander Schields, and Mr William Boyd,—who had followed *some courses contrary to the orders of this Church*, —whereby, ' The said Committee, out of their ardent desire of union in the Church,

Having thus traced the genealogy of Lord Macaulay's derivative calumny against Dundee, we must now disclose, from more authentic sources, the actual circumstances under which this John Brown forfeited his life to the laws of his country.

The insane but alarming attempt, by a wild faction of the community of Scotland, chiefly inspired by those villanous spirits who had just escaped from the scene of their enormity, —murdering an aged prelate literally in the arms of his daughter,—the audacious scheme of such characters to dethrone Charles the Second, was finally crushed, as an open rebellion in arms at Bothwell Bridge. But the fanatical districts of the west of Scotland, among whose all but inaccessible moors and mosses armed conventicles were more active

recommend to the Assembly the reading of *the shorter of these two papers*, in which the fore-named persons oblige themselves, after the exhibiting of the *larger paper*, (which they offer, as they profess, for the *exoneration of their consciences,)* and laying it down at the Assembly's feet, to be disposed upon as the Assembly should think fit: That they shall in all required submission subject themselves, their lives and doctrine, to the cognizance of the respective Judicatories of this Church, and equally to oppose schism and defection in any capacity that they should be capable of. But the said Committee judgeth the reading of *the larger of the saids two papers* in full Assembly to be *inconvenient*, in regard, though there be *several good things in it*, yet the same doth also contain *several peremptory and gross mistakes, unseasonable and impracticable proposals, and uncharitable and injurious reflections, tending rather to kindle contentions than to compose divisions:* Nevertheless, the said Committee give it as their opinion, that the foresaid *offer* of the above named persons, their *subjection and obedience* to the authority of this Church, in her respective Judicatories, contained in the said *shorter paper*, should be entertained and accepted of by the Assembly, and they received into communion with this Church, according to their several capacities.'"

"Likeas the above-named persons having compeared in presence of the Assembly, and judicially owned and adhered unto their said *shorter paper;* and the Assembly having heard the above written Report of the Committee of Overtures, regarding both the said papers, as also the said *shorter paper* read in their presence, the General Assembly, after mature deliberation, did *unanimously*, and *without a contrary voice*, approve the above written report and opinion of the Committee of Overtures, in the whole heads thereof. Which being intimated to the fore-named persons, they *acquiesced thereto.* Upon all which the following act was made."

Then follows the act of subjection of these backsliding saints, whom the now somewhat sobered, and tolerably satisfied, Assembly of the Kirk, "gravely admonished by the Moderator to walk orderly in time coming, in opposition to all schism and division," in terms of their "submission and subjection."

So much for Wodrow's "successful, serious, and solid preacher, and useful minister in this Church, moved with love to souls, and somewhat of the *old apostolic spirit.*"—(See before, p. 62.)

than ever, harboured various wandering bands of the most truculent of these rebels. Having fled from justice, they were for the most part under sentence of fugitation; and therefore ready and anxious to combine into a new army against the reigning dynasty whenever the opportunity occurred. Meanwhile, the most desperate of these lurking criminals,—being the very flower of Wodrow's army of martyrs,—were ever on the alert to indulge their vengeful feelings, by murdering any of the loyal lieges whom their conventicle orators, or their own private enmities, might point out for destruction. The state of matters in the west of Scotland at that time, was worse than the worst condition of Ireland, infested by assassins, under the domination of unprincipled priests. The peace and security of the country was utterly destroyed, and the Government kept in a constant state of agitation and alarm, by their treasonable proclamations to excite the people, and their repeated acts of insane violence to terrify the peaceable and loyal. No government on earth could tolerate such a system, and exist. Acts of executive severity were not the *cause* of this fanatical fury, but the *effect.*[1] Unless these fanatics were put down at once by the most energetic and rapid exercise of the executive power, it was manifest that anarchy must desolate the land.

The most alarming crisis was towards the close of 1684, and throughout the year 1685, in which last the "Christian Carrier" at length paid the penalty of his folly and his crimes. The Duke of Queensberry, holding the offices of Lord High Treasurer and Lord High Commissioner to the Parliament, was now prime minister for Scotland. He was in constant correspondence with the Court; and every incident of public importance was reported by him to the Duke of York, whom the King had entrusted with the command of the affairs of Scotland, civil and military. The office was no sinecure

[1] Loudly as Lord Macaulay exclaims against what he assumes to have been the execrable cruelty of the government of Charles and James, he sometimes finds it convenient to regard cruelty as the excusable concomitant of an *energetic* policy. He mentions how "that *cruel* but *most complete and energetic system* by which *Oliver* proposed to make Ireland thorough English, was abandoned," after the Usurpation. —Hist. i. 187.

to that unfortunate Prince, and one of extreme difficulty. We may here afford, from the Queensberry papers, already referred to, a few specimens of this anxious correspondence, which has never hitherto entered history, or appeared in print.[1]

Upon the 20th of November 1684, his Royal Highness writes to Queensberry on the subject of the fugitated rebels' declaration of war, and threats of murder, which had just been reported to him:—

"I see by yours of the 9th that another declaration has been put up by some of the rebels, upon some church-doors, one of which has been sent me by the Chancellor. 'Tis well they can do nothing else but *that*, and *rob poor ministers' houses*. One Roswell, a Presbyterian minister, was this day at the King's Bench found guilty of treason by the petty Jury, for preaching seditiously at one of their meetings."

The Lord Register, Sir George Mackenzie of Tarbat (soon afterwards created Viscount Tarbat), thus reports to Queensberry, then in Dumfriesshire, by letter dated 10th November 1684:—

"This day the Secret Committee have met on occasion of a paper affixt on the cross of Lithgow, declaring war with the Government, and promising to kill us all.

"Since we find there is a party *declaring a war*, who *lurk* within us, we think on a strict enquiry, for all in the nation who *will not forswear those opinions;* and especially in Edinburgh; and at any rate to free the kingdom of all of them. For (hunting?) and hawking are judged absolutely insecure. The justice court are just now denouncing Earl Loudon, Melville, &c. fugitives. We are ordering an enquiry on oath in Linlithgow and Borrowstounness concerning this paper."

The protective measure adopted by the Privy Council of Scotland, after consulting the Judges, was, the application of a special test, to which all were to be liable, of an oath, abjuring the having been accessory to, or approving of, those treasonable and sanguinary proclamations, secretly affixed to the *church doors* and market-crosses; threats which these fugitated rebels immediately commenced to fulfil. Further, it

[1] See before, p. 76.

was determined that the fact of obstinately refusing, in presence of two witnesses, to take that easy and rational test of innocence and peaceful intentions, should subject the guilty party to the penalty of death, under martial law, whenever apprehended by the military authorities sent in pursuit of such lawless and dangerous fugitives.

Upon the 27th of November 1684, the Duke of York again writes to Queensberry as follows, on the subject of the midnight murder of the two Lifeguardsmen :—

" By the letters which came from Edinburgh of the 20th and 22d, yesterday I was informed of the murder was committed by some of the fugitive rebels upon two of the gentlemen of the guard, near Blackburn, in pursuance of their *late declaration*. It shows of what abominable principles they are, and what all loyal men are to expect from them. For now that they are not in a condition of doing the Government any harm, they will vent their malice upon private persons. So that all you, who have so great a share of the affairs there, ought more particularly to have a care of yourselves. You will see by his Majesty's letter, which is to go by this post, that he approves of the method proposed for the finding and punishing such desperate villains. I have not time to say more."

It was upon the 12th of December thereafter, less than a month, that the intrepid and conscientious curate of Carsphairn was shot at midnight within his own manse. That base deed being also immediately reported to his Majesty and the Duke of York, the latter again writes as follows, from St James's, to the prime minister in Scotland, upon the 22d of December 1684 :—

" I have last week yours of the 13th, but not in time to answer it by the last Saturday post; by which I find that some of the fugitive rebels had murdered a minister in Galloway; by which one sees that those desperate villains will lose no opportunity of doing what mischief they can; and would spare nobody; and do more were it in their power; and I am sure you of the Secret Committee will continue their care and vigilance to secure the Government from such bloody principled villains."

Immediately thereafter, in January 1685, as we have already seen, the gallant Captain Urquhart, a staff-officer, the laird of Meldrum's brother, fell by the hand of an outlawed rebel; and Colonel Douglas, the prime minister's brother, narrowly escaped the same fate.

Nor was this all. At this time, for his Majesty's troops to traverse the disaffected districts, although under the highest command, and the strictest discipline, was a duty of the greatest peril, more especially if they happened to have rebels in custody. The dragoons were shot from ambuscades; and even when their prisoners had been lodged in some place of security, the rebels would force the doors to release them, whereby some of these insane outlaws, in effecting their criminal ends, obtained their crown of martyrdom on the spot. We again quote from the too friendly Fountainhall, but a Christian gentleman, who never attempted to palliate these villanies; and who, to his immortal honour be it remembered, declined, from his own party, in 1692, the office of Lord Advocate, because he could not justify the Orange Government in regard to the massacre of Glencoe.

"In August 1684, some of Claverhouse's troop, bringing sixteen prisoners from Dumfries, they were assaulted by some Whigs at a strait pass of Enterkin hill, and two or three of the King's forces were killed."

"20th December 1684: Letters came from Colonel Graham of Claverhouse, then in Galloway, that he had met with a party of these rogues, who had skulked in the mountains (if their retiring holes could be got, they are so cowardly they may be easily routed,) he had followed them, killed five, and taken three prisoners, some of which were of the murderers of the minister of Carsphairn; and that he was to judge and execute the three prisoners by his justiciary power; and if his garrisons were once placed, he hoped to secure and quiet the country."

This fearful state of affairs is confirmed, and more instances afforded, by another chronicler, nearly contemporary, who published in 1714 a short memoir of Dundee, designing himself "an officer in the army." There is no reason to doubt the facts he so circumstantially records, and in several of

which he is corroborated by Fountainhall, and others. Referring to the year 1685, he says,—

"About this time the Whigs began to renew their rebellions in Galloway, where they murdered the minister of *Creforn*[1] in his bed; and coming afterwards to Kirkcudbright, killed a poor man there, who was one of the sentries on the tolbooth, only for challenging *Who comes there?* About six miles from Kircudbright, Clavers, with some horse and dragoons, attacked that party of rebels that murdered the minister, chased them into a bog, killed seven or eight of them,[2] and took some prisoners, who told him the murderer of the minister lay dead on the spot.

"This is all I can observe transacted between Clavers and the rebels in King Charles II.'s time, except some barbarous murders committed by the rebels on Clavers' soldiers, whereof there are now living many eye-witnesses, both in England and Scotland.

"William Cunningham and Andrew Cleveland, two dragoons, going out of Cumlock in the shire of Ayr, were set upon by seven country fellows out of a wood; Cunningham was murdered, and at the intercession of some countrywomen, Cleveland was saved.

"Oliphant and his comrade, two dragoons quartered in the parish of Newmills, in the shire of Ayr, were both murdered by the Whigs on a Sunday morning as they went to their conventicle: a glorious work before prayers!

"Irvine, a dragoon, was killed between Douglas and Lanark, by a man and a woman who went along the road with him, until they came to a pass; the man threw him off his horse, and the woman killed him with his own sword.

"Flesher, a trooper coming home to his troop in Clydesdale, was murdered by six Whigs, thrown in a river, and found six weeks afterwards.

"Two troopers, who went out of the garrison of Blahan, in

[1] "Creforn" is obviously a misprint for Carsphairn. The minister, as we have seen, was murdered at midnight, but on his own threshold, having been roused from bed.

[2] Fountainhall's account says five, and three prisoners.

the shire of Ayr, in the evening to walk, were both shot from the wood by the Whigs.

"A single dragoon coming into a public-house to ask the way to Blahan, a woman spinning on her distaff told him she would show him; and instead thereof, she immediately called six or seven men, and murdered the dragoon.

"At Entricken hill, some whigs, hid in bushes, shot two of a party of Dundee's horse, as they passed that way.[1]

"At Swine Abbey, in Linlithgowshire, James Carmichael, laird of little Blackburn, with a party of about fifty whigs, murdered Captain Duncan Stewart, and Captain Kennoway, both gentlemen of the King's horse-guards," &c.[2]

"At Bella-path near Cumnock, in the shire of Ayr, the whigs took one Houston a prisoner from a small party of horse, commanded by Mr James Affleck, and killed three of his party.

"And to foment our rebellions in Scotland, much about the time these murders were committed, Argyle sailed from Ulye in Holland, on the 2d of May 1685,[3] with three ships, one of thirty, one of twelve, and one of six guns, and twenty boats."[4]

It was while murder thus stalked the land; while no loyal person's life was safe from these skulking outlaws, and conventicle fire-brands—delicately called, "Wanderers," "Society People," and "the Suffering Remnant;" while state prisoners were being continually rescued from the custody of the King's troops, and generally with the sacrifice of the lives of some of those greatly provoked, and grossly maligned soldiers; all this, too, at the very time when the descent upon the west of Scotland, at the head of a rebel army, by that hereditary rebel Argyle was momentarily expected, that a most harassing,

[1] The same affair is more particularly recorded by Fountainhall.

[2] The notorious murder recorded by Fountainhall and others. The above chronicler imputes the murder to the landlord Carmichael, whom he accuses of other and even more atrocious murders. See before, p. 81.

[3] The day after the military execution of John Brown.

[4] Memoirs of the Lord Viscount Dundee, &c., by an Officer of the Army. London: printed for Jonas Brown, at the Black Swan, 1714. Reprinted in the Miscellanea Scotica, vol. iii. 1818.

dangerous, undignified, but indispensable duty, was imposed upon the two most distinguished officers in Scotland, Colonel Graham of Claverhouse, and Colonel Douglas, brother to the Duke of Queensberry, immediately before they were both raised to the rank of Brigadiers, upon the landing of Argyle. Holding distinct and co-equal commands, they had been commissioned, in the first instance, to scour the disaffected districts with their dragoons—*Beelzebub* and *Apollyon*, as Lord Macaulay has antichristened them—to track these dangerous outlaws to their several caves and fastnesses, in order to apprehend them, or at least to prevent their combination in arms. They were also particularly instructed to scatter the armed field conventicles, justly characterised as being "to the scandal of religion, and contempt of the Government," and which were the most prolific nurseries for Argyle's rebellion; to seize all rebellious persons; to fulfil the latest orders of the Privy Council, by putting the oath of abjuration (applicable to the most recently issued rebellious proclamations and incentives to murder); and, in the event of such persons refusing, in the presence of witness, so to absolve themselves from being parties to these treasonable and sanguinary manifestos, anonymously affixed to the church-doors and market-crosses throughout the country, to execute them on the spot in military form.

These terrible duties were imposed, imperatively, upon Colonels Douglas and Graham in particular. Hence the prominence of their names, and the great abuse bestowed upon them, in fanatical histories. Their instructions were publicly announced, and strictly defined. Nor can we discover, save in the mendacious and calumnious chronicles of the Wodrow school, a single instance, in which either of these high-minded and distinguished commanders, exceeded their orders, acted upon the impulse of mere personal feeling, or passion, or took the law into their own hands. Indeed, as regards Colonel Graham of Claverhouse, we say, despight all the trash that has been written against him, that the rare combination of qualities most necessary for such a service,—energetic action, clear and discriminating views of public policy and private rights, the firm purpose of an indomitable spirit, and the humane

feelings of a cultivated mind,—were eminently to be found in him. He was well tried, under most difficult circumstances, in all these requisites, and never found wanting. The maligned Government under which he acted, had good reason to know, that the desire to avoid unnecessary bloodshed, were among the high attributes of their greatest Captain. The recent discovery, among the Queensberry Papers, of thirty-seven letters in the handwriting of "that man rapacious and profane, of violent temper, seared conscience, and adamantine heart," addressed to the prime minister for Scotland, will of themselves suffice to prove, in the course of these Memorials, that he never acted either as a statesman, a military commander, or a man, except upon the highest principle of duty. It will be seen, that, in every exercise of the executive power entrusted to him, he failed not to report the most minute circumstances, both to the General commanding in chief, and to the head of the Government, that it might be known he did his duty, his whole duty, and nothing but his duty.

Accordingly, he reports as usual to head-quarters, the then comparatively unimportant circumstance of the military execution of John Brown. But ere we lay before our readers the recently discovered record, under his own hand, of that tragic incident, we must premise, from the same authentic sources, some illustrations to justify the character which we have given above of "Bloody Clavers."

5. *Real characteristics of Claverhouse. True story of the death of John Brown.*

We have it on the authority of Lord Macaulay (instructed by Wodrow, the value of whose records has now been sufficiently tested), that for such deeds as the murder of Archbishop Sharp, and of the clergyman of Carsphairn, Graham of Claverhouse was responsible, because he had "goaded the peasantry of the Western Lowlands into madness." He has told us, that, "pre-eminent among the bands which oppressed and wasted these unhappy districts, were the dragoons commanded by James Graham of Claverhouse." They were not, indeed, the ordinary dragoons of military history, and human warfare,

but devils incarnate. "These wicked men," he says, "used in their revels to play at the torments of Hell, and to call each other by the name of devils and damned souls." But "the chief of this Tophet on earth" excelled them in wickedness as Satan his myrmidons. Discipline, of course, was out of the question. The devils only obeyed their chief, when his orders happened to chime in with their own diabolical fancies. Sometimes, indeed, he would give the sign, and, "in three minutes the goodman of the house was wallowing in a pool of blood at his own door." For, "Dundee had bound himself to do the work of Hell on earth." But there were times when "even those wild and hard-hearted men, who nicknamed one another Beelzebub and Apollyon, shrank from the great wickedness of butchering;" as in the case of John Brown, whom Satan slew with his own hand, *dissentient. diabolis.*

Graham of Claverhouse commanded soldiers of the highest class. But, along with their illustrious chief, they were tied to a service the most harassing and trying to which the temper and the spirit of brave soldiers were ever doomed to submit. Hence the first duty of their leader was to preserve the strictest discipline; and to inculcate the necessity of the utmost forbearance towards the peaceful peasant, and *justice to the poor man.* And all this Claverhouse never failed to do. A few months before the murder of Archbishop Sharp, we find him with his dragoons at Dumfries. Is he goading the peasants of the Western Lowlands into madness? By the act of a reckless dragoon, a poor man is injured. The act is not one of atrocity, or even violence, but rather of the nature of a careless accident, incidental to military habits, and soldiers' quarters, in all ages. Let us see how "Bloody Clavers" did justice between the poor man, and the proud dragoon. He is reporting the circumstance in a letter to the commander-in-chief, dated, Dumfries, January 6, 1679.[1]

"On Saturday night when I came back here, the sergeant who commands the dragoons in the castle came to see me; and while he was here, they came and told me there was a

[1] The Archbishop was murdered on the 5th of May following; and the defeat of Claverhouse and the King's troops, by the fanatics at Drumclog, occurred on the 1st of June thereafter.

horse killed just by, upon the street, by a shot from the castle. I went immediately and examined the guard, who denied point blank that there had been any shot from thence. I went and heard the Bailie take depositions of men that were looking on, who declared upon oath that they saw the shot from the guard hall, and the horse immediately fall. I caused also search for the bullet in the horse's head, which was found to be of their calibre. After that I found it so clear, I caused seize upon him who was ordered by the sergeant in his absence to command the guard, and keep him prisoner till he find out the man; which I suppose will be found *himself*. His name is James Ramsay, an Angus-man, who has formerly been a lieutenant of horse, as I am informed. It is an ugly business; for, besides *the wrong the poor man has got in losing his horse*, it is *extremely against military discipline* to fire out of a guard. I have appointed the poor man to be here to-morrow, and bring with him some neighbours to declare the worth of the horse; and have assured him to satisfy him, if the Captain, who is to be here also to-morrow, refuse to do it.

"I am sorry to hear of another accident has befallen the dragoons, which I believe your Lordship knows better than I, seeing they say, there is a complaint made of it to your Lordship, or the Council; which is, that they have shot a man in the arm with *small shot*, and disabled him of it, who had come this length with a horse to carry baggage for some of my officers. But this being before I came to Moffat does not concern me. The Stewart-depute, before good company, told me that several people about Moffat were resolved to make a complaint to the Council against the dragoons for taking free quarter; that if they would but pay their horse-corn and their ale, they should have all the rest free; that there were some of the officers that had at their own hand appointed themselves locality above three miles from their quarter. I begged them to forbear, till the Captain and I should come there, *when they should be redressed in everything*. Your Lordship will be pleased not to take any notice of this till I have *informed myself upon the place*."[1]

[1] Linlithgow Papers.

Thus did Satan controul Beelzebub and Apollyon, and administer justice between man and devil. Let us now see how he did so on a larger scale, and under more difficult circumstances. While the "chief of this Tophet" was restraining his legion, the saints of the conventicle were inflaming their devotees to the "worship of God after their own fashion." The Primate was slain,—by no accidental shot from a watchman on the hill of Zion. The assassins fled to the moors, clung to the horns of the conventicle altar, and added new fuel to its sacred fires. Claverhouse, somewhat unprepared for the crisis, suddenly encountered "the army of God" at Drumclog, and after a brief struggle, fled from the inglorious field, the entrails of his noble steed trailing on the ground.

The received historical theory is, that our hero, after this untoward event, deemed by some the result of his own "goading," became exasperated to desperation, and for the rest of his career was actively occupied in revenging his defeat, by hunting to the death martyr ministers, peaceful peasants, and Christian carriers. The truth is, that a cooler and more humanely discriminating judgment was never added to high spirit, hasty speech, and determined will. His disaster at Drumclog never for a moment affected his policy towards the deluded people, or rankled in his bosom. The fanatics, however elated, were rendered desperate by their own dangerous victory, and still more so by their bloody triumph on Magus Moor. The army of martyrs, the "suffering remnant," had now to prosecute a skulking campaign, with ropes about their necks. Throughout the years 1680, and 1681, the tide of anarchy kept rising in the south-western districts of Scotland, and Government soon found it necessary to arm Colonel Graham with powers that would have enabled him to gratify to the full the most vindictive feelings of a revengeful disposition. The principle of his actions, his mode of conducting this most distressing and difficult service, the rule of conduct which he systematically laid down when first entering upon it, evinced dispositions the very reverse. The influential instigator was the avowed object of his pursuit, and not the poor misguided vulgar. With regard to all, his system was to threaten with the terrors of the law, rather than to put those

laws in force; and he courted submission to the established Government, allegiance to the Sovereign, and a return to peace and good order, by every device of an arbitrary power that was still unwilling to create distress, or cause blood to flow. *Let bye-gones be bye-gones*, was a phrase frequently in his mouth. His maxim, and advice to Government was,—punish ringleaders, spare the multitude; be uncompromising with the disaffected rich, but lenient to the misguided poor; and be careful not to swell the ranks of those inimical to the Throne, by a too severe and too general application of the pains and penalties enacted against fanatical rebels. To allow them to worship God after their own fashion in conventicles, was totally out of the question. The most scurrilous abuse of every member of the reigning family, the most frightful incentives to lynch-law, the most blasphemous assumption of divine inspiration, the most violent contempt for the law of the land, characterised the pulpit eloquence of those armed mobs. Claverhouse was not sent simply for the purpose of enforcing one particular form of religious worship in preference to another, nor was he influenced by any bigotry of the kind. His real mission, and desire, was to destroy the sway of those evil spirits who presided at the truculent gatherings where he himself had been so nearly sacrificed in 1679, and to restore the Christian peace and order of society. So, the first exercise of his supreme authority, for suppressing the western insurrection, was to insist upon the presence of all the natives, who dared show face at all, in their parish church, as members of a Christian community. At the commencement of the year 1682, he was invested with a royal commission of Sheriffdom, and Justiciary, in which his powers and duties are thus defined:—

"Considering that several persons of disaffected and seditious principles, in the shires of Wigton and Dumfries, and the stewartries of Kirkcudbright and Annandale, have, for disquiet and disturbance of the peace, for divers years past, not only deserted the public ordinances in their parish churches, haunted and frequented rebellious field conventicles, and committed divers other disorders of that nature, to the great scandal of religion, and contempt of our Government,

but lately did break forth into, and joined in an open and most treasonable rebellion; and, notwithstanding the many reiterated offers of our gracious indemnity to them, they continue in their former wicked and rebellious practices, being encouraged therein by the not due execution of our laws, and hopes of impunity, by their skulking from one place to another, when they are cited before our judicatories, and pursued and sought for by our forces; and we being fully resolved that our laws shall be put to due and vigorous execution against these delinquents, and these rebels brought to public punishment and example, in places where they have been guilty thereof, do, with advice of our Privy Council, *require and command* the said John Graham of Claverhouse, to call before him, his deputes and substitutes, the persons frequenting and residing in the said shire of Wigton guilty of withdrawing from the public ordinances in their parish churches since our late act of indemnity, as also the persons guilty of conventicles, disorderly baptisms and marriages, harbouring and resetting of rebels duriug the said space, and to impose and exact the fines conform to the Acts of Parliament, and to do and perform every thing requisite and necessary for putting the same to due and vigorous execution: And considering that the persons guilty of these disorders do remove from one jurisdiction to another when they are called in question and pursued, and that we find it necessary for our service, in this exigency, that the persons guilty of these disorders in the places adjacent within the said shire of Dumfries, and stewarties of Kirkcudbright and Annandale, be brought to justice, in order to the reducing that country to the due obedience of our laws, and securing the peace of our government, we, with advice foresaid, do hereby nominate and appoint the said John Graham of Claverhouse to be our Depute within the said jurisdictions, for putting in execution our laws against transgressors and delinquents, in the cases foresaid, and to uplift and exact the penalties incurred by them thereby. It is hereby declared, that this commission is no ways to be prejudicial to the right of jurisdiction belonging to the Sheriff of Dumfries, and Stewards of the stewarties of Kirkcudbright and Annandale, and that the said John Graham is only to proceed and do

justice in the cases foresaid, when he is the *first attacher*. And further, we, with advice foresaid, have thought fit to give and grant, and do hereby give and grant to the said John Graham of Claverhouse, our full power, authority, and commission, as Justice in that part, to call before him any person, not being heritor, who shall be apprehended for being in the late rebellion, and have not in due time taken the benefit of our gracious act of indemnity; and for that effect to fence and hold courts, create clerks, sergeants, dempsters, and other members of court needful, and to call assizes and witnesses as often as need be, absents to amerciate, unlaws and amerciaments to uplift and exact, and, in the said courts to put the said persons to knowledge and trial of an assize, and according as they shall be found innocent or guilty, that he shall cause justice to be administrate on them, according to the laws and acts of Parliament of this realm; promising to hold firm and stable whatsoever things he shall lawfully do in the premises. Given under our signet at Edinburgh the last day of January 1682, and of our reign the thirty-fourth year."

Armed with these tremendous powers, of the sword and of the mace, confronted with the perpetrators, instigators, and abettors of the most frightful results of fanatical rebellion and lynch-law, "that man, rapacious and profane, of seared conscience and adamantine heart—chief of a Tophet on earth,"—surely, on returning from such a crusade, must have left behind him the abomination of desolation? Let us see how he went to work, and what he did. His patron at this time was William Earl of Queensberry, on the eve of rising to the highest grade of the peerage, and the supreme rule in Scotland. His great possessions in those disturbed districts involved his patrimonial interest deeply in the question of restoring peace and order, and at the same time rendered the support of so able and energetic a statesman of vital consequence to Government, and the Throne. He it was that pressed the measure of sending Claverhouse, at the head of his troops, into those districts, commissioned with powers which no Colonel of dragoons had ever wielded before, and

with which few indeed could have been safely entrusted.[1] That he was so instructed and empowered by the monarchical government because known to be a cruel man, one who would use the sword without sparing, and never temper justice with mercy, is a covenanting calumny, and historical myth. We shall here afford a few illustrative extracts, from his constant correspondence with head-quarters, which commenced the moment he entered the disturbed districts under his new commission. About a fortnight after the date of it, he is in Galloway, and reporting progress both to the Commander-in-chief, and to Queensberry, who at this time was Lord Justice-General. On the 16th of February 1682, the "chief of Tophet" thus writes to the "Deil o' Drumlanrig," from the Newton of Galloway :—

"My Lord : I hope you will pardon me that you have not heard from me till now. I send your Lordship here inclosed a copy of what I have written to the General ; which is the first account I have given to any body of my concern in this country. I shall not need say any thing of the general (state) of affairs here, having, maybe, given but too long an account already. However, I thought better say more than enough than omit anything should be said."

After entering into various particulars, which will be found in that Part of these Memorials where the correspondence is given entire, he proceeds to say,—

"The country hereabouts is in great dread. Upon our march yesterday most men were fled, not knowing against whom we designed.

"For securing the rents of the donators and the Crown, it

[1] On the 2d of January 1682, Queensberry, Justice-General, thus writes from his castle of Sanquhar in Dumfriesshire, to Gordon of Haddo, then Lord President. "My dear Lord : I had given you this trouble sooner, but that nothing occurs here worth ; it all being peaceable, save only that in the heads of Galloway some of the rebels meet ; but their number is not considerable, not exceeding twelve or sixteen, and their business is only to drink and quarrel ; so that neither Church nor State, in my judgment, need fear them. However, I'm still of opinion the sooner garrisons be placed, and a competent party sent with Clavers for scouring that part of the country, the better. Besides, I'm told *field conventicles* continue in Annandale and Galloway, but all will certainly evanish upon Clavers' arrival, as I have often told."—*Aberdeen Papers.*

is absolutely necessary there be a fixed garrison in Kenmure, instead of Dumfries. For without it, I am now fully convinced we can never secure the peace of this country, nor hunt those rogues from their haunts.[1] It is a mighty strong place, and proper above all ever I saw for this use. I shall give this advice to nobody but yourself; and I do it the more freely, that my Lady told me, if the King would bestow two or three hundred pounds to repair the house, she would be very well pleased his soldiers came to live in it. Do in it as you think fit; but if it could be done with *their satisfaction*, it would be great service to the King. For having that post sure, I might, with the party I have, answer for the rest."

A little further on in the same letter, he thus announces his general plan.

"The first thing I mind to do, is to fall to work with all that have been in the rebellion, or accessory thereto by giving men, money, or arms; and next, resetters; and after that, field conventicles. For what remains of the laws against the fanatics, I will *threaten* much, but forbear severe execution for a while; for fear people should grow desperate, and increase too much the number of our enemies.

"If there be any thing you would have me to do, or any thing I do amiss, you will do me great kindness to tell me. I shall write often and much."

This promise he most amply fulfils. He had not been left to his own devices in hunting out the fugitated, or the firebrands. The Justice-General had furnished him with a list of those whom he was to apprehend in particular; and instead of, as has been supposed, insulting or assaulting at random every pious peasant he happened to encounter on the highway, he appears to have been unwilling to exercise his own unlimited justiciary powers under his commission without first ascertaining Queensberry's mind on the subject. In a letter dated from Dumfries, February 22, 1682, he thus writes:—

"I caused seize one in your Lordship's list, at the Thornhill hill-fair, called Williamson of Overcaitloch. He is a tenant

[1] The fugitated outlaws, such as the murderers of Archbishop Sharp, lurking in arms among the moors, and designed by Wodrow, the "Wanderers," and "Suffering remnant," are here meant.

of Craigdarroch's, who has written to set him at liberty, upon his promise to produce him; which I begged his pardon for, till I should hear from your Lordship. You desire, by your memorandum, that I should send to Edinburgh any of those persons I take. I can do anything with them your Lordship pleases, here, by virtue of my commission; but let me know; if you design to have them there, it shall be done.[1] I have spoke with most part of the forfeited heritors' wives at their own houses; but see little inclination in them to compound with the donators, or make their peace with the King. I have so far preferred the public concern to my own, that I have not so much as called at Freuch, though I passed in sight of it. I can catch nobody, they are all so alarmed. My Lord Duke Hamilton was pleased to tell me, before I parted, that I would do well to *lie close* in houses; for he would make it so uneasy for the whigs to live in the west, that he would send them all in to me. But, by what I see yet, I send more in on him than he does on me."

To garrison the disturbed districts at proper points, so as to protect the well affected, and secure the peace of the country against the ceaseless agitations of conventicle orators, was the measure which he most earnestly recommended, and to which he again alludes in the following postscript to the same letter:—

"Since the writing of my letter, the Provost of Wigton came to me and complained of my Lord Kenmure's deforcing a messenger, first; and then, the second time, his factor robbed the messenger, and would force him to swear he should not reveal that he had taken the letters from him. This is a high misdemeanour; and it is fit your Lordship make him sensible. For this, and other things, might help to *ruin a man who had no friends.* Your Lordship may see by this how necessary a constant force is here, for the execution of the laws in ordinary cases betwixt man and man; let be in the concerns of the Government."[2]

[1] Queensberry at this time was Lord Justice-General. He demitted the office in May following, when he became Lord High Treasurer.

[2] The Kenmure of whom Claverhouse here writes, is Alexander Gordon, fifth Viscount, and Father of him who was beheaded in 1716. He appears to have been among the disaffected at this time; for in his previous letter Claverhouse writes,—

In a letter, dated Newton of Galloway, March 1, 1682, again he writes on the subject of permanent garrisons, as follows :—

"The proposal I wrote to your Lordship of, for securing the peace, I am sure will please in all things but one,—that it will be somewhat out of the King's pocket. The way that I see taken in other places, is, to put laws *severely* against *great and small* in execution ; which is very *just;* but what effects does that produce but to exasperate and alienate the hearts of the whole people ? For it renders three desperate where it gains one ; and your Lordship knows that, in the *greatest* crimes, it is thought wisest to *pardon the multitude*, and *punish the ringleaders*, where the number of the guilty is great ; as in this case of whole countries.[1] Wherefore, I have taken another course here. I have called two or three parishes together at one church, and, after intimating to them the power I have, I read them a libel narrating all the acts of Parliament against the fanatics ; whereby I made them sensible how much they were in the King's reverence ; and assured them he was relenting nothing of his former severity against dissenters, nor care of maintaining the established government ; as they might see by his doubling the fines in the late act of Parliament ; and, in the end, told them that the King had no design to ruin any of his subjects he could reclaim ; nor to enrich myself by their crimes ; and therefore, any who would resolve to conform, and live regularly, might expect favour,—excepting only *resetters* and *ringleaders.* Upon this, on Sunday last, there was about three hundred people at Kirkcudbright church ; some that for seven years before had never been there. So that I do expect that within a short time I could bring two parts of three to the church.

"I was last night to wait on my Lady Kenmure, my Lord being from home, who, she said, knew nothing of my coming. I told her what pains your Lordship had been at to keep her house from being a garrison, and she seemed very sensible of it. I am sorry that I must acquaint you, but I shall do it to nobody else, that I am certainly informed my Lord Kenmure has conversed frequently with rebels, particularly Barscob."

[1] Here is the very doctrine, from "Bloody Clavers," in the year 1682, which the wisest and most humane statesmen of our own enlightened age are now inculcating in reference to the Sepoy revolt.

"But when I have done, that is all to no purpose. For we will be no sooner gone, but in comes their *ministers*, and all repent and fall back to their old ways. So that it is vain to think of any settlement here without a constant force placed in garrison; and this is the opinion of all the honest men here, and their desire; for there are some of them, do what they like, they cannot keep the *preacher* from their houses in their absence,—*so mad are some of their wives.*"

So much for a specimen of the mingled wisdom, humanity, and firmness, with which this maligned statesman administered the penal laws rendered necessary by the vicious influence of fanatical preachers, and conventicle bullies. The same admirable letter affords an example of his practical powers of organizing the schemes which his fertile genius suggested:—

"So, the thing I would propose for remedy of all this, is, that there be a hundred dragoons raised for this country. The King may give maintenance to the men, and the country to the horses; which I shall answer for they shall do, because they are all in our reverence. And is it reasonable that *this* country should be at less expense than other *well affected* parts of the kingdom? Do not we pay the supply for their follies? Have we not more than they the expence of the Militia? Their disaffection is a good reason why they should have less *trust;* but their trouble and expense should be equal to ours. So, when the Stewartry and shire of Galloway give maintenance to a hundred horses, which is the one-half of the whole expense of the troop, they are but equal with others, considering their want of militia, and their disorders; and if the King will do his part, I shall undertake for the country as a Galloway laird. The ways I will propose will lessen the expense extremely.

"1. *First*, if the Duke (of York) pleases, I offer myself to take the superintendence of them *without any pay;*[1] and for the next officer, who is to be the drudge, he may have six pounds a-day by taking two men off every one of our troops of horse. We were sixty, and there is one taken off for the Artillery. So there now remains fifty-nine, which does not well.

[1] "Rapacious and profane," &c.— *Lord Macaulay.*

But if these two were taken off, we would just be the establishment of Holland, which is fifty-seven; and, with the corporals *in rank*, as they ought to be, makes just twenty in each rank, which is right for the Cornet."

"2. *(Second)*, I must be excused if I propose to destroy a government was made for the Governor's cause. I think the pay would be as well bestowed this way; seeing he has nobody to guard but *solan-geese* and *ministers*. The first will not flee away, and the others would be as well in Blackness or Dumbarton.[1] Now, for the hundred men at sixpence a-day, I would first make use of the four-and-twenty are in the Bass; remains seventy-six; which would amount to about seven hundred pounds a year; and for that your Lordships of the Treasury might find a way to cut off some idle pension; and I hear my Lord Newark is dead, which is four of it; and, if it could be got nowhere else, it were better *sell that rock*, and the money of it would serve both here and in the West; for I could undertake the same thing might be done there.

"I will assure you there has been no more feasible project, though I say it myself. For, first, it would secure this country. Then, if those of the West were frustrate of this retreat, they would be easier found. Then this might, on all occasions, be a brave troop of fusileers, or granadiers, whenever the King had occasion. For I should breed them to either, or both, as the Duke had a mind. And I would desire leave to draw out of the two regiments a hundred of the best musketeers had served abroad; and I should take horses here, amongst the *suffering sinners*. And, I will take the liberty to say, that, whatever may be taken to do it, we need more horse and dragoons.

[1] Lauderdale, while in the ascendent, had been made Governor of the Bass. Wodrow's apostolic friend, "famous Master Shields," was imprisoned there (as we have seen, p. 111.) but proved not so adhesive to it as the solan geese. Wodrow tells us: "In October, 1671, Lauderdale is made Captain of the rock of the Bass, which is bought by the King, and turned into a prison. Eighteen soldiers, besides officers, are placed in it; and we shall afterwards meet with many *good people* crammed up there. It was the Earl who prevailed with the King his master to buy that rock from Sir Andrew Ramsay, at the rate of four thousand pounds sterling, and then got the rents and profits, more than a hundred pounds a year, bestowed upon himself."—*Hist.* vol. ii. p. 190.

"If this do not, I may break my head to no purpose. For I know, after that, no other way but *to do as others*, and get *as much money as I can* (which I have not thought on yet) by putting the laws in execution. I desire, if your Lordship like it, you may let the Duke hear it as I propose it; and speak the General, and the Advocate, and my Lord President, and the Register, about it."

So far from evincing the slightest disposition to molest the innocent, attack the weak, or oppress the poor, he is continually urging the policy of selecting the higher classes of the disaffected, on whom to impose the penalties of the law. On the 5th of March, four days after the despatch from which we have last extracted, writing from Wigton, he says:—

"You need not expect great things from me on haste, as to the seizing any considerable rebels; for I never make so much as the least search for them, knowing how much they are upon their guard, if they be not out of the country. And by this I design *not to harass the troops* till I have made them secure.

"Here in the shire I find the lairds all following the example of a late great man, and still a considerable heritor here among them;[1] which is, to live regularly themselves, but have their houses constant haunts of rebels and intercommuned persons, and have their children baptized by the same; and then lay all the blame on their wives, condemning them, and swearing they cannot help what is done in their absence. But I am resolved this jest shall pass no longer here; for it is laughing, and fooling the Government; and it will be of more consequence to punish one considerable laird than a hundred little bodies. Besides, it is *juster;* because these only sin by the example of those."

Proceeding with caution, firmness, and great tact, and upon principles so temperate and just, Claverhouse appears to have succeeded beyond his expectations in conciliating the disaffected, and driving the real oppressors away from this disturbed and disorganized community:—

"I am very happy,"—he writes from Kirkcudbright, April 1, 1682,—"in this business of this country, and I hope

[1] Probably Sir John Dalrymple, afterwards 2d Viscount, and 1st Earl of Stair.

the Duke will have no reason to blame your Lordship for advising him to send the forces hither. For this country now is in perfect peace. All who were in the rebellion are either seized, gone out of the country, or treating for their peace; and they have already so conformed, as to going to the church, that it is beyond my expectation. In Dumfries not only almost all the men are come, but the women have given obedience; and Irongray, Welsh's own parish,[1] have for the most part conformed. And so it is over all the country; so that, if I be suffered to stay any time here, I do expect to see this the best settled part of the kingdom on this side Tay. And if those dragoons were fixed I wrote your Lordship about, I might promise for the continuance of it. Your Lordship's friends here are very assisting to me in all this work; and it does not contribute a little to the progress of it, that the world knows I have your Lordship's countenance in what I do. All this is done *without having received a farthing money*, either in Nithsdale, Annandale, or Kirkcudbright; or *imprisoned any body*. But in end there will be need to make examples of the *stubborn*, that *will not* comply. Nor will there be any danger in this, after we have gained the great body of the people; to whom I have become acceptable enough, having *passed all byegones* upon bonds of regular carriage hereafter. Your Deputes were like to have taken measures that were not so secure, nor *acceptable;* but I have diverted them, and they are to take the course I do, and I have prevented all other jurisdictions by attaching first."

"Since the writing of this, I have been at church, where there was not ten men, and not above thirty women, wanting[2] of all the town. Where there used to be ten, I saw six or seven hundred; and amongst others there was one Gordon of Barharon,—to whom, being a rebel heritor, I had given safe conduct to come and treat his peace,—appeared in testimony of his sincere conversion."

About a fortnight afterwards, dating from Moffat, Claverhouse again reports to Queensberry:—

"All things are here as I could wish, in perfect peace, and

[1] Welsh was one of the greatest of the fire-brands, among the fanatical preachers.

[2] *i. e.* Absent.

very regular. Barharon has assurance of his peace from the Council. Bar. has given me a declaration under his hand as full as I could desire it. I have spoke with a brother of Sir Robert Maxwell's, who was out; and Littlepark, and Glencairn, are in terms with me, and several others of less note. I must say I never saw people go from one extremity to another more cavalierly than this people does. We are now come to read lists every Sunday after sermon, of men and women, and we find few absent. Mr Alexander does very well at Dumfries;[1] but I have heard that the shire does not conform so well; and I have heard the ministers complain of the Bailies of your Lordship's regality. What ground there is for it I cannot tell. I told Stenhouse, and offered troops to bring the people in awe. I have *examined every man in the shire;* and almost *all the Stewartry of Galloway;* and fixed such a guilt upon them, that they are absolutely in the King's reverence; and I shall give them no discharge, *would they give me millions*, till I have bond from them for their regular carriage, and maintenance for those dragoons if the King think fit to raise them. And if I do this, I think it is not *ill use* of that commission.

"Did the King and the Duke know what those rebellious villains they call *ministers* put in the heads of the people, they would think it necessary to keep them out. The poor people about Minnigaff confess, *upon oath*, that they were made renew the Covenant, and believe the King was a papist, and that he designed to force it on them. But I shall tell your Lordship more of this when the Duke comes down."[2]

[1] Mr James Alexander, Sheriff-depute of Dumfries.

[2] Dundee's great prototype, Montrose, had judged these evil spirits of the Covenant, whose vicious agitations deluged Scotland with blood, precisely in the same way. In his elaborate letter on Sovereign power, written in 1640, he thus apostrophises them :—

"And thou *seditious preacher*, who studies to put the sovereignty into the people's hands, for *thy own ambitious ends*,—as being able, by thy wicked eloquence and hypocrisy to infuse into them what thou pleasest,—know this, that this people is more incapable of sovereignty than any other. Thou art abused like a pedant by the nimble-witted nobleman. Go, go along with them to shake the present government; not for *thy ends*, to *possess the people* with it, but, as a cunning tennis-player lets the ball go to the wall, where it *cannot stay*, that he may take it at the bound with more ease."—See the author's Memoirs of Montrose: Edinburgh, T. G. Stevenson, 1856, Vol. i. p. 288.

Towards the end of the year 1682, "Bloody Clavers" having thus (as he imagined), restored to peace and order the agitated districts, which, he himself tells us,—"Before I went thither, the Government had looked on, for many months, as almost in a state of war, and it was thought unsafe for any thing less than an army to venture into it; the churches were quite deserted, no honest man, no minister in safety,"—returned to give an account of his stewardship to the Privy Council. The details of his very full and interesting report, which will be found in a subsequent Part of these Memorials, are precisely in terms of his correspondence with Queensberry. His commission of Justiciary, he says, was not brought into play at all,—"For of all the prisoners I made, I found none that was ambitious of the honour of martyrdom; but all renounced their principles before they would give *testimony;* save only one, upon whom was found Gray's letter, and is now coming hither by order of Council; and even he acknowledged the King's authority in civil matters; so that I had no occasion to make use of the commission of Justiciary, but set them *always at liberty*, upon sufficient caution to appear when called; and that by advice from my Lord Advocate."[1] And he concludes his report in this pardonable tone of triumph, a true index, doubtless, to the dispositions of the man:—

"And it may be now safely said, that Galloway is not only as peaceable, but as *regular*, as any part of the country on this side Tay. And the rebels are reduced *without blood;* and the country brought to obedience, and conformity to the Church government, *without severity or extortion;* few heritors being fined, and that but gently; and, *under that*, none is or are to be fined but two or three in a parish; and the authority of the Church is restored in that country, and *the ministers in safety.* If there were bonds once taken of them for regularity hereafter, and some few men put in garrison, which may all be done in a few months, that country may be secure for a long time both to King and Church."

Such was the policy of this distinguished statesman when invested with extraordinary powers, and the highest military

[1] Sir George Mackenzie of Rosehaugh, upon whom, also, vulgar calumny has bestowed the epithet of "Bloody Mackenzie."

and judicial functions. Thus were displayed the revengeful dispositions of this great captain, who, two years before, had to fly for his life, at the head of his broken guards, from the bloody field of Drumclog, defeated by that very spirit of senseless fanaticism which he now so mercifully controlled.[1] But Graham of Claverhouse would have been totally unfit for his most responsible and perilous mission, had he not been capable of discriminating the occasions when justice and humanity equally required that the law should take its course. The only instance, indeed, we have discovered, in his despatches to headquarters at this crisis, of his intentions to visit a notorious rebel with the highest penalty of the law, would seem after all not to have been carried into effect; since, in his report to the Privy Council, he declares that he found no occasion to exercise his functions under his commission of Justiciary. "I sent out a party,"—he writes from Stranraer, on the 18th of March 1682,—"three nights ago. The first night they took Drumbui and one M'Clellan; and that great villain M'Clorg, the smith at Minnigaff, that made all the *clikys*,[2] and after whom the forces have trotted so often. It cost me both pains and money to know how to find him. I am resolved to hang him; for it is necessary to make some example of severity,

[1] Peerage writers, in their sketches of family history, generally err in the opposite extreme from calumny. But the unwearied calumnies and railing of the fanatical school, eventually concentrated and systematised in Wodrow's enormous and unscrupulous folios, have so infected all modern history on the subject of Viscount Dundee's conduct and character, that in Wood's edition of Douglas's Peerage, we have the following, than which a statement more false never polluted the page of history, given on the authority of Malcolm Laing, as an unquestionable historical fact:—"He (Claverhouse) attacked a conventicle on Loudon hill, in Ayrshire, 1st June 1679, when his dragoons were defeated with loss, by a detachment of undisciplined peasants: He was *permitted to avenge* his defeat by the *most dreadful cruelties*, which procured him the appellation of Bloody Clavers."

[2] Probably *clecks*, or a crooked knife combined with the spike of the spear for cutting through the bridles of the dragoons. Not long before the affair at Drumclog, Lord Ross, holding a command in the Guards, and employed on the same service as Claverhouse, thus reports to the Commander-in-chief:—"My Lord, upon information that a tenant of Cleghorn's had some of these *new-fashioned arms*, Halliburton, with six of Earl Home's troop, were ordered to seize the man and the arms; the man they got, but no arms but a halbert only."—*Linlithgow Papers*. As the "villain M'Clorg" is not afterwards mentioned by Claverhouse, and is not among Wodrow's martyrs, probably he had contrived to escape.

lest rebellion be thought cheap here. There cannot be alive a more wicked fellow. The party is not yet come back, which makes me in hopes there is more taken. I am to meet to-morrow with all the heritors of this shire, to see how they are inclined as to bringing their people to church, and *securing the peace of the country*, that I may be *favourable to them.*"

Some time afterwards, however, writing at a more critical period, and in a more solemn tone, he delivers his judgment upon the awful question of life or death, in terms whereby he himself,—as if anticipating the fanatical calumnies that were to beset his memory,—intended to convey *the truth* to all posterity, that *principle*, and not *passion*, ruled his conduct upon such trying occasions.

" I am as sorry,"—he writes to the Lord Chancellor on the 9th of June 1683,—" I am *as sorry to see a man die*, even a whig, as any of themselves. But when one dies *justly*, for his own faults, and may *save a hundred to fall in the like*, I have *no scruple.*"[1]

But it was not merely by thus pointing a moral that he has afforded evidence against those calumnies. There is a fact wherewith to adorn the true tale of his humane dispositions, and enlightened mind, which goes to prove, that even amid the storm of those " Troubles," wherein it was his fate to wield the flaming sword, this " man of blood" was so far in advance of his age, as to have conceived the design, and to have accomplished the first step, of *ameliorating the criminal code;* and this, too, in a kingdom where, after Dundee had bit the dust in battle, King William peremptorily ordered the application of *torture*, as the law of the land, and the very soul of evidence.

We have already afforded a striking illustration of the disposition of " Bloody Clavers" to care for the suffering poor. Irrespective of his determination to enforce the strictest discipline among the *Beelzebubs* and *Apollyons* of the King's Guards, he sympathised (under a feeling less fictitious than

[1] Aberdeen Papers. The word *Whig*, at that time, was never used in the Lord-John-Russell sense, but as indicating the armed and murderous outlaws of the hill conventicles, and their abettors. Colonel Graham could not have more strongly or emphatically stated the principle of his judgment.

Sterne's) with the poor man for the loss of his horse; and he applied the quickness of his wit to ascertain the fact, in order that his judgment might be *just*. And this sympathy, being the natural impulse of his disposition, he extended to every rebel prisoner under his charge, "even a whig," whose case seemed to require it. On the 21st April 1679, he thus writes to the Commander-in-Chief:—"I was going to have sent in the other prisoners, but amongst them there is one Mr Francis Irwin, an old infirm man, who is extremely troubled with the gravel; so that I will be forced to delay for *five or six days*." One really deserving such a title in the page of history, as chief of a Hell upon earth, would scarcely have displayed any such humane consideration. So long subsequently as May 6th (the day after the murder of Archbishop Sharp), Claverhouse again writes:—"My Lord, I hope your Lordship will pardon me that I have not sent in the prisoners that I have here; there is one of them that has been so tortured with the gravel it was impossible to transport him."[1] Will any rational man doubt that we have here good evidence of a disposition neither savage nor inconsiderate? Yet this Mr Francis Irwin was a notorious conventicle preacher, who had been outlawed in 1676 for refusing to appear when summoned, and who was sent to the Bass by the Privy Council on the 27th of May 1679, after that humane treatment of him by his captor. So Wodrow himself reports; but in his chronicles we look in vain for the trait of humanity recorded above. The letters of Claverhouse, indeed, were not before him; but Wodrow would have looked askance at any collection of documents at all likely to interfere with the plan of his calumnious martyrologies.

"May 22. 1663, I find," says this chronicler, "the laird of Claverhouse is made a Privy Councillor. We have heard of his particular diligence in the persecution, and we shall have afterwards more instances of his severity; and, as a premium of his unwearied efforts to bear down the Presbyterians, he is taken into the management of the affairs, being made a Privy Councillor."

It did not suit Wodrow to make any discoveries, however authentic, or lying in the direct path of his researches, that

[1] Linlithgow Papers.

might tend to establish a totally opposite character in favour of the maligned Claverhouse. His object was to "aggravate the crimes of our enemies." Colonel Graham, as a reward for his able, dangerous, and most harassing services in support of the established government and the Throne, was gifted with the jurisdiction and residence of the Constabulary of Dundee, about the same time that he was made a Privy Councillor. His very first act, when he found leisure to reside there for a short time, and to examine into the state of his jurisdiction, was to reform its criminal code, by relaxing the severe penal laws against petty thefts. How came the Reverend Robert Wodrow, while searching the Privy Council records, entirely to overlook the following, which relates to the very period when, according to the martyrologist, the ferocious and inherently cruel dispositions of Claverhouse were at their culminating point?

"Edinburgh, 10th September 1684: Whereas, it being represented to the Lords of his Majesty's Privy Council, *by Colonel Graham of Claverhouse*, Constable of Dundee, that there are several prisoners in the tolbooth of that burgh, for petty or small thefts, or picking, which will be fitter to be punished *arbitrarily* than *by death*,—The said Lords do therefore give full powers and commission to the said Colonel Graham of Claverhouse, Constable of Dundee, to *restrict the punishment appointed by law*, against such persons within his jurisdiction already made prisoners, or that shall hereafter be made prisoners, upon account of the foresaid petty and small thefts, or picking, to an arbitrary punishment, such as whipping, or banishment, *as he shall find cause*."[1]

A few months after this remarkable trait of a humane and enlightened mind, the services of Colonel Graham of Claverhouse were again required in his military capacity. Again, and with a sterner hand, he had to controul the insurgency of the west of Scotland, at the crisis of the expected advent of Argyle, whose very name was the oriflamme of fanatical rebellion. How the lynch-law of the Kirk was prevailing at this very crisis, we have already shown. The epi-

[1] *Regist. Secreti Concilii; Decreta.* Orig. MS. General Register House.

sode of John Brown, who, Wodrow says, was called the "Christian Carrier," occurred in this campaign. Recently exaggerated into historical importance, it was disregarded at the time, as being no more than a miserable little boil, of the Troubles, that burst under the finger of Claverhouse. On the 3d of May 1685, he thus reports, as usual, to the head of the Government, now placed in the hands of his patron, and constant correspondent, William Douglas, Duke of Queensberry, and High Treasurer of Scotland.

"May it please your Grace,

"On Friday last, amongst the hills betwixt Douglas and the Ploughlands,[1] we pursued two fellows a great way through the mosses, and in end seized them. They had no arms about them, and denied they had any. But, being asked if they would take the *abjuration*, the eldest of the two, called John Brown, refused it; nor would he swear not to rise in arms against the King, but said *he knew no King.*[2] Upon which, and there being found bullets and match in his house, and treasonable papers, I caused shoot him dead; which he suffered very unconcernedly. The other, a young fellow and his nephew, called *John Brownen*, offered to take the oath;[3] but would not swear that he had not been at Newmills in arms, at *rescuing of the prisoners.* So I did not know what to do with him. I was convinced that he was guilty, but saw not how to proceed against him. Wherefore, after he had said

[1] On the borders of Lanarkshire and Ayrshire.

[2] All this, be it remembered, in the face of the King's troops, under arms.

[3] The oath of abjuration which these dangerous rebels were required to take, had nothing to do with their religious tenets: it was merely to absolve themselves from treasonable designs, and murderous machinations. *Saint Shields* took the oath which *Saint Brown* refused. See before, p. 61. But the latter, who was shot, since he preferred it, by the military under the orders of the Privy Council, doubtless knew, that, had he so demeaned himself as to have enabled the military commander to dispense with his execution on the spot, he would have been referred to the Justiciary Court, and hanged. His name is in the list of fugitated outlaws: he had fought against the Crown at Bothwell Bridge; had been skulking in armed rebellion ever since; and harboured in his outlaw cave as many young recruits as he could seduce into the same path of criminal outrage against established law and the Throne.

his prayers, and carabines presented to shoot him,[1] I offered to him that, if he would make an ingenuous confession, and make a discovery that might be of any importance for the King's service, I should delay putting him to death, and plead for him. Upon which he confessed that he was at that attack of Newmills, and that he had come straight to this house of his uncle's on Sunday morning.[2] In the time he was making

[1] This is decisive of the fact that the soldiers had not mutinied, or refused to obey the order for military execution.

[2] We have been unable to discover in Wodrow, or any of the other martyrologies of the Kirk, an account of this affair at Newmills, or of this *John Brownen*, the "Christian Carrier's" nephew and associate. The absence of any notice of him, in the various fanatical accounts of his uncle's execution, indicates how ignorant and apocryphal all those accounts are. *Brownen*, or *Browning*, is merely a variety of the name Brown; and probably in this instance was adopted in order to distinguish the nephew from the uncle. It would seem that Colonel Graham's fulfilment of his promise, to state extenuating circumstances to head-quarters in behalf of the nephew, had saved his life; for we can discover no record of his martyrdom. With regard to the affair of Newmills, the only notice we have found, is a fanatical and unvouched tradition, anything but trustworthy in the details, which is thus given in the New Statistical Account, v. 336:—

"*The Old Tower in Newmills.*—This old tower, itself without any history, was the scene of more than one transaction characteristic 'of the troublous times.' This was Captain Inglis's head-quarters when in the district. In one of the expeditions of Inglis's troops in the search of conventicles, eight men who were *discovered praying* in the Black Wood, near Kilmarnock, were taken prisoners. One of them, *it is said*, was *immediately executed*, and the soldiers, in mockery, kicked his head for foot-ball along the Newmills public green. Inglis was *about to shoot* the others, when it *was suggested* to him that it would be *prudent* to get a written order from Edinburgh for the execution. The *seven men*, in the mean time, were confined in the old tower. But while the troop was absent on *one of its bloody raids*, with the exception of a small guard, a man named *Browning*, from Lanfine, with others who had been with him at *Airds Moss*, got large sledge hammers from the old smithy, still in existence, with which they broke open the prison doors, and permitted the Covenanters to escape. John Law, brother-in-law to Captain Nisbet, was shot in this exploit, and is buried close to the wall of the old tower. The dragoons soon went in pursuit of the prisoners, but they had reached the heather, and there no cavalry could pursue them. The soldiers, however, having ascertained that John Smith of Croonan had given the runaways food, went to Smith's house, and, meeting him at his own door, *shot him dead!* Within a short period his grave was to be seen in the garden of the old farm-house."

The last stated fact of the grave, is, of course, to be taken as proof of all the rest. No other proof is offered in this sympathizing version, the apocryphal features of which must strike any impartial reader. They would seem, however, to relate to the affair mentioned in Colonel Graham's report of John Brown's execution; and, it will be observed, the above tradition has it, that "a man named *Browning*" was

this confession, the soldiers found out a house in the hill, under ground, that could hold a dozen of men, and there were swords and pistols in it; and this fellow declared that they belonged to his uncle, and that he had lurked in that place ever since Bothwell, where he was in arms. He confessed that he had a halbert, and told who gave it him about a month ago, and we have the fellow prisoner. He gave an account of the names of the most part of those that were there. They were not above sixty, and they were all Galston and Newmills men, save a few out of Streven parish. He gave also account of a conventicle kept by Renwick at the back of Carntable, where there were thirteen score of men in arms, mustered and exercised, of which number he was with his halbert. He tells us of another conventicle about three months ago, kept near Loudon-hill; and gives account of the persons were at both, and what children were baptized; particularly that at Carntable, which was about the time that Lieutenants Murray and Crichton should have let them escape.[1] He also gives account of those who gave any assistance to his uncle; and we have seized thereupon the goodman of the upmost Ploughlands; and another tenant, about a mile below that, is fled upon it.[2] I doubt not, if we had time to stay, good use might be made of his confession.

I have acquitted myself when I have told your Grace the case. He has been but a month or two with his halbert; and if your Grace thinks he deserves no mercy, justice will pass on him; for I, having no commission of Justiciary myself, have delivered him up to the Lieutenant-General, to be disposed of as he pleases.[3]

" I am, my Lord, your Grace's most humble servant,

" J. GRAHAME."

actually the ringleader in the rescue, and had been at the rising at *Airds Moss*, where Saint Cameron obtained his crown of martyrdom.

[1] " Should have," for " had," a common idiom then.

Manifestly John Brown was a ringleader, and desperate character.

[3] Owing to some jealousy on the part of his patron and correspondent Queensberry, the name of Colonel Graham had recently been omitted from the list of Privy Councillors, and he was merely acting in his military capacity at this time.

In reading this authentic record, brought to light for the first time nearly two centuries after the event,—History meanwhile polluted with the most violent and contradictory nonsense on the subject,—we must bear in mind the version concocted by Wodrow. The "Christian Carrier," he says, "was no way obnoxious to the Government, except for not hearing the Episcopal ministers." He was not pursued and taken in the act of endeavouring to escape from the military authorities; but, under no imputation of crime, and suspecting no evil himself, he was wantonly seized in the vicinity of his own peaceful cottage, while placidly occupied with his rural labour, unaccompanied save by his wife and child,—in short, simply in an attitude of muirland peace, and pastoral innocence. Moreover, as regards both his demeanour and his gifts, he is likened to the inspired apostolic saints. He had, indeed, Wodrow somewhat inconsistently adds, "been a long time upon his hiding in the fields." But why? Not because, as we now learn from his own nephew and pupil, he had fought against his Sovereign at Bothwell Bridge, and had thereafter continued to skulk in arms among the hills, labouring as he best could to revive the crushed rebellion and civil war,—but, as Wodrow has made so many believe, because a blameless life and shining piety were qualities which, in the year 1685, sufficed to render their saintly possessors amenable to the cruelty of an uncovenanted Government, and its merciless officials, who systematically outraged the laws both of God and man. Under these circumstances, we are told, it was, that Colonel Graham of Claverhouse, directed solely by the impulse of his own fiendish nature, abhorrent of the unobtrusive piety of an innocent peasant,—without putting the ordained oath of abjuration to his victim, without connecting him by a single circumstance with sedition, treason, or rebellion, and vouchsafing no interrogatories, but mere ribald words of contumely and abuse,—decreed the *instant death* of one of the most innocent and least dangerous of the peasantry of Scotland! And more than this, that his diabolical dragoons, devoted, as they are described, to the accursed Clavers and his cruelties, but converted on the spot by the irresistible effect of the poor man's gift of prayer, mutinied to a man, and positively refused

to obey the inhuman command. And so, "the chief of this Tophet" was "forced" to put his own hand to the murderous work, which he performed *con amore*, quitting the scene of blood with a heartless insult directed against the bereaved wife of the martyr, and a blasphemous challenge addressed to the God of mercy.[1]

Those who value it, are welcome to the desperate plea for Wodrow, that against his evidence, that of Claverhouse himself can be of no avail. The above letter was written under no idea of defending himself from calumny, or of any other version of the story having arisen. It is a plain official report rendered to head-quarters, by an officer of the highest position, and whose word was as good as his oath. Had a mutiny of the dragoons under his command really compelled him to use his own pistol, the circumstance must have been prominent in his report. And how high in the estimation of those who knew him stood his character for fearless truth, we may here illustrate from a letter addressed by the Duke of York to the jealous Queensberry, who had expressed some suspicion of Claverhouse having injured him at court. Writing from London, June 26, 1683, his Royal Highness says:—"I have had no complaint from Clavers, nor any else, about the delay there has been of adding some officers to the horse and dragoons; nor have I had so much as one letter from Clavers of any kind; and I

[1] "There are, however, other monuments of a later and most unhappy period of Scottish history, which tell but *too unequivocally* (!) of the sufferings and death of our *brave progenitors*. The most remarkable of these monuments is the gravestone of *one John Brown*, erected on the farm of Priesthill. The death of this man was perpetrated with such cold-blooded cruelty, near his own habitation, and in presence of his wife and family, that to visit his grave is considered a sort of pilgrimage by the *pious of all persuasions* (!) The stone bears that he was shot through the head by *a party commanded by* Graham of Claverhouse, while upon his knees, and in the act of prayer. *It is said* that Claverhouse, *or* one of his party, *lifted up his dead body*, and *carried* it to his wife, asking her, 'what she thought of her husband?' 'Mair,' said she, 'than ever I did, but the Lord will avenge this another day.' A new monument has lately been erected on the site of the old one, suitable to the taste and liberality of the present times."—*New Statistical Account of Scotland*, vol. v. p. 152.

Even this trash of vulgar tradition, calumnious as it is, positively contradicts Wodrow's version, and also differs materially from that given by Walker the pedlar. What is called the "Civil History," got up too hastily for these Statistical Accounts of Scotland, are of little service to History proper.

am confident they do him much wrong who report he should say I am displeased with you ; since I assure you there is no such thing, and that *he is not a man to say things which are not.*"

6. *Patrick Walker the Pedlar's version of the death of John Brown.*

Wodrow was not permitted to reign without rivalry over the fanatical calumnies and history of Scotland. A pedlar, or packman, of the name of Patrick Walker, beat him in blasphemous superstition, and outbid him in vulgar popularity. Though low-minded, and all unlettered, he wrote nonsense with more vigour, was less tedious in his calumnies, and falsified with a spice of poetical genius. But the genius was of the rankest material, and altogether devoid of real talent. Walker published his fanatical pamphlets and martyrologies a few years after Wodrow's folios appeared, and it is somewhat amusing to find these apostles of the Covenant immediately at loggerheads on the subject of their common adoration. The pedlar, indeed, is very unreasonably dissatisfied with the amount of homage paid by the minister of Eastwood to the suffering remnant. He cannot abide that the followers of Saint Cameron, the martyr of Airds Moss, should be dubbed *Cameronians*, even by a covenanting chronicler. But surely it was a compliment to that arch-rebel. He objects, moreover, that they who had organized themselves into a Society for the promotion of armed rebellion, and a murderous bigotry, should be designated, in no insulting mood, and by a congenial spirit, *Society-people.* "It may be," he says, "and will be, surprising, stumbling, and offensive, to all *thorough-paced* Presbyterians, in principle and practice, who are well versed in the faithful contendings through the periods of this Church, especially in our last period of persecution upon which Mr Wodrow writes, to find *him*, a toping leading Scots Presbyterian, in such gross mistakes, misrepresentations, and groundless, slanderous reflections upon the faithful followers of the Lamb ; giving them so many nicknames as Cameronians, Society-people, the warm party, the warmer sort, warm, hot persons, the violent party, highflyers," &c. "But this," he

[1] Queensberry Papers.

adds, " is the fulsome, unwholesome air he has lived in, being overrun and over-driven with the backsliding spirit of the day." So much for the clerical authority implicitly relied upon, in such matters, by Fox and Lord Macaulay. The minor martyrologist contradicts the major even in the thread-bare assumption that is so valuable to whig historians. " Mr Wodrow says,—' It was the *violence of the persecution* that drove some people to extremes and wildness.' He might have laid the saddle upon the right horse. It was the defections, silence, and unfaithfulness of ministers and professors that much prevailed with John Gib, and others with him, to run in these extremes, as some of them yet alive can witness." Who shall decide when Doctors disagree ?

To adopt both of these worthies, as authority for traditional facts, was out of the question. In their most important illustration, of the *saintly* character of such champions of " faithful contendings," as they who murdered Archbishop Sharp, and of the *satanic* character of the great statesmen who struggled to uphold the government of Scotland, against such deeds, with all the terrors of the unreformed criminal code of Scotland, Wodrow and Walker essentially differ. Wodrow tells us, circumstantially, that the dragoons under the command of Colonel Graham mutinied to a man, against his order for the execution of John Brown, and that he was thus compelled to perform the office of executioner with his own hand. Walker, without deigning to notice the version of his rival at all, tells us, no less circumstantially, that John Brown was executed in military form ; that, by order of their commanding officer, six dragoons dismounted for that purpose ; and that " the most part of the bullets, came upon his head, which scattered his brains upon the ground,"—the natural result of a military execution mercifully performed. Humiliating to history, and to genius, is the fact, that *both* of these versions have been separately and arbitrarily adopted to form a clap-trap page of popular history, and that by historians of the highest credit and renown. Sir Walter Scott, doubtless under the influence of a poetical feeling, adopted the wild but dramatic fable of the pedlar, without the slightest reference to Wodrow. Lord Macaulay, by reason of the political strain

predominating in his history, prefers the more outrageous calumny of Wodrow, and, in like manner, on the other hand, has utterly ignored both the pedlar and Sir Walter! Some hold it for an axiom that a tradition cannot have been invented. A close inspection, however, of the annals of the Covenant, must lead any candid enquirer to the conclusion, that a pure, or rather an impure invention, may pass into tradition and even become matter of history. But if there be two traditions, of the same event, diametrically opposed to each other, surely one of them at least must have been invented? In the case of John Brown, our greatest modern authors, pandering to vulgar error, and popular excitement, instead of anxiously and strictly ministering to historic truth and justice, have paired off, as it were, upon the contradictory versions, and left the students of history to discover the truth. "It is astonishing," said Charles Fox, philosophising with a wet towel round his laurelled brow,—"how many facts one finds related for which there is no authority whatever."

Patrick the Scotch pedlar's life of Peden, the Scotch saint, is a burlesque upon biography, and an outrage against truth and common sense. The drift of it is to prove that this insane conventicle preacher, was fully endowed with miraculous powers. There is no end to the blasphemous absurdities which form the staple of the pedlar's biography of Peden. We can only afford to present our readers with a few examples, in order to characterise the record from which history has derived *version the second* of the martyrdom of John Brown.

In the year 1685, the epoch of the Christian Carrier, the Reverend Master Alexander Peden, then vomiting his fanatical rapsodies in Ireland, was, as the pedlar assures us, *miraculously* informed of the death of Charles II.,—"the news of which came not to Ireland for twenty-four hours thereafter." Peden and his disciples were singing a psalm at the side of a wood, and making a terrible noise. Their apostle had commanded, "that none of them open their mouth to sing, but those who could do it knowingly and believingly;" the result of which was, not to render the choir more select, but to cause, that "the greater part could not contain and for-

bear singing, but brake out with their hearts and whole strength, so that they were never witness to such loud singing, through the whole psalm." Towering above this martyrological melody, was heard the voice of Peden, (who managed after all to die in his bed),—"Pack, and let us go to Scotland; pack, and let us go to Scotland; let us flee from one devouring sword and go to another;" to which startling announcement he added this inspiration: "I'll tell you good news; keep in mind this year, month, and day; and remember that I told you,—that the enemies have got a shot beneath the right wing, and they may rise and fly like a shot bird, but ere this day seven years the strongest of them shall fall." Not only was he thus miraculously premonished of the death of Charles II., but the fact that the King had been murdered by his own brother and successor, had been vouchsafed unto this prophet. For, on the following night, Peden emerges from a wood where he had been all day, and stalking into the house of one Mr Vernor "where several of our Scots sufferers were," comforts and enlightens them with these words; "Why are you so discouraged? I know you've got ill news of the dreadful murder of our friends in Scotland; but I'll tell you good news. That unhappy, treacherous, lecherous man, who has made the Lord's people in Scotland tremble these years bygone, has got his *last glut*, in a *lordly dish*, from *his brother*, and he's lying with his tongue cold in his mouth."

Every thing that Peden said or did at this time was miraculous. The bark which was to convey him and his disciples secretly to Scotland, was obtained under his miraculous direction. He never opened his mouth that he did not prophecy, or afford miraculous information. His whole demeanour was blasphemously imitative of the inspired Apostles. "He, and twenty-six of our Scots sufferers," says the pedlar, "came aboard; he stood upon the deck and prayed,—there not being the least wind,—where he made a rehearsal of times and places, when and where the Lord had heard and answered them in the day of their distress; and now they were in a great straight. Waving his hand to the west, from whence he desired the wind, he said, 'Lord give us a loof-full of wind; fill the sails, Lord, and give us a fresh gale, and let us

have a swift and safe passage over to the bloody land, come of us what will.' John Muirhead, Robert Wark, and others who were present, told me, that when he began to pray, the sails were all hanging straight down ; but ere he ended, they were all like blown bladders."

His many miracles, performed in community with the "suffering remnant," are all minutely and undoubtingly recorded by Patrick Walker. None of these elect needed to dread the proximity of Clavers and his bloody crew, if "old Sandy,"—the name with which Peden petted himself,—was near them, and condescended to exert his powers to save. A boy who had been sent for provisions, was pursued by the military on his return. "The lad ran," says Walker, "and six of them pursued half a mile, and fired hard upon him ; the ball went close by his head ; all that time Mr Peden continued in prayer for him, his alone, and with the rest, being twelve men ; when praying with them he said, 'Lord, shall the poor lad that's gone *our* errand, seeking bread to support *our* lives, lose his ? Direct the bullets by (past) his head ; however near, let them not touch him ; Good Lord spare the lap of thy cloak, and cover the poor lad : And in this he was heard and *answered*, in that there was *a dark cloud of mist parted him and them.*"

Upon another occasion the prophet was in some jeopardy himself, along with several of his disciples, after whom "Beelzebub and Apollyon" were in full cry among the hills. Old Sandy, sadly blown in the chase,—which it seems odd that he should have submitted to at all,—suddenly called a halt, and betook himself to his usual familiarity with God. "Then he began and said : 'Lord, it is thy enemies' day, hour, and power ; they may not be idle ; but, hast thou no other work for them but to send them *after us ?* Send them after them to whom thou wilt give strength to flee,—for our strength's gone. Twine them about the hill, Lord, and cast the lap of thy cloak over *old Sandy*, and his poor things, and save us this one time, and we'll keep it in remembrance, and tell it to the *commendation* of thy goodness, pity, and compassion, what thou didst for us at such a time. In the mean time there was *a dark cloud of mist came betwixt them.*"

As for the Devil, he had no chance with old Sandy. Hiding one day in a cave in Galloway, with a fanatical familiar, who went by the name of Little-John, he sent the latter to forage for him, "John said,—'Sir, I am not willing to leave you in this place, your alone, for some have been frighted by the devil in this cave.' 'No, no, John, you need not fear that. I will take my venture of him for a time.'" Peden, of course, improved the occasion. "John went, and the people willingly gave him some meat. When he came back, he (Peden) said,—'John, it is very hard living in this world; incarnate devils *above* the earth, and devils *beneath* the earth! The Devil has been here since ye went away; I have sent him off in haste; we'll be no more troubled with him this night.'"

Sometimes, however, old Sandy, instead of saving from martyrdom by a miracle, would rather hurry on a ripe disciple to his crown of glory. The following anecdote will serve as an illustration of the truth of Claverhouse's complaint to Queensberry,—"Did the King and the Duke know what those rebellious villains they call *ministers*, put in the heads of the people, they would think it necessary to keep them out." Upon one occasion Peden was lecturing in the house of some fanatic, upon the 7th chapter of Amos. "He repeated these words in the 9th verse *three times*: 'And I will rise against the house of Jeroboam with the sword.'" In case this broad hint might not be understood, he suddenly became more explicit. One John Wilson, a knight of the *clykies*, being of this select congregation, Peden "laid his hands on the said John, and said,—'John, *have at the unhappy race of the name of Stewart: Off the throne of Britain they shall go*, if all the world would set side and shoulder to hold them on.'" The biographical pedlar gravely adds (what would seem to be sufficiently accounted for), that "John Wilson suffered martyrdom in the Grassmarket of Edinburgh the next year, May 1683."

It was, as we have seen, in the month of May 1685, that that other more famous knight of the *clykies*, John Brown, "suffered martyrdom," in military form. Upon this occasion Peden's powers were only evinced by a miraculous foreknowledge of the event. "This murder," says Patrick Walker, "was committed betwixt six and seven in the morning. Mr

Peden was about ten or eleven miles distant, having been in the fields all night. He came to the house[1] betwixt seven and eight, and desired to call in the family, that he might pray amongst them. He said,—Lord, when wilt thou avenge *Brown's blood?* Oh! let *Brown's blood* be precious in thy sight; and hasten the day when thou'lt avenge it, with Cameron's, Cargill's, and many others of our martyrs' names. And oh! for that day when the Lord would avenge all their bloods. When ended, John Muirhead[2] enquired what he meant by *Brown's blood?* He said, twice over,—What do I mean? Claverhouse has been at the Preshill this morning, and has cruelly murdered John Brown. His corpse are lying at the end of his house, and his poor wife sitting weeping by his corpse, and not a soul to speak comfortably to her.[3] This morning, after the sun-rising, I saw a strange apparition in the firmament; the appearance of a very bright clear-shining star, fall from heaven to the earth; and indeed there is a clear-shining light fallen this day; the greatest Christian that ever I conversed with."

Thus, at ten or eleven miles distance from the spot, the prophet Peden was miraculously cognisant of the condition of poor John Brown's corpse, just one hour after the shots were fired which closed his career of treason and rebellion. But it seems that old Sandy had beat a timely retreat himself from the very place. He had been sojourning with the martyr and his wife immediately before, and had bolted betimes, uttering a mysterious fee-fa-fum, as if smelling the blood of the Christian carrier about to flow. All this we gather from Patrick Walker's version of the tragedy, which suggests the question why this cloud-compelling apostle of the Covenant had not rather interposed his miraculous powers to save?

"In the beginning of May 1685, Peden came to the house of John Brown and Isabel Weir (whom he married before he went last to Ireland), where he stayed all night; and in the morning, when he took his farewell, he came out at the door,

[1] Meaning some house ten or eleven miles distant from the place where John Brown was executed.

[2] This John Muirhead was hanged at Ayr, 27th December 1686.

[3] How came the prophet not to know, or to tell, that John Brown's nephew and disciple had at the same time been carried off to suffer martyrdom elsewhere?

saying *to himself*,—'Poor woman, a fearful morning,' *twice over*, 'a dark misty morning.' The next morning,[1] between five and six hours, the said John Brown, having performed the worship of God in his family, was going, with a spade in his hand, to make ready some peat-ground:[2] the mist being very dark, (he) knew not until *bloody, cruel Claverhouse* compassed him with three troops of horse, brought him to his house, and there examined him; who, though he was a man of a stammering speech, yet answered him distinctly and solidly; which made Claverhouse to examine those whom he had taken to be his guides through the moors if ever they heard him preach? They answered,—'No, no, he was never a preacher.' He said,—'If he has never preached, meikle has he prayed in his time.' He said to John,—'Go to your prayers, *for you shall immediately die.*'[3] When he was praying, Claverhouse interrupted him three times.[4] One time that he stopt him, he was pleading that the Lord would spare a remnant, and not make a full end in the day of his anger. Claverhouse said,—'I gave you time to pray, and ye're begun to preach.' He turned about upon his knees, and said,—'Sir, you know neither the nature of preaching nor praying that calls this preaching,'—then continued without confusion. When ended, Claverhouse said,—'Take good night of your wife and children.' His wife standing by, with her child in her arms that she had brought forth, to him, and another child of his first wife's, he came to her, and said,—'Now, Isabel, the day is come that I told you would come, when I spake first to you of marrying me.' She said,—'Indeed, John, I can willingly part with you.' Then he said,—'That's all I desire; I have no more to do but die, I have been in case to meet death for so many years.' He kissed his wife

[1] But John Brown was executed on the first of May. It were unreasonable, however, to expect perfect accuracy of dates from such a chronicler as this.

[2] No notice of his nephew, *John Brownen*.

[3] We now know, from Colonel Graham's own report to head quarters, that all this account of his mode of proceeding, upon the melancholy occasion, is an abominable falsehood. The wonder is, however, that it ever imposed upon a rational reader. It bears falsehood stamped on the face of it.

[4] If interrupted at all, doubtless it would be when the fanatic was violently renouncing his allegiance to the king, in the face of the King's troops.

and bairns, and wished purchased and promised blessings to be multiplied upon them, and his blessing. Claverhouse *ordered six soldiers to shoot him.* The most part of the bullets came upon his head, which scattered his brains upon the ground. Claverhouse *said to his wife*,—'What thinkest thou of thy husband *now*, woman?' She said,—'I thought ever much good of him, and as much now as ever.' He said,—'It were but justice to lay thee beside him.' She said,—'If ye were *permitted*, I doubt not but your cruelty would go that length; but how will ye make answer for this morning's work?' He said,—'To man I can be answerable, and for God I will take him in my own hand.'[1] Claverhouse mounted his horse and marched, and left her with the corpse of her dead husband lying there. She set the bairn upon the ground, and gathered his brains, and tied up his head, and straighted his body, and covered him with her plaid, and sat down and wept over him; it being a very desert place, where never victual grew, and far from neighbours. It was some time before any friends came to her. The first that came was a very fit hand, that singular Christian woman in the Cummerhead, named *Jean Brown*, three miles distant; who had been tried with the violent death of her husband at Pentland; afterwards of two *worthy* sons, Thomas Weir, who was killed at Drumclog, and *David Steil*, who was suddenly *shot* afterwards, when taken.[2] The said Isabel Weir, sitting upon her husband's grave-stone, *told me*, that before that, she could see no blood but she was in danger to faint, and yet was helped to be *a witness to all this* without either fainting or confusion; except when the shots were let off, her eyes dazzled. His corps was buried at the end of his house where he was slain, with this inscription on his grave-stone,—

"In earth's cold bed, the dusty part here lies,
Of one who did the earth as dust despise.
Here in that place from earth he took departure,
Now he has got the garland of the martyr."[3]

[1] The reader will judge of the *vraisemblance* of this vulgar scolding match, between the bereaved Christian peasant, and the aristocratic Colonel of the Guards in presence of his own soldiers.

[2] But we have shewn that *David Steel* was *not* shot; he was not even taken alive.

[3] Patrick Walker's Life and Death of Mr Alexander Peden, *Biographia Pres-*

Proh pudor! Sir Walter Scott has twice incorporated this apocryphal rubbish of fanatical pathos, concocted by one of the "suffering remnant," with the history of Scotland. But he has accompanied the double record with a singular inconsistency of sentiment. In the historical notes to the ballad of Bothwell Bridge, he adds this *salvo* to his own *verbatim* reprint of the pedlar's romance :—

"While we read this dismal story, we must remember Brown's situation was that of an *avowed and determined rebel*, liable as such to military execution; so that the atrocity was more that of *the times* than of *Claverhouse*. That General's gallant adherence to his master, the misguided James VII., and his glorious death on the field of victory at Killiecrankie, have tended to *preserve* and *gild his memory*."

But in what times, it may be asked, was the fact of an avowed and determined rebel being liable to military execution, or being made to suffer military execution, considered an atrocity by the rational mind? In his History of Scotland, however, the same illustrious chronicler, again repeating Walker, passes this unqualified sentence upon the distinguished officer and statesman who had the misfortune to command at the scene of John Brown's execution :—

byteriana, vol. i. page 72. Why did both Dr M'Crie and Lord Macaulay prefer Wodrow's very different version of this calumnious fable to Walker's? Were these searching historians not aware of Walker's version? But Sir Walter Scott had reprinted it *verbatim*, so early as 1802, in his historical notes on the ballad of Bothwell Bridge, in the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border. Lord Macaulay, too, had surely perused Sir Walter Scott's History of Scotland (Tales of a Grandfather), where Walker's version is again reprinted by him as a page of authentic history; and which page of history *ignores Wodrow's version entirely*. Professor Aytoun shrewdly remarks: "Of the two histories, that of Walker is unquestionably most likely to resemble the truth. He professes to have heard some of the details from the wife of Brown, whereas Wodrow gives no manner of authority at all. There are, however, *suspicious circumstances*, even in Walker's narrative, which might be noticed. For example, in the original edition of his pamphlet, he states, that the first person who came to Mrs Brown, while she was watching by her husband's body, was, 'that old singular Christian woman in the Cummerhead, named *Elizabeth Menzies*, three miles distant;' but, in the third edition, this matron, retaining her residence and encomium, is transmuted into *Jean Brown*."—(*Examination of Macaulay*, p. 339.) But we now know a more suspicious circumstance. This alleged eye-witness is not reported to have said one word about her husband's nephew and companion, *John Brownen*, at whom "carabines had been presented," and who was carried off, as if to death.

"A scene of this kind is told with great simplicity and *effect*, by *one of the writers of the period*, and I am truly sorry that Claverhouse, whom, at the time of the Revolution, we find acting a heroic part, was a principal agent in this *act of cruelty*. Nor, considering the cold-blooded, and *savage barbarity* of the deed, can we admit the excuse, either of the orders under which he acted, or of the *party prejudices of the time*, or of the condition of the sufferer, as a *rebel and outlaw*, to diminish our *unqualified detestation of it*."

Sir Walter Scott's authority, whom he declines naming, was the pedlar Walker, in whose favour he had arbitrarily dismissed the greater Wodrow. From his youth upwards, Walker had been a rampant and truculent rebel. Escaping the fate due to his crimes against social order, but not altogether escaping severe punishment, he became an outlawed rebel, a member of the "suffering remnant," and subsequently one of those blue-lights of the Revolution with which the Orange Government cautiously and contemptuously refused to burn their fingers. While a young man he distinguished himself, and attracted the notice of Government, by the slaughter of Francis Garden, a loyal volunteer, serving in Lord Airly's troop of horse. This soldier, who, if Walker's own story be at all truthful, seems to have been a sort of knight-errant in pursuit of Magus-moor saints,—was at some miles distance from his quarters in Lanark, and very incautiously on the look-out alone, armed only with his sword. Early in the morning, in the beginning of March 1682, he encountered, under suspicious circumstances, Patrick Walker, James Wilson, and Thomas Young, to whom he gave chase. The pedlar himself, who tells the story, *more suo*, in his life of Peden, interlarded with the usual calumnious abuse of the character and demeanour of the poor soldier,—admits that they "had been in a meeting all night." The nature of the meeting is indicated by the fact that they were armed; two of them at least with fire-arms. Moreover, they had fled, not from a disinclination to use such deadly weapons, but because, says Walker, "We were alarmed, thinking there were *many more than one*." The brave trooper, having overtaken these armed rebels, challenged, and endeavoured to take them, dead or

alive. As they stood violently on the defensive against their single opponent, he made a thrust at Wilson, but only ran him through the coat. Wilson fired, and missed his antagonist; upon which Patrick Walker shot the trooper through the head with a pocket-pistol. "He got a shot," says Walker, in his jesuitical account of the matter,—"in the head, out of a pocket-pistol, rather fit for diverting a boy, than killing such a furious, mad, brisk man; which, *notwithstanding*, killed him dead. We searched him for papers; and found a long scroll of *sufferers' names*, either to kill or take. I tore it all in pieces. He had also some *popish books*, and bonds of money, with one dollar, which a poor man took off the ground, all which we put in his pocket again. Thus he was four miles from Lanark, and near a mile from his comrade, *seeking his own death, and got it.*"[1]

From this we may gather, that the poor trooper was acting under instructions, in the prosecution of his duty, and had his credentials and his prayer-book in his pocket. Walker's evasion of any direct statement that he did the deed, indicates a tremor of his heart or conscience, even under the protection of King William. But the context of his own narrative proves, beyond doubt, that he himself was the hero of the adventure. Of course he pleads self-defence, as every desperate criminal may do who kills the officer of justice. But who could read, without indignation, what follows from this "writer of the period," as Sir Walter Scott so leniently designs him, and without a shudder at the Christianity of the Covenant! "For my own part,"—says the pathetic narrator of the death of John Brown, speaking of the occasion when he himself was the scatterer of brains,—"for my own part, my heart never smote me for this. When I saw his blood run, I wished that all the blood of the Lord's stated and avowed enemies in Scotland had been in his veins; having such a *clear call* and *opportunity*, I would have rejoiced to have seen it all gone *out with a gush.*" That famous illustration of gluttony in amours, which the poet Byron proclaimed of himself, had been antici-

[1] Life of Peden, p. 309.

pated by the poetical pedlar, in the expression of his gluttony of blood.[1]

7. *Sir Walter Scott's characteristics of Claverhouse.*

Among literary curiosities or puzzles, may be reckoned Sir Walter Scott's historical treatment of the principles of the Argyle or fanatical rebellion, and the conduct and character of its great opponent, Viscount Dundee. One while, the severity of his judgment upon the measures of Government, and upon Colonel Graham's fulfilment of such military duties as fell to his individual share to perform, would afford a complete justification of the most outrageous acts of the lawless covenanters. On the other hand, the yet greater severity (at other times) of his denunciation of the covenanting character, and the covenanting rebellion, seems to justify the most severe measures of the Government, adopted of necessity for its own protection, and that of the Throne. Moreover Scott's loyalist view of the subject, would utterly destroy the credit of all those covenanting records, chronicles, and traditions, upon the general admission of which,—as being the truth of the case and not the calumnious fables of an unscrupulous sect of clerical agitators,—his opposite verdict of condemnation is entirely dependent. Doubtless in submitting his genius to that uncongenial subject, he had taxed it with a difficult theme. The mythical nationality of the covenanting cause,—for truly it is *not* national,—its pretension to pathos,—a pathos falsely purchased and grossly misapplied,—had attracted his nascent powers. He had somewhat rashly committed himself, at an early period, to those compromising views which really involved (as Dr M'Crie was not slow to detect) an apology for the most truculent acts perpetrated by the enemies of good order, and of the monarchical government in Scotland.[2] But while his imaginative powers were

[1] Such of our readers as desire to pursue the subject of this criminal's life, actions, and sufferings, may consult the index to *Biographia Presbyteriana*, vol. i., *voce* Walker.

[2] Scott, misled by Wodrow even as to the name, speaks of "*James* Graham of Claverhouse, a man well known to fame by his subsequent title of Viscount Dundee,

thus seduced by somewhat crude and hasty plunges into the chaos of historical records illustrative of that unhappy period of our annals, so as to betray him into something like a sympathising admission of the martyrologies of the Covenant, such popular views of the subject never ceased, throughout his great career, to disgust his taste, hamper his judgment, and load his conscience. He felt strongly that the fiendish character attributed, by such writers as Wodrow, to the hero he so much admired, had no foundation in truth. Yet, as if all Scotland were composed of the antient Mauses, and railing Rhabshakeys of the Covenant, he dared nothing to redeem Dundee from the worst calumnies that cloud his fame. He never methodically, and fearlessly, sifted the latent history of the period, so as to form a just and decided opinion, backed by unanswerable proofs. He took refuge in the regions of historical romance. With a restless inclination for continually delineating the character of Claverhouse, he kept dipping and flying at it like the swallow round a lake. And yet, not one of those numerous portraits, even from that inspired pen, is sufficiently consistent in itself to be the possible likeness of a man.

In Scott's tale of Old Mortality, Graham of Claverhouse is,

but better remembered, in the western shires, under the designation of the *Bloody Clavers*. In *truth*, he appears to have combined the virtues and vices of a *savage chief*. Fierce, unbending, and rigorous, *no emotion of compassion* prevented his commanding and witnessing every detail of military execution against the *nonconformists*."—*Minstrelsy*, vol. ii. p. 62, (1802.)

This is a most mistaken character of Dundee, and erroneous history besides. *Nonconformists* were not visited with "military execution." Outlawed rebels, when taken by the military sent in pursuit of them, and obstinately persisting (in presence of the King's troops), in a treasonable denial of the King's right to reign, were visited with military execution. And how strangely does that character contrast with the following, from the same illustrious pen. Lockhart tells us that Scott said to Mr Train, "that no character had been so *foully traduced* as the Viscount of Dundee; that, thanks to Wodrow, Cruikshanks, and such chroniclers, he *who was every inch a soldier and a gentleman*, still passed among the Scottish vulgar for a *ruffian desperado*, who rode a goblin horse, was proof against shot, and, in league with the Devil. 'Might he not,' said Mr Train, 'be made, in good hands, the hero of a national romance as interesting as any about either Wallace or Prince Charlie?' 'He might,' said Scott, 'but your western zealots would require to be *faithfully portrayed*, in order to bring him out with the right effect.'"—*Lockhart's Life of Scott*, vol. iv. p. 38.

of course, the prominent figure; and romance not being the medium for transmitting the literal truth of history, the lovers of historical justice, under the fascination of that great genius, are apt to overlook, or disregard, the darker traits of his portraiture of Dundee. After a romantic description of his exterior, based upon the characteristic painting by Sir Peter Lely, the novelist proceeds thus to describe the *morale* of "great Dundee" as he elsewhere calls him.

"But under this soft exterior was hidden a spirit unbounded in daring and in aspiring, yet cautious and prudent as Machiavel himself. Profound in politics, and imbued, of course, with that disregard for individual rights[1] which its intrigues usually generate, this leader was cool and collected in danger, fierce and ardent in pursuing success, careless of facing death himself, and ruthless in inflicting it upon others. Such are the characters formed in times of civil discord, when the highest qualities, perverted by party spirit, and inflamed by habitual opposition, are too often combined with vices and excesses which deprive them at once of their merit and of their lustre."

In Sir Walter Scott's history of Scotland, again, the alleged "cruelty" of the heroic Viscount is more distinctly conceded to his enemies: "Viscount Dundee," he says, "was devotedly attached to the cause of King James, and redeemed some of his *fiercer*, and *more cruel propensities*, by the *virtue* of attaching himself to his benefactor when he was forsaken by all the world beside."[2]

The fierce and cruel propensities once conceded, when we consider the nature of the accusations upon which those attri-

[1] We have been unable to discover a single authentic instance of Graham of Claverhouse having been "imbued with disregard for individual rights." On the contrary, his private correspondence discloses many indications of the very reverse. Neither is there a single authentic instance on record of his having proved himself "ruthless in inflicting death." Had Sir Walter been asked for his proof, he could only have appealed to the fable of the Christian Carrier. It must be remembered, too, that when he penned the character quoted in our text, he was not cognisant of a single existing letter written by Claverhouse, or a single document emanating from himself, and capable of throwing any light upon his conduct, sentiments or dispositions.

[2] Hist. vol. ii. p. 87.

butes are founded, the "virtue" of self-interested and personal attachment, to a Sovereign said to have prompted such ferocious and cruel conduct, can scarcely be regarded as possessing any efficacy of redemption whatever.[1] But it is yet more distressing to find that Sir Walter Scott is most severe upon his favourite hero, when writing anonymously as a historical critic. Justly delighted with his own triumphant romance, and not easy under the attack of an able clerical writer,—who stood deeply pledged to uphold the sanctity, and veil the vices, of the fanatical character in Scotland,[2]—the Great Unknown took it upon himself to review his own immortal Old Mortality. We do not presume to impugn his right to mystify the public by reviewing his own romance. He was bent upon the grandest scheme of mystification; and his genius gloried in being shrined in clouds, like the sovereignty of those etherial realms,—

> "Where Andes, giant of the western star,
> With meteor standard to the breeze unfurled,
> Looks from his throne of clouds o'er half the world."

[1] In a note at the end of the eleventh chapter of Old Mortality, Sir Walter again delineates his hero, in these terms: "This remarkable person united the seemingly inconsistent qualities of courage and *cruelty*, a disinterested and devoted loyalty to his prince, with a disregard of the rights of his fellow subjects. He was the *unscrupulous agent* of the Scottish Privy Council in executing the *merciless severities* of the Government in Scotland during the reigns of Charles II. and James II.; but he *redeemed his character* by the zeal with which he asserted the cause of the latter monarch after the Revolution, the military skill with which he supported it at the battle of Killiecrankie, and by his own death in the arms of victory." How is a man's character redeemed by being shot?

[2] "The late excellent biographer of John Knox, Dr Thomas M'Crie, had considered the representations of the Covenanters, in the story of Old Mortality, as so unfair as to demand at his hands a very serious rebuke. The Doctor forthwith published, in a magazine called the Edinburgh Christian Instructor, a set of papers, in which the historical foundations of that tale were attacked with indignant warmth; and though Scott, when he first heard of these invectives, expressed his resolution never even to read them, he found the impression they were producing so strong, that he soon changed his purpose, and finally devoted a very large part of his article for the Quarterly Review to an elaborate defence of his own picture of the Covenanters."—*Lockhart*, vol. iv. p. 34.

Dr M'Crie's abuse of Dundee is, of course, unmeasured; but founded entirely upon Wodrow. He gives the story of the Christian Carrier *verbatim* from Wodrow; and without taking the slightest notice of the telling fact, that the contemporary biographer of Peden minutely recorded a version differing essentially from Wodrow's, in the very circumstance most inimical to the fame of Dundee.

But our business is with the character of Dundee in that giant's hands.

Scott in the first place *reviews* the portrait, which he himself had drawn, of Graham of Claverhouse, adding, however, as if from a fresh hand, certain comments and illustrations, by way of softening the characteristics bestowed upon a worthy who, he says, was "not *uniformly* so ruthless as he is painted in the Tales." In the same breath, however, he pronounces upon his character and dispositions in a strain that may cause the reader to exclaim, "save me from my friends!"

"The most prominent portrait," says the reviewer, "historically considered, is that of John Graham of Claverhouse, afterwards Viscount of Dundee; and its accurate resemblance can hardly be disputed, though those who only look at his *cruelty to the Presbyterians* will consider his courage, talents, high spirit, and loyal devotion to an unfortunate master, as ill associated with such *evil attributes*. They who study his life[1] will have some reason to think that a mistaken opinion of the absolute obedience due by an officer to his superiors, joined to *unscrupulous ambition*, was the ruling principle of many of his worst actions."

Nay, Claverhouse was either "uniformly ruthless," or the covenanting case against him is gone. If what his clerical calumniators said of him, that his nature was incapable of yielding to a feeling of humanity, be disproved in a single substantial instance, their credit is altogether destroyed. Accordingly, when an incident occurred which Wodrow had considered too notorious to be concealed, of his pleading for the life of a rebel, the inconsistent benevolence is not admitted to form a break in the "uniformity" of his ruthlessness, but is accounted for, by supposing, that his horrible murder of Saint Brown, perpetrated with his own hand very shortly before, had left such a nervous quaking in the heart of the "man of blood," as somewhat to unsettle his mind! "Claverhouse," says the martyrologist, recording an event alleged to have occurred just nine days after the death of John Brown,—"falls upon Andrew Hislop in the fields,

[1] But there were no materials for studying his life. Sir Walter himself had only studied his life through the calumnies of the Covenant.

May 10, 1685, and seized him, without any design, as appeared, to murder him, bringing him prisoner with him to Eskdale unto Westerraw that night. I said somewhat before with relation to this *bitter persecutor*, Sir James Johnston of Westerraw; and the writers of the Cloud of Witnesses observe, from *Mr Alexander Shields' account* I suppose, that he was once a covenanter, a great professor, and zealot for the Presbyterian establishment; and even when the test began to be talked of, he pretended a regard for Presbytery, and that he would not take the test; but as soon as the trial came to his door he took it, and turned a violent persecutor of Presbyterians, as all apostates generally are.[1] He died about the Revolution, under dreadful torture in body from the gravel, and in no small agonies of mind for his past ways. Andrew being taken upon his ground, he would needs *signalize his loyalty* in having him despatched in the fields; and, as one empowered by the Council, he passed a sentence of death upon him. Claverhouse, in this instance, was *very backward, perhaps not wanting his own reflections* upon John Brown's murder the first of this month, as we have heard, and *pressed the delay of the execution;* but Westerraw urged till the other yielded, saying, 'the blood of this *poor man* be upon you, Westerraw, I am free of it.'"[2] This anecdote might have awakened in Lord Macaulay's experienced mind some scepticism as to the truth of Wodrow's anecdote of the 1st of May immediately preceding. On the contrary, he improves the occasion afforded by Wodrow, and puts it thus: "Claverhouse was just then *strangely lenient.* Some thought,[3] that he had not been *quite himself* since the death of the Christian Carrier ten days before. But Westerhall was eager to *signalize his loyalty*, and extorted a *sullen* consent."[4]

To return to Sir Walter's review of Old Mortality; notwithstanding his deprecation of that character of uniform ruthless-

[1] So did Saint Shields take the test when the trial came to his door. See before, p. 61, 111.

[2] Hist. vol. iv. p. 250.

[3] Who thought so, where, and when?

[4] Hist. vol. i. p. 501.—It was scarcely fair in Lord Macaulay to omit that telling sentence in Wodrow's narrative,—"the blood of this poor man be upon you Westerraw, I am free of it,"—and substitute the words, "a sullen consent."

ness with which he says, Claverhouse "is painted in the Tales," he proceeds, in the review, to paint him worse than ever. Indeed, his concluding cut, the unkindest of all, leaves the pet character of his romance utterly demolished and worthless, reminding us of nothing so much as the Knight of La Mancha's too severe test of the quality of that graceful casque which he had constructed with such infinite pains and ingenuity. Who cares for Claverhouse if this, the reviewer's final judgment, be just?

"*Enough* will, however, remain, after every possible deduction, to *stigmatize* Claverhouse, during this early part of his military career, as a *fierce and savage officer;* the ready executioner of the *worst commands* of his superiors; forgetting that no officer is morally justifiable in the execution of cruelty and oppression, however the commands of his superiors may be his warrant in an earthly court of Justice;[1] for the alternative of *surrendering his commission* being at all times in his power, he who voluntarily continues in a service where such things are exacted at his hands, cannot be judged otherwise than as one who prefers professional advancement and private interest, to good faith, justice, and honour.[2] But there are *circumstances* in Graham's subsequent conduct which have *gilded over cruelties*, that, we shall presently show, belonged as much to the age as to the man; and they have been *glossed over*, if not extenuated, by the closing scenes of his life."[3]

Was savage, unauthorized, and unjustifiable cruelty, in the conduct of a military commander of Colonel Graham's family, education, and position, really so much a matter of course in "the age" as to excuse it in "the man"? And, the cruelties being admitted, what are the "circumstances in Graham's

[1] All this moralizing is to the winds; nor would it, if founded on fact, afford for Claverhouse even the equivocal defence implied. It could not be shewn that the acts of cruelty, falsely and vaguely alleged against Claverhouse by such writers as Wodrow, were authorised by any commission, or commands issued to him whatever.

[2] Could Sir Walter have condescended upon the precise period, or the particular occasion, when, as a matter of "good faith, justice, and honour," Colonel Graham of Claverhouse ought to have "surrendered his commission"?

[3] Sir Walter Scott's review, in the Quarterly, of his own tale of Old Mortality, was subsequently reprinted in his Miscellaneous Prose Works, vol. xix. p. 85.

subsequent conduct" that either did or could "gild over cruelties" which he had previously perpetrated? Fidelity to the master in whose cause he had exercised unjustifiable cruelties, death in the arms of victory, while promoting such a cause with the sword, could no more "gild over," or "gloss over" such criminal antecedents, than suicide can electrotype murder. If, indeed, Sir Walter be well founded in "stigmatizing" Claverhouse as a "fierce and savage officer," the *ready* executioner of the *worst* commands of his sinful superiors, and as having so acted,—in choosing to retain his command,—that he "cannot be judged otherwise than as one who prefers professional advancement, and private interest, to *good faith*, *justice*, and *honour*,"—then, say we, the author of Old Mortality, the inspired minstrel of that spirit-stirring note,—

> "The Gordon has asked of him whither he goes,—
> 'Wheresoever shall guide me the soul of Montrose;
> Your Grace in short space shall have tidings of me,
> Or that low lies the bonnet of bonnie Dundee,'"—

might have abandoned entirely the character of Claverhouse to the tender mercies of a M'Crie, and cast the carcase of his hero to the hounds of Magus Moor.

That Sir Walter Scott's predilections were all in favour of the hero of Killiecrankie, there cannot be a doubt. But he had neither time nor inclination to investigate very minutely vexed and intricate questions, nor to set himself to refute vulgar errors which had become ingrained on the public mind in Scotland. Universal popularity was his bank, and he feared to break it. No doubt his shrewd and comprehensive mind caught more than glimpses of the truth. In the course of his curious historical researches, he had learnt to abominate the covenanting zealots, and their merciless ways; while his strong sense, and intuitive knowledge of human nature, rendered him not a little sceptical as to the myths of history, whether in the shape of a political dagon, a monster monarch, a moorland martyr, or a "chief of Tophet on earth." But he was too cautious and too wise to attempt to controvert where he was not prepared to refute; and he declined to grapple, publicly at least, with the popular calumny of "Bloody Clavers." It comes to be rather hard, however, upon a real

personage of history, whose virtues have been obscured by the grossest slanders, when so great a master of fiction seizes upon him for the hero of a romance, and, instead of clearing him from calumny, only stirs the myre. And surely there is something wrong, when romance is professedly adopting history, in the coolness with which the anonymous reviewer of his own historical novel thus criticises it,—"Yet he was not uniformly so ruthless as he is painted in the Tales"!

The best proof that Sir Walter had not methodically sifted the secret history of the period, so as to form a just or even a decided estimate of the character of Claverhouse, is, that he displays, throughout all his works, so inconsistent a mind on the subject. In the most touching stanzas ever penned by the matchless bard, when comparing sweet Teviot's silver tide with the tide of human life, the last minstrel is made to sing,—

> "Low as that tide has ebbed with me,
> It still reflects to memory's eye,
> The hour my brave, my only boy,
> Fell by the side of *great Dundee.*
> Why, when the volleying musket play'd
> Against the bloody Highland blade,
> Why was not I beside him laid!
> Enough, he died the death of fame,
> Enough, he died with *conquering Græme.*"

But Charles Fox, it seems, who, as we have seen, had previously passed a very loose fiat of his own in favour of Wodrow's authenticity, thought fit to except the great poet's compliment to Dundee, from his, the great whig stateman's general admiration of the Lay of the Last Minstrel. Sir Walter, writing to Ellis in the year 1805, says :—

"I hope you continue to like the Lay? I have had a flattering assurance of Mr Fox's approbation, mixed with a censure of my eulogy on the Viscount of Dundee. Although my Tory principles prevent my coinciding with his political opinions, I am very proud of his approbation in a literary sense."[1]

The fanatical myth of Dundee's atrocities had taken strong

[1] Lockhart's Life of Scott.

hold of the public mind, and even Southey became infected with that old cant of political and polemical calumny. Lockhart tells us, that Southey,—"in speaking of his friend Wordsworth's last work, expresses his regret, that the poet, in his magnificent sonnet on Killiecrankie, should have introduced the Viscount of Dundee without *apparent censure* of his character;" and that Scott had written in reply:—

"As for my good friend Dundee, I cannot admit his culpability in the extent you allege; and it is scandalous in the Sunday bard to join in your condemnation, 'and yet come of a noble Græme.' I admit he was *tant soit peu* savage; but he was a noble savage; and the *beastly Covenanters*, against whom he acted, hardly had any claim to be called men, unless what was founded on their walking upon their hind feet. You can hardly conceive the *perfidy*, *cruelty*, and *stupidity* of these people, according to the accounts they have themselves preserved. But I admit I had many cavalier prejudices instilled into me, as my ancestor was a Killiecrankie man."

Shades of Shields, Wodrow, Walker, and M'Crie! "Jesu Maria, shield us well"! But it was not because his ancestor was a Killiecrankie man, that Sir Walter Scott so blasphemed. That inconsequential circumstance might, indeed, have told so far as to prevent him from calling Dundee a savage,—and yet it did not. But neither his head nor his heart would have suffered him to characterise the Covenanters as beasts on their hind legs, had not historical investigation forced some such truth upon his mind. Those excited expressions, from such a quarter, are not to be accounted for by mere hereditary predilections. And as for that passing sacrifice, upon the altar of the Covenant, with which Scott was wont cautiously to qualify any expression of his inward disgust at the conduct, and calumnies, of the zealots, and his affection for their antitypes, (as if casting a sop to Cerberus), there is no authority whatever for calling Dundee a savage, unless we are to rely upon, and bow to, "the perfidy, cruelty, and stupidity," of the "beastly Covenanters" themselves. This temporising caution at length drove the bard of "Bonnie Dundee" to make a plum-pudding of virtue and vice, and call it the character of Graham of Claverhouse. Placing himself, as it were, between the Throne

and the Covenant, he thus bowed alternately to either shrine, on the subject of "Bloody Clavers," presenting us with a type of humanity as fabulous as the Mermaid or the Centaur.

"Grahame of Claverhouse, better known as Viscount of Dundee, was one of the most prominent characters of his age. He was brave, skilful, and indefatigable as a commander; *cruel even to atrocity* in *military execution*;[1] and *generous even to a foible* upon *every other occasion*. He *disgraced* the virtues of a hero by the *sanguinary persecution* which he exercised against the *miserable fanatics;* but lived to exhibit these qualities in their *primitive lustre*, during the misfortunes of a Monarch whom he had *too strictly obeyed* in prosperity. His death, in the battle of Killiecrankie, *served to gild* his former exploits with all but the descendants of those enthusiasts whom he *persecuted;* among whom the name of *Bloody Clavers* is held in equal abhorrence, and rather *more terror*, than that of Satan himself."[2]

But surely Wordsworth, at least, may be pardoned, if, when writing "a sonnet in the Pass of Killiecrankie, an *invasion* being expected," he forbore, in those fourteen lines, from abusing the "noble savage," while naming him thus:—

> "O, for a single hour of that Dundee,
> Who, on that day, the word of onset gave!
> Like conquest would the men of England see,
> And her foes find a like inglorious grave,"—

more especially seeing that the same gifted bard has elsewhere recorded his high poetical sense of the "persecution of the Scottish Covenanters,"—Sir Walter's rampant quadrupeds,—by writing another sonnet, under that title, and well worthy of the subject, being as doleful and dreary as a Galloway kirk-bell with a crack in it:—

> "When Alpine vales threw forth a suppliant cry,
> The majesty of England interposed,
> And the sword stopped; the bleeding wounds were closed,
> And Faith preserved her antient purity.

[1] The Christian Carrier again!

[2] Swift's Works, by Scott, vol. x. p. 166, *note*.

How little boots that precedent of good ;
Scorned or forgotten, thou canst testify,
For England's shame, O sister Realm ! from wood,
Mountain, and moor, and crowded street, where lie
The headless martyrs of the Covenant,
Slain by compatriot protestants, that draw,
From councils senseless as intolerant,
Their warrant. Bodies fall by wild sword-law,
But who would force the soul, tilts with a straw
Against a champion cased in adamant."

Mighty fine. But shall there be neither shame, sympathy, nor sonnet for the cruelties committed by the " beastly Covenanters" ? Could no sonnet be conceived as touching, and more true, upon the murder of Archbishop Sharp, in the arms of his daughter, on Magus Moor ? The muse of Wordsworth himself shall aid us :—

When Magus Moor sent forth a suppliant cry,
A daughter's writhing form was interposed ;
But the sword stay'd not ; the fell caitiffs closed,
And the Kirk kept her ancient cruelty.
How little boots that fair girl's fortitude,
Wounded and trod on, thou canst testify ;
For Scotland's shame, O Magus Moor ! where blood,
And scattered brains, invoke the vengeful sky
To launch its lightnings on the Covenant.
Foul murder ! done by those who dare to draw,
Even from the Book of Life, intolerant
Death-warrants ! Bishops bleed by Hell's lynch-law,
But who would slay the Church, tilts with a straw
Against a champion cased in adamant.

We conclude as we commenced. With regard to Dundee, History has proved an incorrigible calumniator. The more closely we test her authorities, for the truculent changeling she has reared under his name, the more will common sense reject the counterfeit. Were the most confident accuser of Claverhouse to be asked his authority for the atrocities imputed to him, he must refer to *Wodrow*. Were he then asked to instance the best vouched story of his cruelties, he must

point to the legend of the "Christian Carrier." The whole artillery of Dr M'Crie's famous pamphlet against "Old Mortality," resolves into that. All the rest is leather and prunella. Deprive the able and amiable believer in John Knox of his *beau ideal* of Wodrow,—of his trust in the perfect integrity of Wodrow's version of the death of John Brown,—and the guns of Scotch fanaticism, as regards Dundee, are carried and spiked. We have disproved the legend of Saint Brown. We may safely ask a verdict to that effect from all candid and healthy intelligence. That hitherto invincible instance is now no more worthy of credence, and no more likely to obtain it, in the rational mind, than that the earth rests on the back of a tortoise. "My Informations," which Wodrow dared not print, "credible witnessess, some of them yet alive," which he would not or could not name, constitute the *alpha* and *omega* of his proof, for all that rubbish of low-born calumny with which the martyrologist manured the Revolution of 1688, until the history of Scotland stank in the nostrils of men. If it be asked how we have proved that Claverhouse was *not* guilty of the other manifold cruelties more vaguely imputed to him by the Wodrow school of history,—it were sufficient to reply, that his character requires no defence against accusations not attempted to be verified, manifestly dictated by vulgar spleen, and bearing on the face of them not a vestige of *vraisemblance*. But more. The leading and most circumstantial instance being absolutely disproved, Wodrow's whole army of martyrs becomes disorganized and destroyed, like the Highland Host when Dundee fell. Nor is this all. We have now produced evidence of the highest class, even to prove the negative in defence of the maligned hero. No man, they say, was ever a hero to his valet. Truer is it, that no ruthless ruffian ever showed himself refined and humane to his comrades in cruelty. We have tried Claverhouse by an unexpected and severe test,—a test never applied to his character until now. What would the believers in Wodrow have predicated, from the discovery of the daily despatches of "Bloody Clavers," written to the "Deil of Drumlanrig,"—written from the very fields of his damning fame, from those fanciful scenes of pitiless and petty butchery, which

the genius of a Macaulay has delighted to dramatize? Why, that the martyrologist would be justified, and the whig historian triumphant. What disclosures might have been anticipated from such discoveries relative to the "murderer," who, as he left "the good man of the house wallowing in a pool of blood at his own door," had turned to the wailing widow with such ribald ruthlessness as this,—"What thinkest thou of thy husband *now*, woman? it were but justice to lay thee beside him." Why, that every line of his familiar correspondence would betray the cruelty of his heart, the meanness of his intellect, and the vulgarity of his soul. But what do we find? In letter after letter some unpremeditated but striking illustration of the well ordered humanity of an enlightened mind,—from his sympathy with "the poor man" for the loss of his horse, to his inauguration of the great work of ameliorating the frightful Criminal Code of Scotland! The great captain, invested with all the powers and terrors of the military and civil law amid the troubles of Scotland, who yet anxiously inculcate the doctrine, upon an exasperated Government,—"pursue the powerful, punish the ringleaders, but spare the weak, and the misguided masses,"—never terrified the little child into a betrayal of its parent.[1] The military avenger of

[1] We have no hesitation in pronouncing the following paragraph in Wodrow's history, to be the foulest falsehood with which history was ever disgraced. It is utterly unvouched, totally inconsistent with the whole tenor of Colonel Grahame's voluminous correspondence of the period, and manifestly untrue :—

"I have *omitted many* particulars and circumstances of the severities of Claverhouse in the south country at this time ; [1685, *credat Judæus*] but there is one *vouched* instance I cannot pass, which will *support those generals*, and show, that their out of the way methods were not without some success. In the parish of Closeburn, *Claverhouse with a party* came to a countryman's house, upon some information given him against the man. It was little wonder *people fled* at this time when by any means they could. Thus the *whole family*, getting some notice that the soldiers were near by, fled, *leaving a little child of eight or nine years of age in the house.* Claverhouse, finding he was the man's son, and that by fair means he would answer no questions, shot one of his pistols at some distance from him. The child *stood firm*, and would answer no questions. Then he shot another pistol very near his head which *terribly frighted* him ; and at length he told them all he knew anent his *father, the family* and *neighbours*. According to the informations thus gotten, he sent his parties up and down the country in quest of such as escaped him. Thus he continued until Argyle's defeat, exercising *all manner of severities*, driving thousands of kine and sheep from Eskdale, and the adjacent country. After

a murdered Prelate, who yet possessed a heart that would not permit him to hurry to his prison a hoary rebel suffering from disease, never taunted the woman he had widowed, with vulgar words of blasphemy and scorn. The High Constable of Dundee, despotic over a whole community, who caused the Privy Council of Scotland, even in the bloody year 1685, to sanction his own exercise of a more merciful code, never said to a peaceful, unoffending, and Christian peasant, and without offering a chance for life,—"Go to your prayers, *for you shall immediately die.*" Not more surely does the fossil in the rock redeem creation from the calumny of barrenness, than is Claverhouse redeemed from the charge of stony-heartedness by the *florœ* of those long forgotten and buried letters. And all consistent with the humanity of his heart, was that noble utterance of his lofty and enlightened spirit,—"I am as sorry to see a man die, even a whig, as any of themselves. But when one dies justly, for his own faults, and may save a hundred to fall in the like, I have no scruple."

the Earl was taken, he went into Edinburgh to the Council, and boasted of the *mighty feats* he had done in the south."—*Hist.* vol. iv. p. 256.

If ever there was a story which bore the stamp of malicious and ridiculous falsehood on every line of it we have it here. And, out of such perilous stuff it is, that the vulgar error of "Bloody Clavers," has grown, to the disgrace of history. The idea of a peasant and his "whole family" flying for their lives at the approach of Claverhouse, with the single exception of a little sturdy fellow of eight or nine years of age left behind in the cottage, seemingly for no other purpose than to afford pistol-practice to Clavers! The Colonel was not in the habit of heading in person any such roving parties in search of individual criminals. He was thoroughly occupied, at his own head-quarters for the time, directing his subordinates, organizing his commissariat, and corresponding with Government. Wodrow takes good care not even to attach a date to the above "vouched instance."

PART II.

THE HODDAM MANUSCRIPT.

The late Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe of Hoddam, as might be expected from the bent of his own studies and opinions, took great interest in our former researches to vindicate the character of the Marquis of Montrose. At a much earlier period, he himself had turned his attention to a subject no less attractive for him, the vindication, namely, of the character of Viscount Dundee. A life of that other greatly maligned Graham, from the very original pen which so curiously edited those historical manuscripts, Law's Memorials, and Kirkton's History of the Kirk, must have proved a literary treat for all but those who would rather cleave to a popular calumny than become cognizant of the actual truth. The early ardour, however, of Mr Sharpe's particular investigation, gradually subsided into a confirmed and more luxurious *idlesse* of intellect,—a constant search, for his own amusement, after the original, the curious, the picturesque, the terrible, and even the scandalous; but generally illustrative of the domestic history of Scotland. It was this habit, combined with his quaint powers of socially communicating the results, and his general accomplishments in letters, that caused Sir Walter Scott,—himself frequently indebted to that redundant source of secret and characteristic history,—to call his friend the Horace Walpole of Scotland. But the Memoirs of Dundee were not destined to appear from the pen of Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe. A considerable portion, however, of his early researches on the subject, had been cast into a form approximating, at least, to his original design. This manuscript he presented, not long before his death, to the author of these

pages, with the full permission, indeed the express desire, that its contents might be used in any way that should be deemed most conducive to the present purpose.

But the luxurious and fastidious *literateur* who had compiled this manuscript, only regarded the fragment as a rough digest of certain original materials and illustrations, to aid in the eventual completion of historical memoirs more fully illustrative of the subject. It had remained for many years beside him in its present inchoate condition, and appears to have furnished some of the notes to those curious clerical records which he afterwards so carefully edited.

On perusing Mr Sharpe's manuscript, with the view of benefiting by his researches, and adopting the substance, it seemed obvious, that, to do so without continual acknowledgment would scarcely be fair, although in strict conformity with the expressed wish of the donor; and moreover, that the interest in this quaint and curious chronicle, so characteristic of its well known author, would be marred by a disjointed use of it, and altogether destroyed by disguise.

Accordingly, the entire manuscript, imperfect as it is, we have taken to compose the Second Part of these Memorials, trusting that the publication will be acceptable to all who do not disdain, or dread, to cast an eye upon any record which would redeem the memory of Great Dundee from the baseless vituperation of his polemical and political enemies.

As new materials, or closer research, enable us occasionally to supplement Mr Sharpe's fragment, we have adopted the plan of incorporating such additions with his text, marking the interpolations by placing them between brackets:—[ ]. The notes appertaining to the original manuscript are distinguished from our own in like manner. Where we find any portion of the manuscript to have been used by Mr Sharpe in his notes to Law's Memorials or Kirkton's History, we have here adopted whatever modification may have occurred to the author himself in printing from his own manuscript.

ENGRAVED BY W. DANIELL & W. NINE FROM A PICTURE IN THE POSSESSION OF WILLIAM GRAHAM ESQR OF ARTH

Dundie

FRAGMENT OF MEMOIRS

OF

DUNDEE AND HIS TIMES,

LEFT IN MANUSCRIPT BY THE LATE CHARLES KIRKPATRICK SHARPE, ESQ. OF HODDAM.

[SECTION I.—*Birth and Parentage of John Grahame of Claverhouse—His education at home and abroad—His adventure with the Prince of Orange at the battle of Seneffe—His return to Scotland—His appointment to command a troop in the Royal Horse Guards.*]

THE antiquity and heroism of the Family of Grahame are so fully authenticated, that they require no fanciful additions from a legend respecting the wall of Antoninus, now called Grahame's dyke, which is said to have received its newer denomination from the first hero of the family, who made a breach in its rampants. Such histories may mightly become the latter pages of a modern peerage-writer, where the Knights of the Round Table, and Guy Earl of Warwick, are registered as good men and true, the progenitors of many a pains-taking tradesman who hath achieved a coronet. But they rather cast a shade of disrepute on such families as that of Grahame, which can be traced to the year 1128 in a series of undoubted proofs; and, besides, may justly vaunt of a Sir John Grahame, the brave friend of Wallace, of a James Marquis of Montrose, and of a John Viscount of Dundee.

Torfæus informs us, that, in the earliest times, every independent leader was called *Gram*, and his soldiers *Grams*. The name became great in the north, and was that of the third King of Denmark. "If," says Mr Chalmers in his Caledonia, "Grahame be the proper orthography of this distinguished surname, it may be compounded of *Gray-ham*, the dwelling of Gray. But if the proper spelling were Grame or Græme we might regard the name as a genuine Saxon word, signifying angry, fierce, grim, austere, savage."

Sir William Grahame of Kincardine, who lived during the reigns of King Robert III., and King James I., by his second wife, the Princess Marie, daughter of the former Monarch, had one son, Sir Robert Grahame of Strathcarron. His youngest son, John, was the first of the family of Claverhouse in Angus, commonly pronounced *Clavers.* This John married Marjory daughter of Sir James Scrymgeour, ancestor to the *Earls* of Dundee. His successor, again, was also John, who took to wife Margaret Bethune, of that family in Fifeshire, once so productive of distinguished talents, and of great men. [A third John, son and heir of the last named, succeeded. He married Anne, daughter of Robert Lundin of Balgony, in Fife, and died about 1580. His eldest son was] Sir William Graham of [Claypots and] Claverhouse, Knight, who married Marion, daughter of Thomas Fotheringham of Powrie, in the county of Forfar, and by her had two sons, George, his heir, and Walter, ancestor of the Grahams of Duntroon; and also a daughter, Marion, who became the wife of Alexander Guthrie of Kinkaldrum.[1] This Sir William Graham of [Claypots and] Claverhouse [great-grandfather of Dundee] was one of the representatives of the county of Forfar in the Parliament of the year 1633, being joint commissioner with Sir Harry Wood of Bonnytown. [He died in 1642.] He was honoured by the friendship of his heroic cousin the Marquis of Montrose, who intrusted him with the care of his own private affairs, together with John, Earl of Wigton, David, Lord Carnegie, [Archibald, first] Lord Napier, Sir James Rollock of Duncrub, afterwards Lord Rollo, David Grahame of Fintrie, Grahame of Morphie, John Grahame of Orchill, and John Grahame of Balgowan.[2] The overthrow of the Marquis of Montrose struck

[1] "Discharge, David Guthrie of Kinkcaldrum to Sir William Grahame of Claverhouse, Knight, of the sum of 7000 merks Scots, being the tocher of Marion his daughter, now spouse to Alexander Guthrie, fiar of Kinkcaldrum, my sone, due by virtue of a contract of matrimonial made betwixt me, Catherine Blair my spouse, and the said Alexander my sone, with consent of William Blair of Balgillo, and Sir John Blair his sone," &c., at Dundee, A.D. 1618. Dundee Papers, in the possession of Miss Grahame Grahame of Duntroon.—*Note by Mr Sharpe.*

[2] [These were the relatives and near connexions of Montrose, who were named as his tutors or curators, and who acted most faithfully, as such on the death of his father, in 1626. Mr Sharpe's list is very imperfect. See and compare our Memoirs of Montrose.—Edinburgh: T. G. Stevenson, 1856, vol. i. p. 25.]

the whole clan Graham with consternation. Yet pride was mingled with sorrow, when they considered the fortitude with which the chief of their name encountered the bitterness of his final calamities. Montrose sustained the insults of Argyle, who glutted himself with the view of his fallen enemy, in the manner that such indignities ought to be borne. He provided a gay and costly suit of clothes to wear upon the occasion, when the then Chancellor of Scotland, the son of Campbell of Lawers,—a rude ruffian and a confirmed rebel, who had wrested the earldom of Loudon from the King's most urgent necessities,—railed against his prisoner with all the fury of meanness. Intoxicated by unwonted power, he declaimed from his base pre-eminence in the strains of a Bradshaw, while the Marquis endured the abuse in a manner worthy of his family and of himself, treating the scurrilities of this outrageous judge with philosophical contempt.[1]

Sir William Graham of Claverhouse [the friend and curator of Montrose[2]] was succeeded by his son [George, who died in 1645, when his eldest son, another Sir William, reigned in

[1] It is amusing enough to observe with what contempt Mr Laing treats the little poem composed by the Marquis after condemnation. He could not have been more enraged had Montrose attempted to pass it off as a translation from the Gaelic; but Hume, a man of delicate taste, commends the verses,—and Voltaire, whose judgment in such affairs is still more to be relied upon, says,—"Le brave homme (Montrose) dit à ses juges, qu'il n'était fâché que de n'avoir pas assez de membres pour être attachés à toutes les portes des villes de l'Europe, comme des monumens de sa fidélité pour son Roi. Il mit même cette pensée en assez beaux vers en allant au supplice." Voltaire continues—C'était un des plus agréables esprits qui cultivassent alors les lettres, et l'âme la plus heroïque qui fût dans les trois Royaumes." Essay sur l'Histoire générale, &c.—*Note by Mr Sharpe.*

[2] [The fidelity and anxiety with which the curators of the great Marquis of Montrose attended to his affairs during his minority, may be illustrated by the following letter, preserved among the Southesk Papers, written by Archibald first Lord Napier, to Montrose's factor for the barony of Mugdok, and in which mention is made of Sir William Graham of Claverhouse, great-grandfather of Dundee:—

"Assured friend: These are to entreat you (because the King's affairs urges my waygoing) to be here precisely upon the sixteenth day of this instant. I have appointed Claverhouse to meet you here that same day; because there are many things to do, I would have your meeting sooner than was appointed when you were here. Claverhouse desires me still, in his letters, to desire you to bring with you the true rental; and therefore I entreat you to bring it with you, that we may know what every tenant in particular pays (as is most requisite now when they

his stead. This last raised higher the fortunes of his family, and] married the Lady Jean Carnegie, daughter of John Earl of Ethie, afterwards Northesk, a race ever celebrated for its unshaken loyalty, in the worst of times; whose most antient honours fell to the ground together with the unhappy family that conferred them. By this lady he had two daughters; Margaret, married to Sir Robert Graham of Morphie; Anne, to Robert Young of Auldbar; and two sons [John and David], of whom the eldest is the subject of these Memoirs.

John Graham of Claverhouse was born in the year 1643; and may be supposed to have inherited from his ancestors a large portion of that loyalty and courage which he afterwards displayed. I do not find that the whigs ever pretended his infancy to have been marked with those prodigies which in general polluted the very cradle of their foes. He neither screamed, bit, and made wry faces, like King Charles the First, nor devoured a live toad, which denoted the propensities of that cannibal of the Puritans, Montrose.[1] But he is said to

are to take feus,) the ignorance whereof may hinder all the business at this time. So, not doubting of your repairing hither at the said day, I rest your very loving friend,

"NAPER."

"Edinburgh, 12th April, 1628."]

[1] [Mr Sharpe was mistaken in supposing that the well-worn anecdote of the toad was never to be pressed into the service of the clerical traditions against Dundee. Mr Robert Chambers, referring to some "venerable authority," not otherwise named than as "Highland tradition," tells this story: "Clavers, says the venerable authority I am quoting, had been told by his nurse of some water or river, taking its name from the word *goose* or *geese*, that would chance to prove fatal to him. He had also, when a child, *got hold of a toad, which he ate half up before he was discovered*. When his nurse heard what he had done, and that the nauseous creature had been taken from him and thrown away, she remarked, 'Then you have marred my child in the midst of his glory.'"—*Notes to the History of the Rebellions in Scotland, &c.*, p. 319. It is remarkable that one so well read in Scotch traditions as Mr Chambers, should have here overlooked the fact, that *Scotstarvit* had long previously recorded the self same tradition of the *Marquis of Montrose*, that "he is said to have *eaten a toad* when he was a sucking child;" being that to which Mr Sharpe alludes, in his MS. Nor did Mr Sharpe himself seem to be aware, that the identical story is elsewhere recorded of the *Regent Morton*, a century before, when it is said his father was provoked to exclaim,—"The Devil chew thee, and burst thee, there will never come good of thee." Perhaps it was the French connexion which introduced this long-continued habit of toad-eating to the cradles of so many of the Scottish aristocracy.]

have very early resembled his cousin the Marquis, in his inclinations towards polite literature, as well as in his enterprizing disposition. Having exceeded his twentieth year, his father sent him to the University of St Andrews; where he, together with his brother David, was matriculated in St Leonard's College, 13th February 1665.[1] He is said to have made a considerable progress in the languages, and in mathematics, at the same time ingratiating himself, by his talents and good conduct, so much with the Archbishop, Dr James Sharp, that his Grace retained a very sincere affection for him during the remainder of his life.

[A contemporary, already quoted, and one who had no inducement to record a character of Dundee the truth of which he had not ascertained from those who knew him best, thus speaks of his youthful accomplishments, and subsequent character: "He had made a considerable progress in the mathematics, especially in those parts of it that related to his military capacity; and there was no part of the Belles Lettres which he had not studied with great care and exactness. He was much master in the epistolary way of writing, for he not only expressed himself with great ease and plainness, but argued well, and had a great art in giving his thoughts in few words."[2] "To sum up his character in two words, he was a good Christian, an indulgent husband, an accomplished gentleman, an honest statesman, and a brave soldier; and, as he had few equals among his countrymen in these first qualities, so he had no superior in the last." "His Lordship was so nice in point of honour, and so true to his word, that he never was known for once to break it."][3]

It is highly probable that young Claverhouse continued at College till May 1668, the end of the fourth session from the date of his matriculation, as that is the time generally allowed to a course of philosophy. Having finished his studies at St

[1] College Register.

[2] [The many letters, on various subjects, written by Dundee, and which we are for the first time enabled to bring to light, amply prove the above assertion.]

[3] [Memoirs of Sir Ewan Cameron. See before, p. 33. The trait here recorded, as a characteristic of Claverhouse, that he was punctilious in points of honour, and his word, is curiously confirmed by a passage in a letter from the Duke of York to Queensberry, already quoted. See before, p. 146.]

Andrews he repaired to France, and spent some time in the military service of that country as a volunteer, in imitation of his great model Montrose,[1] and many of his countrymen, whom the ancient alliance between the kingdoms, and narrow paternal fortunes, but most of all the brilliant reputation of the French arms, collected around the standard of a foreign monarch. In Sir David Lindsay's "Satyre of the Three Estaitis," the parson, after his degradation, says :—

> "The Devill mak cair for this unhappie chance,
> For I am young, and thinkis till pas till France;
> And tak wages, amang the men of weir,
> And win my living with my sword and speir."

After acquiring some military reputation in France, he passed into Holland, in the year 1672, where, finding favour in the eyes of the Prince of Orange, he was made a cornet in one of William's own troops of horse guards, of which Count Solmes was the colonel. Besides young Graham, the Prince's company contained six British volunteers. Of these, David Collier, afterwards Earl of Portmore, and husband to the witty Countess of Dorchester, was a native of Scotland; and Mr Rooke, afterwards Major-General, Mr Hales, who was long Governor of Chelsea Hospital, Mr Venner, son of Venner the fifth monarchy man, Mr Boyce, and Captain Carleton, were Englishmen.

It was in this situation that he had the misfortune to render the Prince of Orange a very signal piece of service, which the other requited much after the bent of his own phlegmatic disposition, and the notorious ingratitude of the Dutch character.

William commanded the united armies of the empire, Spain, and Holland, which amounted to about sixty thousand men. He was now bent upon the conquest of Picardy and Champagne, and had declared that in the latter he was resolved to drink wine,—an indulgence he liberally allowed himself at certain seasons,—before the conclusion of the year. But, first

[1] [Montrose travelled for three years, after his very youthful marriage, and studied the art military abroad; but he never entered foreign service. It was out of the question that he should, as he had left a young wife and family at home.]

he must subdue the Prince of Conde, whose army was very considerable, being chiefly composed from the garrisons drawn out of the conquered towns which Conde had commanded to be demolished. On the 11th of August 1674, William attempted to pass a defile at Seneffe, near Mons. He was attacked on the rear guard, consisting of Spaniards, by the Prince of Conde, at the head of about forty-five thousand men. At first victory inclined towards the French, and William seems to have been justly blamed for the injudicious disposition of his troops. But this imprudence he quickly retrieved; and, on the other hand, it was esteemed rashness in Conde to recommence the conflict with an enemy so skillfully entrenched. During the retreat of the allies, the horse which bore the Prince of Orange foundered in the marshes, and its royal rider would have been surrounded by the French had not Cornet Graham dismounted, and, at the hazard of his life, brought him off upon his own charger. This brave action was performed in an evil hour for himself and his native monarchs. Had it not been for his luckless aid, the persecutor of his family, the evil genius of the unfortunate James, the fiend of Glencoe, might have sunk innocuous, and comparatively unknown, in the depths of a Batavian marsh.

Three times was this conflict renewed, and it appears impossible to decide which of the Generals behaved with the greater bravery. William, besides the jeopardy from which Graham rescued him, escaped another very imminent danger. Mistaking a body of French for his own men, he rode towards them, ordering them to charge. Their answer, that they had no more powder, undeceived him, and he possessed presence of mind sufficient to get rid of them immediately, and bring up a part of his own army, which put them to flight. The Prince of Conde had three horses shot under him; yet, at the end of these bloody onsets, this French hero of the genuine spirit was eager to commence a fourth. In the evening, both armies retreated, leaving about fourteen thousand men dead on the field of battle, and the victory altogether dubious. So from this prodigal shower of blood, the laurels of both commanders shot up more luxuriant than ever. Their chivalric courage, their consummate presence of mind, were celebrated

throughout Europe; and each returned public and solemn thanks to God for the conquest over his antagonist.

The Prince of Orange could not, in common decency, allow the brave services of Graham of Claverhouse to remain entirely unrequited. Accordingly, he made him a captain in one of his regiments of guards, very soon after the battle of Seneffe. "This," says the author of his Memoirs, "together with his other distinguished merits, recommended him to the favour of King Charles the Second and the Duke of York;" though one is at a loss to guess how that was possible. In all probability, neither his promotion nor his merits were at that period known to the royal brothers.[1]

A short time afterwards, the command of one of the Scottish regiments in Holland became vacant; and Graham, presuming on the obligation under which he had laid the Prince of Orange, put in his claim. But William, alleging a former promise, denied his request in such a manner that Claverhouse could not brook the affront. He quitted the Dutch service, asserting, what I fear is not always the case, that the soldier who possesses not the feelings of gratitude cannot possibly be brave. Although his resignation could not be pleasing to the Prince, it is alleged that, on Graham's departure from Holland, William gave him letters of strong recommendation to King Charles and his brother.

[Claverhouse appears to have returned to his own country from his foreign travels and military education, towards the close of the year 1676, or the commencement of the following year. The important, but very imperfect Memoir of him by "an officer of the army," already quoted, states that he returned to Scotland in 1677. At that time he must have been

[1] [Mr Sharpe here refers to a slight but nearly contemporary memoir of Dundee, entitled, "Memoirs of the Lord Viscount of Dundee, the Highland Clans, and the Massacre of Glenco: with an account of Dundee's Officers after they went to France. By an Officer of the Army: London, printed for Jonas Brown, at the Black Swan, 1714." It was reprinted in Glasgow, 1818, in the 3d volume of the *Miscellanea Scotica*. We do not see why Mr Sharpe should have doubted that the military talents of young Graham of Claverhouse should have reached the ears of royalty, either shortly before, or at the time of his return to his native country. Indeed, the letters quoted in our text, from his amiable young chief, the 3d Marquis of Montrose, sufficiently prove the fact. Most probably he brought with him the highest recommendations from the Prince of Orange himself.]

about thirty-four years of age. We have discovered no register of his birth, but in the Decisions of the Court of Session, collected by his contemporary Fountainhall, it is mentioned,—" July 24. 1687: Fotheringham of Powry's case against Northesk, Panmure, and Clavers, was reported by Edmonston; and the Lords find his charter *cum piscibus* gives him a sufficient right and title to prescribe the assize-duty of nine fishes out of every boat that passes by Brughty Castle, &c., if so be he had possessed forty years by virtue of that title." It is added, however,—" As for *Clavers*, he was *seventeen* years of these *forty* a minor, and so they must prove forty years before that," &c. Forty years prior to 1687 leads back to 1647. The statement, then, seemingly admitted *in foro contentioso*, amounts to this, that Claverhouse was not twenty-one years of age until seventeen years after 1647; in other words, that he was of age about the year 1664. Therefore he must have been at least in his thirty-fifth year when he entered the King's service in Scotland, in the year 1677–8. Montrose was only in his thirty-eighth year when he closed his great career on the scaffold.] After his arrival in Scotland, Claverhouse seems to have applied to his cousin, the third Marquis of Montrose, for some military employment, as the following letter, which testifies the high sense entertained of his superior qualifications, must have been written in answer to his request.

" *For the Laird of Claverhouse.*

" Sir,

" You cannot imagine how overjoyed I should be, to have any employment at my disposal that were worthy of your acceptance; nor how much I am ashamed to offer you any thing so far below your merit as that of being my Lieutenant; though I be fully persuaded that it will be a step to a much more considerable employment, and will give you occasion to confirm the Duke in the just and good opinion which I do assure you he has of you; he being a person that judges not of people's worth by the rank they are in. I do not know, after all this, in what terms, nor with what confidence, I can express my desire to have you accept this mean and inconsiderable offer; whether by endeavouring to magnify it all I can,

and telling you, that it is the first troop of the Duke of York's regiment; that I am to raise it in Scotland; and that I pretend that none but gentlemen should ride in it; or, by telling you that I am promised to be very quickly advanced, and that you shall either succeed to me, or share with me in my advancement. I can say no more, but that you will oblige me in it beyond expression. I do not expect any answer to this while I am here; for I do resolve to be in Edinburgh against the first or second day of the next month; where, if you be not already, I earnestly entreat you would be pleased to meet me.

"SIR,

"Your most affectionate cousin and servant,

"MONTROSE."

"*London, February 19th*" [1677–8].[1]

[It was not hitherto known that Graham of Claverhouse was first persuaded to attach himself to the service of the royal family by his own chief, the young Marquis of Montrose, grandson to the great Marquis. The fact is yet more interesting, that this was at the earnest desire of the Duke of York himself, who appears from the first to have appreciated the military genius of Claverhouse. The following letter from the Marquis to his kinsman Graham of Monorgan, written at the commencement of the year 1678 (that immediately preceding the murder of Archbishop Sharp), affords distinct evidence of the fact:—

"*For the Laird of Monorgan.*

"SIR,

"I hope now to be able, within a week or ten days, to give you an account, by word of mouth, of my resolutions, and the reasons I have for accepting a troop in the Duke of York's regiment of horse; so I shall forbear troubling you with a long letter; only I must tell you that I have all along met with a great deal of favour from his Royal Highness, and that he has assured me that this shall be but a step to a more

[1] From the original, in possession of Miss Graham of Duntroon.—*Note by Mr Sharpe.*

considerable employment. He has a very good opinion of Claverhouse, and *he bid me endeavour by all means to get him for my Lieutenant.*[1] Therefore, I most earnestly beg that you would be pleased to represent to him the advantages he may have by being near the Duke, and by making himself better known to him. And withal assure him from me, that, if he will embrace this offer, he shall also share with me in my advancement and better fortune. I need not use many words to show you the disparity that is betwixt serving under me and any body else, though of greater family, he being of my house, and descended of my family. You may say more to this purpose than is fit for me to do. I shall say no more but that by this you will infinitely oblige,

"SIR,

"Your most affectionate cousin and servant,

"MONTROSE."

"*London, Feb.* 19. 1677–8."[2]

Such a letter, so earnestly yet so modestly expressed, from the most amiable of noblemen, speaks volumes in favour of the character which Claverhouse by this time had acquired. Of the very same date, the writer of it addressed the letter to Claverhouse himself which has been already quoted.]

Soon afterwards, when the religious perturbations demanded a larger military force in Scotland to quell them, and it was deemed expedient to raise three independent troops of horse, and as many of dragoons, King Charles himself named Graham of Claverhouse as commander of one cavalry troop, allowing Lord Lauderdale to dispose of the other commissions as he thought good. This was a very remarkable proof of the King's favour, Graham's commission being the only one excepted on that occasion. Lauderdale gave the remaining troops of horse to the Earls of Home and Airly. And now it was that Claverhouse began to act that conspicuous part in Scotland, which has procured him so much abuse, and so much admiration. It

[1] [This is conclusive against the conjecture of Mr Sharpe (who had not seen this letter), that Claverhouse had *applied* for this service. It also proves that the royal family had become cognisant of his high reputation abroad.]

[2] [From the original, in the possession of Miss Douglas of Brigton.]

was at this period, that, according to the phrase of a late historian,[1] whose accuracy of expression is far from laudable, he chose to "*forfeit*, in the blood of his innocent, defenceless countrymen, that heroism so *gratuitously* ascribed to the Viscount of Dundee;" as if it were possible to forfeit the honours of fame before they are merited, like the dignities of hereditary rank before they are enjoyed. But ere we proceed with the life of the Viscount, it may not be improper very shortly to trace the progress of fanaticism, and to give a brief account of the Presbyterian commotions in Scotland, prior to his time.

[Section II.—*Review of the State of the Church in Scotland, and of the leading characters connected therewith, from the Reformation to the Restoration.*]

It is well known that the Scottish Reformation, which Anthony à Wood with great propriety might term *alteration*, commenced shortly after Luther's preachments against the papal indulgences. The clergy had become rich, and consequently dissolute. The former fact excited the envy of the nobility, and both the animosity of the people. Truth generally makes its way, but aided by interest it flies. In vain the priests attempted, by burning several miserable beings alive, to scare the wild beasts from their prey. Instead of terrifying the vulgar, whom such spectacles never subdue, the faggots that consumed Patrick Hamilton at Glasgow, composed the beacon of universal uproar and resistance.

The falling away of many noblemen from the old persuasion, was a fatal omen to the Clergy. They beheld the Earl of Argyle, the Earl of Rothes, the Earl of Glencairne—"a prime reformer," and demolisher of everything sacred,—the Lords Boyd, Ochiltree, and sundry others, eager to destroy an order almost overtopping their own; and anxious to mend broken fortunes, or increase those already overgrown by the Estates and Revenues of the Church,—with lands which their original

[1] [Malcolm Laing. This affected and turgid historian published the first edition of his History of Scotland about the year 1800. See before, p. 56.]

possessors had dedicated to God and His ministers, not to kings and their minions,—and with revenues, which, frequently ill applied by priests singly and in communities, were still more shamefully lavished upon, and abused by, a junto of hypocritical rebels, and courtly sycophants, the disgrace, or the refuse of the kingdom. The Reforming Lords drove on the Reformation with the most virulent activity, and in a short time *the vulgar*, ever influenced in outrage by their superiors, could no longer be awed even into a feigned exhibition of respect towards the priests of Baal, as the popish clergy were called, or their abominable idols. Though upon one occasion four men were hanged at Perth, for affronting a friar during sermon by nailing two rams horns on the head of St Francis, and putting a cow's tail to his rump, the rabble, conversant with the poetical ribaldry of Sir David Lindsay of the Mount, and of Lord Glencairn, continued their scurrility and violence. They compared the established clergy to all manner of unclean animals. They alleged that holy water was no better than wash, *or worse*. They termed the Queen Regent Jezabel, Herodias' daughter, and the woman that rode upon the beast. "She was made Regent," says Knox in his history, "in the year of God 1554, and a crown put upon her head; as seemly a sight, if men had eyes, as to put a saddle upon the back of an unruly cow." Daily increasing in strength and courage, they by degrees continued to pour forth a barbarous destruction upon the most beautiful of our sacred buildings, and the most venerable of our ecclesiastical laws.

It is now but too evident, that the chiefs of the Reformation, both clergy and laymen, were under the influence of the English Court, and that nothing of moment was acted in Scotland without the instigation or concurrence of her southern neighbours. Master John Knox, of stern and pitiless memory, and a pensioner of England, was a very powerful and prosperous agent in these villanies. Of considerable personal courage,[1]

[1 This must be qualified. Knox was an able and vigorous clerical bully, of the Scotch stamp of his time. But he was never ferociously insolent where he was not safe; and took very good care to be out of the way when in danger of martyrdom for murder. His sage motto was,—"dook and let the jaw gae bye;" which may be interpreted, stoop and let the storm pass. If he did not use the expression, he acted up to the philosophy. He has found a most able and zealous biographer

of a haughty yet pliant spirit, he was endowed with talents which, though neither brilliant nor profound, were admirably adapted to forward the aims of his ambition. He taught his disciples that doctrine so captivating to the vulgar, that God is more properly worshipped in a cow-house than in a cathedral. He persuaded them to demolish the polluted temples, shouting out, like Cant in later times,—" pull down, pull down antichrist's nest." He insinuated that the most bloody vengeance upon Prelates was meritorious; esteeming the lawless murder of the Cardinal Archbishop of St Andrews so excellent a jest, that he could not refrain from being facetious upon it in his history: " Now," says this humane historian, " because the weather was hot, for it was in May as ye have heard, and his funeral could not suddenly be prepared, it was thought best (to keep him from stinking), to give him salt enough, a cope of lead, and a nook in the bottom of the sea tower, a place where many of God's children had been imprisoned before, to await what exequies his brethren the Bishops would prepare for him. These things we write *merrily;* but we would that the reader should observe God's just judgments," &c., &c. And he taught, both by precept and example, that all respect of temporal dignities is unbecoming the superiority of a Calvinistic reformer. This man had the supreme satisfaction of beholding, long previous to his death, his efforts crowned with the most complete success; and of being empowered to treat those whom birth, and every natural advantage, had formed his superiors, with that brutal rudeness which low minds, in all stations, are so forward to assume. Before his insolence, Queen Mary forgot her dignity in a shower of tears, and her husband, Lord Darnly, seated in the

in Dr M'Crie, a very worthy and accomplished Scotch clergyman, who did his best for Knox, and his worst for Claverhouse. John Knox, however, though a lawless, truculent fellow if the blood of an enemy was the question, had some amiable qualities (never suffered by him to interfere with his public ambition) and considerable powers of commanding attention, and attaining his objects. Scotch clerical politics have raised him to a sort of worm-eaten throne in that country, which none care to dispute, and only a sect are inclined to worship. It is remarkable that one of Scotland's greatest geniuses, pre-eminently the poet of her people, and of her form of Christianity, should have regarded John Knox with supreme contempt :—

" Orthodox, orthodox,
Wha believe in John Knox," &c.]

royal chair within the High Church of Edinburgh, was compelled to endure from the pulpit this strange address :—" Have you, for the pleasure of that dainty dame (the Queen) cast the psalm book in the fire ? The Lord shall strike both head and tail." And so, at a more recent period, following that bright example, one Mr Murray, a minister of Knox's persuasion, when fastening a couple together in marriage, termed the man the head, and the woman the tail : " In the name of God, then," says he, " I join head and tail together ; Sirs, let no man ever separate them."

It appears that John Knox added to the energy of his diction an uncommon vehemence of voice and gesture. " Mr Knox," says the Rev. James Melville in his MS. diary, " being in St Andrews, was very weak : I saw him every day of his doctrine go hoolie and fair, with a furring of marticks about his neck, a staff in one hand, and good godly Richard Ballanden, his servant, holding up the oxter, from the Abbey to the parish kirk, and by the said Richard and another servant lifted up to the pulpit, where he behoved to lean at his first entry ; but, ere he had done with his sermon, he was so active and vigorous that he was like to ding the pulpit in blads, and flee out of it."

John greatly exercised his vigour and activity in invectives against courtly dancing, skipping, and dallying with dames. Yet he could wink at and overlook " the rest that thereof follows," to use his own expression, in a good hater of the Babylonish courtezan. The Earl of Morton contrived to retain at the same time his leman Janet Sharp, and his friend John Knox. Janet meddled not in kirk matters, nor got drunk with the blood of the saints ; therefore John would not disturb her calling, nor, perhaps, restrain her from the refreshment of a little " waik ale." Although, in his writings and discourses, he would have had the world believe that he despised hereditary rank, noble alliances, and all the glittering paraphernalia incident to that same, yet, in this, he as much played the hypocrite as in his pretences to disinterested piety.

This venerable patriarch may very properly be termed the father of Presbyterianism in Scotland, and his disciples trod, with the most scrupulous fidelity, in his footsteps ; so that

King James could not prevail with them to petition Heaven even for the safety of his mother's soul, when the body of that unfortunate princess was about to endure the last extreme of a rival's fury. Having appointed a day of solemn fasting and prayer, the King commanded Mr Patrick Adamson, Archbishop of St Andrews, to officiate in St Giles's; but the ministers perched up in the pulpit a young fellow, one John Couper, who, when the King exclaimed, "Master John, that place was designed for another, yet, since you are there, do your duty, and obey the charge to pray for my mother," replied, "that he would speak no otherwise than as the Spirit should direct him;" and, beginning to pray in his own manner, with abundance of bitter epithets and scriptural nicknames upon the poor Queen, the King's Majesty commanded him to stop; whereupon he gave a knock upon the pulpit, using an exclamation in these terms, "This day shall bear witness against you in the day of the Lord, woe be to thee, O Edinburgh! for the last of thy plagues shall be the worst;" after having uttered these words, he passed down from the pulpit, and, together with the whole wives in the kirk, removed from the same. Immediately the Bishop of St Andrews went up to the pulpit, and preached a sermon concerning praying for princes, whereby he convinced the whole people who remained in the kirk, that the desire of the King's Majesty to pray for his mother was most honourable and reasonable.

But the priests went yet further in their insolence, if possible. They not only ransacked both Old and New Testaments for the names of the most flagitious persons, which they liberally bestowed from their pulpits upon the King, and to his very face, but when James had desired the Magistrates of Edinburgh to feast the French Ambassadors previous to their departure from Scotland, the ministers proclaimed a fast to be observed on the same day. His favourites, however inoffensive, were sure to incur the deepest detestation of the clergy, who would not suffer even the mild and peaceful Duke of Lennox to remain near his doting master, but drove him, broken-hearted, into exile. The holy sceptics pretended not to believe in the existence of Gowrie's foolish conspiracy, or the possibility of a like danger from any other quarter; and,

in fine, took every measure which the most fertile spirit of implacability could suggest, to render his crown irksome, and his sceptre useless.

Amid all his affronts and disturbances, the King contrived to preserve a few of these nominal bishops from the hatred of the Presbyterians, who panted after the annihilation of their very titles. On the overthrow of the Catholic religion, Knox had fallen upon the device of electing a few church rulers, termed *Superintendents*, who should in some measure possess the authority of the Popish bishops,—their temporal dignities still being suffered to remain with them; and the Regent Morton, and other rulers, had thought fit to bestow these Episcopal titles and privileges on their retainers, as they became vacant, though not without many murmurs from the Calvinists. Now, amid a world of intrigue and troubles, James so far conquered his opponents as to procure an act, authorizing Episcopal government in the Church, from the General Assembly, which met at Glasgow on the 8th of June 1610, and this was afterwards ratified by the Parliament of the year 1612. Still it was but the confirmation of the shadow of Episcopacy; for, by the act, it was expressly provided, that the bishops, in all things concerning their life, conversation, office, and benefice, should be entirely subject to the censure and mandates of the all potent General Assembly.

James having effected this change in the government, also contrived to alter and reform the discipline of the Church. In the same year he erected the High Commission Court, the members of which were the whole body of prelates, all the commissaries in Scotland, with many peers, gentlemen, and sundry of the ministers. These were enabled to decide in all causes touching religion or morals, both in clergy and laics, with the power of suspension, deprivation, imprisonment, fining, banishment, and the infliction of sundry other pains and penalties, without any form or process of common law. This court, it may easily be supposed, was much cried out against by the fanatics, as putting the civil sword into the hands of clergymen, and the spiritual crosier into those of the laity, while it increased the power of the Bishops, and gave inordinate strength to the King's supremacy.

In spite of these murmurs, not long afterwards an alteration in the form of divine worship also took place. By the Assembly convened at Perth in the year 1618, the celebrated Five Articles, commonly called the Articles of Perth, were enjoined. These were, private communion to the sick, private baptism, kneeling at the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, confirmation by the hands of Bishops, and the observation of the principal holidays. Though at last ratified by act of Parliament, 1621, they met with extreme opposition. For the fanatical spirit was daily gaining ground, while the fear of sustaining loss by annexations agitated and excited such noblemen, and others, as had been enriched through church possessions, with a wonderful access of devotion. Nay, so unnatural, and horrible, according to such, were these innovations, that the very elements testified an abhorrence of them. In this black Parliament, as it was termed, the vote which confirmed the design of the Assembly, was accompanied with fearful darkness, thunder, lightning, and all other terrors of the most tremendous tempest.

Charles the First, attempting to complete the plans of his father, in an ill-advised moment imposed the Service Book upon the Scottish Church. For these were times of deep speculation in both countries, when not only the higher orders, but persons deemed the very refuse of society "would take upon them the mystery of things, as if they were God's spies." Butler tells, that, a little afterwards,—

> "The oyster women lock'd their fish up,
> And trudg'd away to cry 'no Bishop:'
> The mouse-trap man laid save-alls by,
> And 'gainst ill counsellors did cry:
> Botchers left old clothes in the lurch,
> And fell to turn and patch the Church:
> Some cried the Covenant, instead
> Of puddings, pies, and gingerbread:
> And some, for brooms, old boots, and shoes,
> Bawl'd out, to purge the Commons' House:
> Instead of kitchen stuff, some cry
> A gospel preaching ministry:
> And some, for old suits, coats, and cloak,
> 'No surplices, nor Service Book.'"

On Sunday the 23d of July 1637, the Dean of Edinburgh had scarcely begun to read the prescribed form of prayer to the congregation assembled in the Church of St Giles, when Margaret Geddes, replete with holy zeal, which her preceding Sabbath's rebuke for fornication had doubtless much inflamed, exclaiming, "Out fause lown, wilt thou say the Mass at my lug?"—discharged the stool on which she was sitting, at his head. This pious woman is sometimes named *Janet*, as in a rude ballad, apparently composed to celebrate her achievement, beginning, "Put the gown upon the Bishop,"—and published in Johnson's Musical Museum. From the continuation of Baker's Chronicle we learn that she survived the Restoration.[1] The tumult began in what is called the Mid Kirk of St Giles, the East Kirk being then preparing for an altar, and other things which the Lutheran worship requires. From this impetuous Trulla the mob took the signal of uproar, and, aided by the higher malecontents, proceeded from one gradation of outrage to another, till they brought their King to the block, their country to the verge of destruction, and their national character under stigmas from which it will never perfectly recover.

It is needless here to enlarge upon all those shifting scenes of complicated treachery and violence, those shameful bargains for human and royal blood. Whatever the character of Charles the First may really have been, the Scots at least can

[1] [From a yet more unquestionable source we have since ascertained that this celebrated mother of the Scotch Covenant not only survived the Restoration, but also her covenanting principles, having, on the advent of Charles II. publicly abdicated her apostolic stool, and burnt it, *coram publico*. A falling off from the Covenant of its original supporters was not so uncommon as the violent denunciations of Montrose's "treachery" and "treason," would seem to imply. In a very rare pamphlet, printed in Edinburgh 1661, entitled, "Edinburgh's Joy for his Majestie's Coronation in England," which minutely records the details of the popular rejoicing, Saint Geddes is thus graphically recorded :—'But amongst all our *bontadoes*, and *caprices*, that of the immortal *Janet Geddis*, Princess of the *Trone Adventurers*, was most pleasant : For she was not only content to assemble all her *creels*, *baskets*, *creepies*, *furms*, and other ingredients that composed the shop of her *sallads*, *radishes*, *turnips*, *carrots*, *spinnage*, *cabbage*, with all other sort of *pot merchandize* that belongs to the garden, but even her *chair of state*, where she used to dispense justice to the rest of her *langkail vassals*, were all very orderly burnt, she herself countenancing the action with a high flown *claret and vermilion majesty*.' ']

derive no advantage from its depravity. Trucking for the life of a wolf or of a lamb, in the manner these villains did, must be equally infamous and detestable. But we may here be permitted to observe, how widely of late times it hath become *fashionable*, to rank King Charles among tyrants, and wicked men, and his destroyers with the meritorious and the pure. Modern historians have proceeded all lengths to prove his ambition of arbitrary sway, his faithless system of politics,—and if they cannot contrive to fix actual vice upon his private character, would fain represent him as a man of manners so extremely forbidding, that, in this age of urbanity, his deportment amounts almost to a crime. It would be ridiculous to desire such persons to appeal to their own hearts, whether, in a case like his, when *prerogative* extended beyond definition, and had been stretched to all extremes by his predecessors, the Kings and Queens of England, they themselves could, with perfect temper, have endured sudden and violent curtailments, seemingly arising from quarters entitled to no rational consideration or respect. Though Prynne and his disciples, who atoned for their libels with their ears, might perhaps in one sense have been made to feel, the modern authors of these boundless calumnies against the character of Charles, secure in the honours of their skull, with no hereditary prerogatives, measurable or immeasurable, to lose, are not competent judges of his patrician agonies. But let them seriously consider, what cometh near to themselves, his exceeding temptations to equivocate and juggle, environed as he was with a crew of the falsest hypocrites that ever existed. Not, however, that it does by any means plainly appear, after all the fine writing and evil argument on the subject, that Charles did actually condescend to parry the stillettos of his foes with a pyne doublet. And as for his cold repulsive demeanour, for a person of that alleged unhappy address, he certainly could boast of the warmest and most constant friends that ever man possessed.

[How false is History on the subject of this Monarch's character and conduct! A faultless Sovereign, a perfect King, he was not. Was such ever found on earth? When mankind is perfect so will be kings. But was Charles the

First really a wilful oppressor, amid religiously and patriotically disposed chiefs of Scotland? Must we indeed concede to the crazy chroniclers of the Covenant, or to modern whig historians, no less violent and unreasonable, that he was worthy of the death he died, and that England should proudly cherish the memory of his self-seeking murderer? And can we discover, in the miserable mists of faction that surrounded his throne from the first moment of his reign, and the abandoned treachery and deceit, in the highest of his subjects, that dogged his person through life, no explanation of, no excuse for, the worst steps of his policy in the government of his realms? Let us turn from modern histories to the private unpublished thoughts of an honest nobleman, and upright counsellor, who had been intimate with Charles the First, from that Monarch's childhood.

"King James being dead, and his son King Charles succeeding to him in his kingdom, and to his virtues too,—although with some want of experience, which is only got with time,—all the turbulent and discontented humours of the former time were up, as is usual in these great transitions, and plied his Majesty incessantly with accusations, personal assertions, new projects, and informations of abuses. And truly there wanted not matter, and their endeavours had deserved praise, if *spleen to the persons of men*, and their own *private interest*, had not given life and motion to their proceedings, rather than the service of the King and the good of the State. Then was there nothing but *factions*, and factious consultations, of the one, to hold that place and power they possessed before,—of the other, to wrest it out of their hands, and to invest themselves; and no dream or phantasy of innovation came in any body's head, but presently he durst vent it to the King; and still the most ignorant were boldest. Neither wanted there some honest and wise men who gave their advice out of mere affection to his Majesty and the public; but wanting that bold forwardness, and factious assistance, which the other had in prosecuting of their private ends, no great hold was taken of them."[1]

Charles, not yet crowned King of Scotland, received sundry

[1] [MS. of Archibald first Lord Napier.—*Napier charter-chest.*]

mysterious hints, that, if he did not conduct himself in a manner that seemed fully to recognize the *Independency* of his ancient kingdom, the crown might be bestowed somewhere else; and most anxious he was to avoid the imputation of intending to "reduce Scotland to a province." Thus the affairs of that country became to him a separate burden of a difficult and irksome nature. For his privy-council of England were not suffered to be cognisant of the affairs of the other kingdom, which the King managed, through the reports of his privy-council there, with the aid (if aid it could be called) of his Scotch favourites, or such of the council as he summoned from Scotland for special consultation. Indeed, at this time there appeared to be no connexion or sympathy between the kingdoms. The English nation, we are informed by Clarendon, knew and cared less about Scotland than they did about Poland or Germany;—"no man ever inquired what was doing in Scotland, nor had that kingdom a place or mention in one page of any Gazette." But it was not the privilege of Charles to be able to forget his ancient independent kingdom; and certainly his attention to the affairs of Scotland was kept alive in a manner most disagreeable to himself, and most discreditable to his native country. Lord Napier, a Privy-councillor, and Treasurer-Depute, (under the Earl of Mar, who held the white staff,) also mentions, in those valuable reflections on the times which he left in manuscript, that Mar, was not free from that storm of faction, the great object of which was to wrest place and power from each other, "but was charged home by his enemies with some abuses, in the King's presence, which they were not well able to make appear; therefore, there was a gentleman directed to me, desiring me to give them intelligence upon what points my Lord might be charged; with assurance from them that it should never be known; and before I should declare any thing in that kind, I should have assurance, from the King's own mouth, and my Lord of Buckingham, of the white staff! This I flatly refused, as an office unworthy of a gentleman, and told him that I disdained any honour that should be acquired by so dishonourable means against a man that was in terms of outward friendship with me, although I knew he had no friendly intentions towards me."

And this nobleman's summing up, of the unconquerable difficulties which beset the path of the King in the hopeless attempt to rule Scotland well and wisely, might indeed cause even a whig historian to revise his presuming anathemas. "This preceding Relation," Lord Napier says, "being written in haste, and imperfect, many passages being omitted, for brevity's sake, which might have shown the iniquity of these times,[1] is nevertheless most true. And thereby the judicious may perceive the former settled manner of government shaken by frequent innovations entertained and practised; factions in Court and state a-foot; accusations, calumnies, and aspersions ordinary; and, which was worse, *combinations*, and hopes given thereby of great service to the King, without any performance, but, by the contrary, his Majesty's just and gracious inclination abused by misinformations, his ears blocked up and so straightly beleagured that *truth could not approach them*,—and all for their own profit, and prejudice of the King and State,—the presence of honest men, who could not comply with them in their oblique courses, so hateful that they could not endure it; and so bold, in consideration of the strength of their leagues, that they do not stick to *falsify the King's hand*, surreptitiously to *steal his Majesty's superscriptions*, and to frame letters *contrary to his meaning*, and *many other things of this kind*."[2] "And truly, if ever any King, our Sovereign, in so far as concerneth Scottish business, may justly make Dioclesian's complaint,—*Colligunt se quatuor aut quinque circa Imperatorem, atque sibi utilia, sub pretextu boni publici et principis, proponunt,—bonos, et virtute præditos, ab Imperatore amovent,—malos, factiosos et sibi idoneos adsciscunt,—verita-*

[1] [These omissions are much to be regreted. Had the Relation of Lord Napier comprehended all the history of "the iniquity of these times," and had he also exposed the iniquity of the times immediately succeeding the period of his Relation, (as, indeed, we are informed by Wishart, that he had actually intended, in a "most elaborate discourse of the origin of the turmoils in Great Britain,") such a history would have been a most valuable addition to that of Clarendon, who was but ill informed in Scotch affairs.]

[2] [Sir Philip Warwick (p. 146,) also alludes to this method of deceiving the King, during the correspondence betwixt his Majesty and the Marquis of Hamilton, when with his fleet in the Frith of Forth, in 1639.]

tem ad aures principis appellere non sinunt,—SIT BONUS, SAPIENS, CAUTUS, DECIPITUR IMPERATOR."[1]]

A modern historian [Malcolm Laing], whose virulence against the House of Stewart is so personal and fresh, that we could almost suppose him to be one of Charles's murderers condemned to the fate of the wandering Jew, talks of the King's "insolence," because, while in Scotland in the year 1633, he avoided on his way to Falkland a rabble of Fife Lairds whom Lord Rothes, a well known puritan, had collected to wait upon him; and refused permission to a magistrate to kiss his hand because he was a presbyterian. Surely *insolence* is a very harsh term when applied to such conduct in a monarch? To act in that manner might have been insolence in Mr Malcolm Laing, or even in Mr Charles Fox; but unprejudiced people might esteem it a proper sense of dignity in King Charles Stewart.[2] This expression, indeed, is very con-

[1] [These last words are written emphatically large in the manuscript. It is a speech put in the mouth of the Emperor Diocletian, after his voluntary abdication of the throne, when declaiming on his favourite topic, the difficulty of being a good prince. Gibbon thus paraphrases the passage. "How often is it the interest of four or five ministers to combine together to deceive their Sovereign! Secluded from mankind by his exalted dignity, the truth is concealed from his knowledge,—he can see only with their eyes, he hears nothing but their misrepresentations. He confers the most important offices upon vice and weakness, and disgraces the most virtuous and deserving among his subjects. By such infamous arts the best and wisest princes are sold to the venal corruptions of their courtiers." The quotation in Lord Napier's manuscript is from *Vopiscus*, a learned Syracusan, reckoned the Coryphæus among the six authors, called *Historiæ Augustæ Scriptores*.]

[2] [Clarendon knew more of this matter than the pretentious Laing. The great contemporary historian informs us, that in his coronation progress to Scotland in 1633, Charles had it forced upon his observation, that at this time Rothes and his clique endeavoured "to make themselves popular by speaking in Parliament against those things which were most grateful to his Majesty, and which still passed notwithstanding their contradiction; and he thought a little discountenance upon those persons would either suppress that spirit within themselves, or make the poison of it less operative upon others." Clarendon adds, that, of the Earl of Rothes, and others, the King had the worst opinion, and purposely withheld from them any grace by never speaking to them, or taking notice of them in the Court. Yet such was their effrontery, and determination to attain their ends, that "when the King was abroad in the fields, or passing *through villages*, when the greatest crowds of people flocked to see him, *those men would still be next him*, and entertain him with some discourse and pleasant relations, which the King's gentle disposition could not avoid, and which made those persons to be generally believed to be most acceptable

sonant with the phraseology of the whole work, during a perusal of which one is tempted every minute to exclaim with mine hostess, "by my troth Captain Pistol, these be very bitter words." But we may use towards Mr Laing the words of the "Ladie Abbasse," in Sir David Lindsay's play of the Three Estates:—

> "Fals hureson carle, thou art ovir arrogant,
> To juge the deidis of sic ane holie sanct."

But, after all, the cavils of his foes signify little. The siftings and sophistications of whiggism cannot overturn the established records of truth. As long as moderation and good sense are prized, or literature and a turn for the fine arts admired, while constancy under the most bitter and unmerited misfortunes is respected, or piety enduring to the very last esteemed a virtue, this good prince must continue to be revered, in spite of those historians who disguise the Stewarts in the imperial purple of Rome, that like Brutus they may boast of having assassinated tyrants; and through the bosom of King Charles the Martyr, and his descendants, aim a blow at the heart of royalty, and all hereditary honour.

Sir Philip Warwick pronounces a very affectionate and touching eulogium on King Charles at the conclusion of his contemporary memoirs. "I shall conclude," he says, "with

to his Majesty,"—a characteristic demeanour of ambitious democracy, upon which the historian passes this shrewd reflection, that, "let the proudest or most formal man resolve to keep what distance he will towards others, a *bold and confident man* instantly demolishes that whole machine, and gets within him, and even obliges him to his own laws of conversation."

The same mean audacity, in quarters where it might have been least expected, we find commented upon in Lord Napier's manuscripts, as one of the sources of those errors of the unhappy King which have been exaggerated into crimes. Napier adds this quaint illustration: "Much like that gentleman who rode out, in the company of others, to bring in the Pope to a city in Italy. The Pope asking many questions, and enquiring the names of cities, rivers, and places, that came within his view as he went along, this gentleman made answers to all, and gave names to every thing, but *never a true one*, being himself ignorant of the same. And so he continued in discourse with the Pope till he came to his lodging; and when a friend of his rebuked him for abusing his Holiness with *untruths*,—'if, (said he) I had seemed ignorant of what was asked, the Pope would have called another; so, should I forego the honour I had, to be seen *so near* the Pope, and in speech with him? And he rests as well satisfied as if the truth had been exactly told him.'"]

this, if it be lawful to compare small things with great,—his *passion*, or manner of death, most resembles that of his great Master; for, like him he was a King, and a King of that people that persecuted him to his death: he was a King that resembled Seneca's refined rational man; one that forfeited with *the vulgar*, or the many mistaken and deceived narrow minds, the repute of being a good man, that he might not lose to himself the conscience of being truly such an one: For his principles answered to true and solid reason, and suited with divine ordinances; and therefore he was, as in his history appears, owned by the persons of the best quality, and of most knowledge, in his kingdom, even when he was so far from being able to reward, that he was not able to protect either himself or them: and, indeed, his condition was often so low and despicable, that, as Codomannus said unto his loyal adherents, so he might have said to his,—'You that never forsook me, though I have been twice overcome, and twice forced to fly, have been the best evidence to my mind that I remained King, and that misfortune could not dethrone me; so as God, not myself reward you.' Providence made him glorious: Great and good minds will honour him: Ignorant, not discern him: Politick, who think a kingdom should never be lost upon scruples, not value him: But God, I am assured, hath pardoned his failures, and crowned him for his piety and his sufferings."

The Marquis of Montrose, too, at the close of his own misfortunes, thus from the scaffold spoke of his royal master:—"For the late King he lived a saint, and died a martyr: I pray God that I may so end as he did: If ever I should wish my soul in another man's stead, it should be in his."

After the Presbyterian zealots had disposed of Charles the First, Cromwell very soon became their detestation, because he was unwilling to establish their Ecclesiastical Code in England, and entertained no great respect for their Solemn League and Covenant.[1] But they had gone too far to be

[1] [It excited his most supreme contempt, and was visited with his severest lash. Cromwell was the first to hang a Presbyterian clergyman; and he actually drummed the General Assembly in a body, from their own hall, and with their Moderator at their head, out of Edinburgh.]

capable of making any effectual resistance against the real tyrant, and therefore resolved to summon King Charles the Second from Flanders, and crown him King of Scotland, as the least of two evils ; hoping, through the craft of the Marquis of Argyle, their own strength, and the Prince's weakness, to possess, for some time at least, that supremacy over their Sovereign which was so dear to their hearts. The Prince arrived, was crowned at Scone, and regaled with the same or even worse treatment than his predecessor had endured at their hands. The subscription of the Solemn League, indeed, might appear but a trifle to a person of his disposition, and perhaps the public abuse lavished upon his parents gave him very little uneasiness. But the continual fastings and prayers ; the tedious sermons twice and sometimes thrice a-day ; the unceremonious dismissions of all the friends who had continued faithful to his father and himself ; the disgusting manners of the clergy, and of the Presbyterians in general, joined with the constant society of his family's very worst enemies, were intolerable. How could such a situation be endured ? Besides, this merry and amorous Monarch was precluded from laughter on the Sabbath, and from love every day of the week.

Not, in truth, that the ruling elder, Argyle, was at all averse to the King's inflammability, would the blaze have irradiated his own mansion, and refined the mass of his posterity. He had laid a plan for placing a crown upon the head of his eldest daughter, the Lady Anne Campbell, and for some time Charles found it convenient to humour his presumption. But the good fortune of the Marquis was then upon the decline, nothing but disappointment ensued ; and the poor young Lady, who appears to have had a *tang* of her father's ambition, supplied the want of a regal diadem with a garland of straw. Unable to bear the frustration of her hopes, she died in a state of distraction.[1]

[1] [Kirkton, surely not inimical to Argyle, tells the characteristic story in terms not very complimentary to his hero. "The Marquis of Argyle being all that time almost dictator of Scotland, to make all sure *for himself*, being in great danger from *the envy of his enemies*, thought good to strike up a match between the King and his daughter Lady Ann ; to which the King consented with all assurance ; though all that poor family had by the bargain was a disappointment so grievous to the poor

The King's slavery, from his very first appearance in Scotland, was almost incredible. No "Malignants," nor "Engagers" of quality, were suffered to approach him. Great offence was given to the godly by his lodging one night at Dunotter Castle, belonging to the Marischal family, though with permission of Arthur Erskine, brother to the Earl of Mar, and uncle to the young Earl of Marischal, an "Engager," whom he would not suffer to receive or wait upon the King, farther than the castle gate. The Duke of Hamilton, the Earls of Lauderdale and Carnwath, with many more of his real or supposed friends, were driven from his presence, while Lord Dunfermline, and Lord Crawford, were compelled to perform public penance, for their loyal backslidings, in the face of the kirk. The former, being Argyle's creature, was allowed his own pew at Dunfermline, but the latter, Duke Hamilton's brother-in-law, clothed in sackcloth, occupied the *stool of repentance* in the High Church of Edinburgh. The only one of Charles's followers allowed to remain near him, was the Duke of Buckingham, who, by betraying the King's secrets, and exerting those wonderful talents which afterwards gained the rich heiress of Fairfax from her puritanical old father, ingratiated himself so much with Argyle and the clergy that he maintained his

young Lady, that, of a gallant young gentlewoman, she lost her spirit and turned absolutely distracted : so unfortunately do the *back wheels* of *private designs* work in the puppet plays of the public revolutions in the world." One pities the Lady, but the Marquis was most deservedly sold. It was not the first match-making trick of the kind that he had attempted. When Hamilton was in Scotland, in 1642, expressly commissioned by the King to crush the rebellion, and the ambitious designs of Argyle, the latter seduced the weak and double-faced favourite even into domestic sociality, and had nearly effected a marriage between his son Lord Lorn, and Hamilton's eldest daughter, Lady Ann. This pregnant fact has only been disclosed of late years by the publication of a catalogue *raisonnée* of the family papers of the house of Hamilton. No. 191 of the catalogue is thus described : "Contract of marriage betwixt the Marquis of Hamilton, on the part of his eldest daughter Lady Ann, and the Marquis of Argyle, on the part of his eldest son the Lord Lorn, *when they should be of age :* The marriage portion is an hundred thousand marks ; the yearly jointure fifteen thousand marks ; and the penalty to him who resiled, thirty-six thousand marks, all remeid of law excluded ; 1641–1642."—*Maitland Club Miscellany.* A very awkward disclosure for the character of Hamilton, considering the state of public affairs at that date. The marriage never took place ; but we cannot give Hamilton credit for having sold Argyle, as Charles the Second did afterwards.]

ground, although his course of life was dissolute and scandalous. His master's licentious conduct at this period, though much insisted upon by the rigid of all sects, and by the Whigs in particular, appears to have been exaggerated. A passage in one of the letters written by Mr Sharp, afterwards Archbishop of St. Andrews, to the Reverend Mr Douglas, proves that his behaviour in all points was not so notorious as is generally believed. Sharp says, that while in London, finding many possessed with the belief that the King, when in Scotland, broke all terms and engagements he was under by treaty, "and was vicious and unclean, and a scorner of ordinances, and a discountenancer of ministers, he had detected those great lies, and malicious forgeries, and declared he could *not* say the King broke them, and that the honest party were well satisfied with him." Now this was written by a *soi-disant* Whig, to a very strenuous one, who was well acquainted with all the King's actions while in Scotland, and with whom Sharp would have entirely lost credit (a matter of great consequence to him then) had he ventured to affirm that which the other knew to be untrue.

The Presbyterian impositions and restrictions at length became so intolerable, that Charles effected an escape to his old friends the Cavaliers; but finding their numbers much too small to assist him, he reluctantly returned to his cage under the conduct of Colonel Montgomery and Arthur Erskine, who had been sent in pursuit of him by the Committee. The battle of Worcester finally delivered him from the claws of his spiritual tormenters. But the remembrance of their cruelty was indelibly fixed in his bosom. Though too easily forgetting the crown of thorns they had woven for his father's temples, he ever recollected with detestation the throne of like materials on which these merciless Whigs had seated himself at Scone.

The conduct of the Corporation of Edinburgh, after the battle of Worcester, deserves particular notice, as it exhibits the adherents of the Solemn League and Covenant in a very characteristic light. This honourable body had been so far prevailed upon by their abomination of Cromwell, and the im-

portunities of the loyalists, as to join the National Engagement in favour of King Charles, and to advance nearly three thousand three hundred pounds, instead of twelve hundred men they had pledged themselves to furnish. To this end they *borrowed* a sum of money, the town funds not then being able to advance it. But after the unfortunate battle of Worcester, they totally disclaimed the "Engagement," for which the money had been raised; neither would they repay one farthing to those who had lent it. But to have their consciences set entirely at ease respecting the *honesty* of this measure, they consulted the Committee of the General Assembly, "whether the Engagement being unlawful, they were bound *in conscience* to pay the money borrowed in support of it?" And the upright Committee of the Reverend Assembly declared,—"It is the judgment of the Commission, that the Provost, Bailies, and Council of Edinburgh, who state the case, should not, *in conscience*, pay any part of the foresaid sum, nor interpone their authority for paying of the same."

> "The Rabbins write, when any Jew
> Did make to God, or man, a vow,
> Which afterwards he found untoward,
> Or stubborn to be kept, and too hard,
> Any three other Jews o' the nation
> Might free him from the obligation."

But Oliver's Parliament afterwards ordained satisfaction to be made to the creditors, who had much reason to be thankful that nice casuistry, in cases of conscience, did not so strongly pervade that Assembly, as the jesuitical congregations of their own divines.[1]

[1] [In a note of the last century, by the Rev. James Scott, to his transcripts from the Presbytery Register of Perth (MS. Advocate's Library), we find the following:—"When Charles II. was crowned at Scone, Andrew Reid advanced, towards defraying the expenses of the Coronation, forty thousand merks, for which the King gave bond. After Oliver Cromwell had taken possession of Perth, Andrew Reid presented to him the King's bond, and craved payment. Cromwell replied:—'I am neither *heir* nor *executor* to Charles Stewart.' Mr Reid presently answered:—'Then you are a *vicious intromitter*.' Cromwell, turning to one of his officers, said, 'that such a bold speech had never been made to him before.'" It may be necessary to explain, that 'vicious intromission,' is the legal term for assuming the management of property belonging to another without authority; and it renders

On his restoration Charles resolved to re-establish Episcopacy in Scotland, and that in opposition to the advice of one of his principal counsellors in Scottish affairs, the Earl of Lauderdale, who was ever a Presbyterian in his heart,[1] and mortally hated King Charles the First and his party, to the conclusion of his life. Charles II., who said that Presbyterianism was not the religion of a gentleman,[2] chiefly entrusted its overthrow to the care of two personages, who both afterwards made a great figure in Scottish affairs, the Earl of Middleton, and Mr James Sharp.

Middleton, the son of John Middleton of Cadham who was slain sitting in his chair by some of Montrose's soldiers, was at first but a pikeman in Colonel Hepburn's regiment in France, but raised himself by his gallantry to high military commands. In the year 1660, he was created Earl of Middleton, Lord Clermont and Fettercairn. Though at first a proselyte to the doctrine of the Puritans, in whose service he obtained the renown of a good soldier, he had come over to the King's party, been taken prisoner at the battle of Worcester, and confined in the Tower, from whence he made his escape in his wife's clothes. While in confinement, Aubrey pretends that he had a strange visit from a ghost, which shall be related in that author's own words:—

"This Lord Middleton had a great friendship with the Laird of Bocconi, and they had made an agreement that the first of them that died should appear to the other in extremity. The Lord Middleton was taken prisoner at Worcester fight, and was prisoner in the Tower of London under three locks. Lying in his bed pensive, Bocconi appeared to him: My Lord Middleton asked him if he were dead or alive; he said, dead; and *that he was a ghost*, and told him, that within three days he

the intromitter liable for debts. Old Noll was a remorseless, ruffian, but with as little of meanness about him as Milton's Satan. Doubtless he paid the bond,—out of Charles Stewart's purse.]

[1] [Lauderdale was never any thing "in his heart" but an unprincipled hypocrite, and disgusting voluptuary.]

[2] [Had Charles the Second said, which perhaps he did, and in all probability really meant, that the *corenanting* discipline of Presbyterianism was not the Christian religion, and that the usurping clique into whose hands he had fallen were not gentlemen, the remark could neither be censured nor controverted.]

should escape; and he did so in his wife's clothes. When he had done his message, he gave a frisk and said,—

> Giovanni, Giovanni 'tis very strange,
> In the world to see so sudden a change,—

and then gathered up and vanished. This account Sir William Dugdale had from the Bishop of Edinburgh; and this and the former account he has writ in a book of miscellanies, which I have seen, and is now deposited with other books of his in the Museum at Oxford."

The course of Middleton's life was marked with many wonders. In his youth a certain *palmister* assured him that he should rise to great honours, and even to the supreme command of his country. But when Middleton related the story he never would reveal the end of the prediction, " which (says Kirkton) made his companions suspect it was tragical, as afterwards it did indeed prove." When in the Highlands of Scotland, attempting to raise a party for King Charles the First, a second-sighted old gentleman told him that his endeavours would be fruitless, that the King was *fated* to a violent death, that several other vain attempts in the royal cause would be made, but that finally Charles the Second would be restored. The Whigs affirm, that when Middleton took the Covenant, he raised his right arm, saying, that if he should ever do any thing against that blessed day's work, he wished that arm might be his death. When Governor of Tangiers, he fell down stairs and broke the bone of his right arm, which pierced his side, and occasioned his death; and they add, " this was the end of one of those who had brought the Church of Scotland on her knees to Prelacy." He was certainly a man of considerable talents, and not destitute of literature; but his military manners, and the odious situation in which he was placed, made the Whigs regard him with peculiar bitterness of detestation.

Mr James Sharp was the son of Mr William Sharp, Sheriff-Clerk of Banffshire, and certainly *not* the grandson of a piper, as the Presbyterians assert; who add, that his musical progenitor was celebrated for playing a spring (*i. e.* tune) called

Trot Cosie. James was born in the Castle of Banff, in the year 1613, and gave early proof of a superior genius. Being destined for the Church, he was sent to the University of Aberdeen, where he made a rapid progress in literature. There, if we may believe memoir writers, a wonderful dream befell him, in which all the leading events of his future life were plainly signified, saving the barbarous scene which concluded it. His first step towards preferment, was a Professorship of Philosophy in St. Leonard's College, in the University of St. Andrews, obtained through the interest of Lord Rothes, to whom he was related by his mother, a gentlewoman of the name of Lesley. Kirkton says it was observed of her, " that all the time this her goodly son was in her belly, she would never taste liquor except only wine,—herein he was not a deliverer like Sampson." He also states, that Sharp was a poor scholar in St. Andrews at the time Spottiswoode was Archbishop, and before the leaguer at Dunse Law, which is not true, *Aberdeen* being the university in which he was educated. Kirkton relates his dream thus:—

" There goes a story of him, which I have many times heard before his miserable death, that while he was a scholar in the college, lying in one bed with his comrade, one night in his sleep and dream he fell into a loud laughter, and therein continued a pretty time, till his bedfellow thought fit to wake him, and ask him what the matter was, and why he was so merry; he answered, he had been dreaming the Earl of Crawford had made him parson of Crail, which was a great matter in his eyes at that time. Another night in bed with the same bedfellow, he fell asleep, and in his sleep a laughing, which made his comrade wonder what the matter was, for he laughed a great deal louder than at the first; so his comrade thought fit to wake him again, with which he was very much offended; for, said he to his bedfellow, I thought I was in Paradise, because the King had made me Archbishop of St. Andrews: then, said his comrade, I hope you will remember old friends. Afterwards he fell a dreaming once more, and in his dream a weeping, and wept most lamentably for a long time; his comrade thought he should not be blamed any more for interruptions, and so suffered him to continue for a long time; at

length he awoke, and when his comrade told him he had changed his tune, and asked what the matter was, he answered, he had been dreaming a very sad dream, and that was, that he had been driving a coach to hell, and that very fast. What way he drove I shall not say; but all the country knew he drove most fiercely to his death that day he was killed; though he chose bypaths, because of some warnings he had that morning where he had lodged."

It is a sad thing to destroy the credit of Mr Kirkton's relation; yet one must remark, that the circumstances of his dream belong peculiarly to *Fife*, whereas the Archbishop certainly studied and took his degree of master at Aberdeen. During his regency there, he struck Mr Sinclair, a fellow regent (afterwards minister of Ormiston) a box on the ear, for giving him the lie in a dispute respecting church government, which had like to have knocked his own preferment on the head; but he recovered from the bad impression which that violence occasioned. About this time he had, as was afterwards pretended, an amour with a beautiful *Maritornes*, a female hostler, one Isabel Lindsay, the produce of which was a child, whom Mr Sharp strangled with a handkerchief, and buried beneath a hearth-stone. This *legend* was *invented after* he became a Primate; and received some colour from the conduct of the woman, who was crazed. While the Archbishop was celebrating divine service at St. Andrews, and the 7th verse of the 63d Psalm,—" In God my glory placed is,"—came to be read, the woman cries—" Your glory, your glory! My glory's placed in God!"—but kept quiet till the commencement of the sermon, when she started up, calling the Primate Judas, or some such name, when she was quickly removed to prison. These ravings of hers were metamorphosed into a public and solemn accusation of fornication and murder. Isabel was continually haunted with grief for the sad increase of witchcraft, and declared that she once saw Archbishop Sharp, Dr Pitullo, and Mr Robert Rait, minister of Dundee, all dancing in the air.

The Primate endured another calumny of a like nature, the confutation of which, in a letter to the publisher of his Memoirs, may not be unamusing to the reader:—" As to that story in the preface (to the *Presbyterian* Life of Sharp) of the

Primate's sister-in-law being sent to the north with child, I reckon it necessary to give you the following account of that silly, simple, senseless woman Katherine Moncrieff, daughter to William Moncrieff of Randerston. A few years after the Restoration, Mr John Cunningham, the Earl of Glencairn's son, afterwards Earl of Glencairn, while a student here, took a fever; and that he might be better taken care of, the Archbishop brought him to his own house. During his sickness, this poor unhappy woman sometimes went to his room; and after he recovered, and had left the place, she told some of the servants that she was in that way (which she seemed very fond of) to Mr Cunningham. This coming to her sister's ears she presently told her husband of it, who immediately ordered a man and a horse to be got ready, and carry her to Cowper, where two of her sisters were living; and never in all his life saw her again. After that she went to live at Crail alone, with a servant, and proved not to be in that way." Subsequently, however, she proved to be so to a miller, and *satisfied* for the offence in the church of Crail. Continuing to cohabit with the miller, her friends sent her to the north.

Sharp was next constituted minister at Crail, and when the Scottish zealots, making a division in Argyle's kingdom, separated themselves into *Resolutioners* and *Remonstrators*, as they were called, the Resolutioners, or more moderate party, chose Mr Sharp as ambassador to represent their grievances before the judgment-seat of Cromwell. He performed this mission so sagaciously, that Oliver, who must be esteemed a profound critic in matters of that kind, remarked, that he ought to be styled, after the Scotch fashion, *Sharp of that ilk*. On the eve of the Restoration, 1660, he was sent to Breda by the Resolutioners (then the leading Presbyterians), and General Monk, to learn the King's intentions towards them; and in London he had the management of their concerns entirely in his own hands; but, become weary of their ways, and ambitious of advancement, he was prevailed with to forward the re-establishment of Episcopacy. During his absence from Scotland, he had been chosen Professor of Divinity in St. Mary's College, St Andrews, and now the King made him his chaplain for Scotland, with a pension of £200. He afterwards obtained

the Archbishoprick of St. Andrews; and, having the nomination of the other Prelates, conducted himself, even according to the confession of Burnet, with great moderation. It is asserted that, when accused by some of his old friends, of having betrayed their cause, he alleged that he was *commissioned to suppress* the *protesting* party; and, if he had not effectually performed that, he was contented to incur the reproach with which his own party loaded him. In truth, had Sharp acted ever so treacherously,[1] it would have been ridiculous to impute the restoration of Episcopacy to him, as the King's usual indifference certainly did not extend to Presbyterianism. After the Scottish Prelacy had been fixed, and Sharp nominated Primate in the Council at Whitehall, Earl Lauderdale, coming forth in a fury, met him and said: "Mr Sharp, Bishops you are to have in Scotland; you are to be Archbishop of St Andrews; but whoever shall be the man, by God, I will smite him and his order below the fifth rib."

The Earl of Middleton established himself in Scotland, as the King's Commissioner, with an unwonted pomp. As the representative of Majesty, at the banquet given by him to almost all the nobility on the meeting of Parliament, he sat at a table apart, where the Earl of Athole, hereditary cupbearer, presented the wine, with the usual ceremonies of tasting, and *the knee.*[2] Lord Middleton found the nation in general willing to

[1] [There are no substantial grounds whatever for the idea that Sharp had acted treacherously by the moderate kirk party, whose organ he was, as we shall illustrate in the sequel. Mr Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe had not sifted this question, so as to enable him to do justice to the greatly maligned Archbishop of St Andrews. There is just as much truth in the accusations against his character, as there was christianity in the final act of malignity against his person.]

[2] [A high farce, truly. This Middleton, raised to such an elevation by Charles the Second, was second in command to David Lesley (whom Charles II. also created a peer), when they surprised Montrose at Philiphaugh, (after the paltry and fatal desertion of that triumphant loyalist by the Highlanders, and the Gordon cavalry under Aboyne) extinguished the royal cause, and brutally murdered men, women and children, of the poor Irish remnant, to the disgrace of Scotland and humanity. The excellent historian of the Church of Scotland, Dr Cook, under a clause of his history which he entitles, "cruelty of the Covenanters, particularly of the ministers," candidly admits that "they displayed a savage violence which justly deserves the reprobation of posterity; not only were those who fled from the battle inhumanly massacred, but, after all danger was past, many of the prisoners were put to death."]

submit to any laws which his master might wish to impose, and on sundry occasions conducted himself with more zeal than moderation; while every action was misrepresented to the King by the Earl of Lauderdale, who already longed to supplant Middleton, and continue his own reign in Scotland. At the sametime the Presbyterians ceased not to exclaim against the Commissioner, as a drunkard, an atheist, and a person of such brutal manners, that when the Countess of Caithness, daughter to the Marquis of Argyle, knelt down before him to request the interment of her father's head, he threatened to spurn her with his foot.

The executions of Argyle and Guthrie, two most wicked and irreclaimable rebels, were to these people ample subjects of outcry and falsehood. On the trial of Argyle, Lord Middleton undertook the debate himself, and spoke, Burnet acknowledges, with great ability. The Marquis, on the other hand, made a most excellent defence. But the abominable cruelties committed by him during his wars with Montrose were enough of themselves to render him worthy of death.

[We are enabled here to add, from an unprinted and contemporary source, the following curious particulars of Argyle's demeanour on his trial, by far the most creditable phase of his unhappy career:—

"At this time, Archibald Campbell, the Marquis of Argyle, came to London, and lurked awhile until he might steal an occasion to see the King; and had the confidence and hope to have inveigled and obtained pardon for all those base treasons he had acted so covertly in Scotland since his Majesty's departure, and that the King would pass by those many irreverent sayes (speeches) of him, by him and the Kirk while he was there among them. But such was the general hatred and detestation of that people, especially of the nobility, against him, that the King gave order for his commitment. It was generally reported, that Argyle had got a response, importing, that if he got but a sight of the King's face there was no fear.[1] But while he was waiting at Court, and pleaded to

[1] [Argyle took very good care that Montrose, before his execution, should not get "a sight of the King's face."]

speak to the King, and fair for it, yet could not be admitted, Sir Oliver Fleming, Knight of the Black Rod, is sent to usher him to gaol. He desired to speak to Mr Calamy in his way to the Tower, but was refused that courtesy. At length he is secured prisoner in the Tower, from whence by sea the next month he was conveyed to Edinburgh, where his process was making,—the Earl of Middleton, the King's great Commissioner, following him thither at the heels."

"February 13, 1661, Archibald Campbell, Marquis of Argyle, is brought before the Parliament, and his trial begun. He chose his advocate, Sir George Mackenzie of Rosehaugh, his chief advocate, who pleaded vigorously for him. But the King's Advocate, Sir John Flesher, was too hard against him, bringing in several points of treason in his contrare (against him), which he offered to prove, and at last did so. Argyle was very bold and confident in his own defence, with some reflections upon several,[1] especially the King's Advocate, who told him openly,—'Archibald, it is not now with you as when you set up the *flesh-stocks* betwixt the Cross and the Tron.' All that Argyle replied was, 'A flesher dog bites sore.'[2]

"Argyle's trial continued all March and April; and, after hot and vigorous pleading, to the wonder and admiration of all lawyers, matters were clearly, and justly, carried in his contrare; and Chancellor Cuninghame, Earl of Glencairn, pronounced the sentence of death against him,—that Archibald Campbell, the Marques of Argyle, for many treasonable acts proven in his contrare, should be *hanged* upon a gibbet at the Cross of Edinburgh, and his head cut off, and set up upon the *same iron prin* upon which the said Marques of Montrose his head was set, 1650, *now to be taken down.*[3]

[1] [The fallen King of the Covenant could not fail to have store enough of recrimination against his present judges.]

[2] [And the fox will turn at bay. It was a good retort; the best, probably, Argyle ever made. The vile system of conducting a state prosecution in a taunting mood, which happily would not now be tolerated for a moment, was by no means uncommon in those days. The surpassing dignity and eloquence of Montrose's reply to the Chancellor Loudon, when reviling him "from his base preeminence in the strains of a Bradshaw," affords a characteristic contrast to Argyle's retort to Sir John Fletcher.]

[3] [It adds greatly to the authenticity of the above record, that the writer of it was an eye-witness, and attentive observer, of all that passed on the melancholy

"This sentence being pronounced,—it is observable, that,—in that very individual chamber and lodging in which Argyle lived in 1650, when the Marques of Huntly was sentenced, his daughter, the Lady Roxburgh, came in to plead with him for a prorogation, or mitigation of the sentence against her father, the Marquis of Huntly, and was peremptorily denied by Argyle in his grandeur,—in this very chamber lodged Glencairn the Chancellor, when the Lady Caithness, and her sister, came in to him and the Commissioner together, to plead with them for the same favour at their hand, to their father Argyle, now under sentence and in a fever, and the same was point blank denied them. So that, what he denied to another in his straight, another denies now to him. Thus, Argyle might have said,—'as I have done, so God hath requited me,'—and that, too, within the compass of ten years! There are changes in the right hand of the Almighty, to put in execution when he will."[1]]

This noble Marquis had a failing which is generally esteemed

occasion. "I saw," he says, "Montrose's arm upon the Justice Port of Aberdeen; another upon the South Port of Dundee; his head upon the Tollbooth of Edinburgh: *Also I saw it taken down, and Argyle's head put up in the place of it.*"]

[1] [The above account of the last days of Argyle is from a manuscript chronicle compiled by the Reverend James Fraser, a clergyman attached to the family of Lovat. He tells us himself, that for thirty years his grandfather was 'major-domo' to Simon eighth Lord Lovat, who died in 1633. Thus the grandson became chaplain to that nobleman's successor. Eventually he became episcopal clergyman at Wardlaw, in Inverness-shire, and so continued until 1715, when he must have attained a great age. The period of his life embraces the careers both of Montrose and Dundee, and with a most sympathising heart he accompanied the former part of the way, during his melancholy progress from the place of his capture in the north to the scaffold of the Covenant. The history left in manuscript by this clergyman occupies a large folio volume very closely written. It professes to be a chronicle of the house of his chief and patron. But the writer is one of those ardent domestic historians who think that their subject may sustain the graft of a history of the world. In many respects this MS. chronicle is curious and valuable. It was sold some years ago in Inverness, along with other effects of the late Mr Fraser of Torbreck, a descendant of the clergyman who compiled it. Some years ago, the purchaser, Mr John Thomson of Liverpool, most obligingly, and liberally, transmitted the precious volume to the author of these pages, when he was writing his last edition of the Life of Montrose, which fortunately thus obtained the advantage of a most minute and authentic account of the latter days of the hero. The volume has been restored to its fortunate purchaser; and is well worthy of the consideration of the Spalding Club.]

the concomitant of cruelty, and of which neither his descendants, nor indeed any other of his name, have been guilty. Kirkton confesses that he was commonly reckoned *timorous;* and Baillie mentions the "slanders of cowardice and cullionry" with which his enemies oppressed him. It is certain that he frequently found *a boat* very convenient; as at Inverlochie, and afterwards on two different occasions. And that he was no *bloody* duellist appears from the following passage in the contemporary memoirs of the Reverend Henry Guthrie, afterwards Bishop of Dunkeld. "The jealousies which royalists had always entertained of the Duke of Hamilton and his brother Lanerick, was much increased, that they and the Marquis of Argyle were not so opposite in their designs as they professed. For remedy whereof, and that it might appear to the world that there was a real division amongst them, nothing less must serve the turn than a combat betwixt the Marquis of Argyle and the Earl of Crawford-Lindsay, to be fought on Monday, March 21, (1648) at five of the clock in the morning, in the Links of Stony-hill, Major Innes being Argyle's second, and Lanerick, Crawford's. They kept the appointment, and were an hour upon the place before any *redders*[1] came; so that they had leisure enough to have fought, if they had been willing. However, the *intention* of it gave such offence to the Commission of the Church, that the Marquis of Argyle was obliged to make his repentance before them, because he had *such an hostile mind.* And Crawford was desired to do the like, but would not. This *combat* furnished sport for a time."

Of Argyle it may further be noted, that his own father warned King Charles the First against him, as a treacherous ungrateful youth; and to him in a great measure was it owing that the aged Marquis of Huntly, a venerable loyalist of eighty, lost his head upon the scaffold. Seized by a rascal, one Menzies, Lieutenant-Colonel to Argyle, he was transferred to that glory of the Covenant, who, though his brother-in-law, not only delivered him over to the Puritans, but made his life be demanded by the Kirk Commission, and afterwards procured a grant of one-half of his estate! Argyle's sister, the

[1] [*i. e.* Peace-makers.]

Viscountess of Kenmure, who pretended to a high strain of devotion, is said to have predicated his death, and that he would end in blood. He retained his hypocrisy to the last, enveighing severely from the scaffold against the debaucheries of the times, and observed, "that religion must not be made the *cock-boat*, but the *ship*." He was as deformed in body as in mind, and to this day is distinguished among the Highlanders by the appellation of the glied Marquis.

[The celebrated Sir George Mackenzie of Rosehaugh, who did his duty so well as Argyle's leading counsel, left in manuscript a long account of the trial and death of his client, in which he says,—"I remember, that I having told him, a little before his death, that the *people* believed he was a coward, and *expected* he would die timorously, he said to me he would not die as a Roman braving death, but he would die as a Christian without being affrighted. Yet some concluded that he died without courage because he shifted to lay down his head, and protracted time by speaking at all the corners of the scaffold, which was not usual, and buttoning his doublet twice or thrice after he was ready to throw it off." Such speculation was there about the state of Argyle's nerves in this trying scene (through which he seems to have passed with as much courage as is necessary in any man), that his own medical attendant insulted him on the scaffold, by feeling his pulse, in order to be able to assure the people that fright had not forestalled the headsman. The sincerity of his religion, and the certainty of his salvation, were proved, before his death, by a supernatural vision, the evidence for which was his own declaration of the fact; and his physical courage was demonstrated, after his death, by the appearance of his digestive organs upon dissection. He had rapidly digested a partridge. Justly condemned to die the death of Montrose, but under a more humane regime than his own inexorable fiats, the indignity of suspension was commuted to decapitation.]

Argyle's fellow sufferer, James Guthrie, was a fanatical preacher, better born than the generality of his brethren, being a son of the laird of Guthrie. He had written sundry seditious tracts; affronted the King to his very face; excommunicated the Earl of Middleton; and was esteemed a shining

light among the godly. His head being fixed upon the Netherbow Port of Edinburgh, bedewed the top of Lord Middleton's coach, passing under, with many drops of blood; which, say the whigs, no washing with water could efface. The Earl consulted medical gentlemen on the subject, who to a man declared the continuance of the stain most strange and unnatural. He had better, methinks, have examined into the religious opinions of his coachman. The Earl was compelled to procure a new leathern cover for his carriage; and this *testimony* of Guthrie's blood hath ever since been regarded by the whigs as a very convincing miracle.

[One of the most horrible petitions ever presented in the blasphemed name of God, bears the dominant signature of this man of blood. Noble loyalists, of the highest public and Christian character, and of the gentlest and most humane carriage, had fallen into the hands of the covenanting Government. It pleased Argyle, Johnston of Warriston, James Guthrie, and their crew, who usurped to represent "the Assemblies of the Lord's servants," that these their antipodes should die the death. Parliament, even the Argyle Parliament, winced and demurred. Synod after Synod, under the leading of such Moderators as James Guthrie, demanded their blood; and that rotten core of the Parliament of Scotland was compelled to yield. We have one of these petitions for blood before us. It is signed "Mr James Guthrie, Moderator, at the command of the Synod," and dated, "5th December, 1645; read in audience of the Parliament." It prays, or rather commands, as follows:—

"We need not lay before your Honors what *the Lord* calls for at your hands in the point of justice, nor what you owe unto the many thousand of his people, whose blood is as water spilt upon the ground.[1] Your own light reaches unto the discerning of duty, and your piety and prudence, we trust, will make you faithful and zealous in the discharge of the same. Our intention is, not to convince your understandings, nor to fasten any imputation upon your *affections*, but to *strengthen your hands* in purging the land from blood-guiltiness, whilst you do behold that the desires of justice against

[1] [Meaning thereby the rebels slain in battle, in Montrose's victories.]

delinquents are not the scattered and inconsiderate wishes of one or two blinded with prejudice, or transported with passion, but the common and deliberate motions of *the Assemblies of the Lord's servants*, after they have *supplicated himself* for direction, and searched for truth in his own Word, *which presseth the administration of justice with much vehemence and perspicuity*. We are therefore confident that your *hearts will not faint*, nor your *hands fail*, until you have *cut off the horns of the wicked*, and made enemies bear the just reward of their violence and cruelty."[1]

Against such men as the good President Spottiswoode, and that "tassel gentle" Lord Ogilvy, did this cry for blood go forth. And so this James Guthrie was most deservedly hanged, as an incorrigible and truculent traitor, at the Restoration. Wodrow, of course, records him as a martyr. Malcolm Laing, with a flourish of his historical stilts, tries to dignify his exit. But let none grudge the man who signs the above petition, a gallows to himself.]

To the account of these worthies may here be subjoined some mention of Sir Archibald Johnstone, commonly called Lord Warriston, the only other man of any eminence in Scotland who suffered for his accession to the late rebellion. But he contrived to avoid his fate for some time after the execution of Argyle and Guthrie, and was not seized till after Middleton's administrations had ceased. He was a person of good abilities, which he had perverted to the very worst purposes. After having had a hand in all the atrocities which conduced to the King's murder, he accepted of a peerage from Oliver Cromwell.[2] At the Restoration, he fled in disguise of a merchant to Hamburgh, where he remained about two years; but afterwards passing into France, he was seized by Alexander Murray, and brought to Scotland, where he had sentence of death pronounced upon him. Bishop Burnet asserts that he was then in a sort of doting state, disordered both in body and mind, so that it was disgraceful in any government to proceed against him. But the Bishop was *his nephew*. Lord Middleton thought that his imbecility was feigned, which his subsequent

[1] [From the original MS. in the Montrose charter-room.]

[2] [And so did Argyle.]

behaviour on the scaffold makes probable, and writes thus concerning him to Sir Archibald Primrose. "Mr Secretary Bennet, my Lord Dumfries, and myself, were taken up this whole day with examination of Warriston, and some others. He pretends to have lost his memory, and so will give no account of anything. He is *the most timorous person that I ever did see in my life;* and pretends that he can do the King great service, if he will give him his life, in putting the registers in good order, and settling *the King's prerogative from old records.*" On his cowardice, or cunning, the whigs raised a report that the King's physician, Bates, first *poisoned*, and then took *sixty ounces of blood* from him at Hamburgh. But it can scarcely be credited that King Charles II., a merciful Prince, would authorize such a cruel piece of treachery, especially to a foe of Warriston's insignificance; and Bishop Burnet, as partial to his relative as prejudiced against the Stewart family, takes not the smallest notice of the affair.[1] Kirkton alleges that

[1] [Neither could *poisoning*, and excessive bleeding, change, by such artificial means, a courageous Christian constitution, and of an aged man, into such an energy of debased terror as old Warriston displayed when pleading for his own life. Sir George Mackenzie thus describes it: "The Chancellor and others waited to examine him; he fell upon his face, roaring, and with tears entreated they would pity a poor creature who had forgot all that was in his Bible. This moved all the spectators with a deep melancholy, and the Chancellor, reflecting upon the man's great parts, former esteem, and the great share he had in all the late revolutions, could not deny some tears to the frailty of silly mankind. At his examination, he pretended that he had lost so much blood, by the unskilfulness of his chirurgeons, that he lost his *memory* with his blood; and I really believe that his *courage* had indeed been drawn out with it. Within a few days he was brought before the Parliament, where he discovered nothing but much weakness, *running up and down upon his knees begging mercy.* But the Parliament ordained his former sentence to be put to execution at the Cross of Edinburgh. At his execution he showed more composure than formerly, which his friends ascribed to God's miraculous kindness for him. But others thought that he had only formerly put on this disguise of madness to escape death in it, and that, finding the mask useless, he had returned, not to his wit which he had lost, but from his madness which he had counterfeited."

And this was the man who, even after the glut of cold-blooded massacre at Philiphaugh, would not suffer the miserable and shrinking Parliament to stay their hands from the innocent blood of Sir Robert Spottiswoode, and many others of the best of Scotland, who were prisoners of war. "Sir Archibald Johnston," says Balfour, "had a *long harangue* to the House, entreating them to unity among themselves, to lay all private respects and interests aside, and *to do justice on delinquents*, and *malignants* (loyalists), showing that their *delaying formerly* had provoked God's

the King's dislike of Warriston was not occasioned by his public actings, but by the many reproofs he had bestowed upon his Majesty, because of his debauchery, and more especially for his committing a rape upon a young gentlewoman of quality. But this gentlewoman is like the other gentlewomen of like misfortune in these histories,—she hath no name. Kirkton also says that Warriston "was a great observer of providences," and, according to the rule, met with very many remarkable providences himself. When Kirkton paid a visit to him while in confinement, Warriston affirmed that he could never doubt of his own salvation, he had so often seen God's face in the house of prayer. But this overweening confidence seems latterly to have deserted him; for when he came to the scaffold, he frequently said to the people—"your prayers, your prayers." After ascending it, he added, "I entreat you, quiet yourselves a little, till this dying man deliver his last speech among you." He then proceeded to read a very coherent declaration of his bodily and spiritual infirmities, his unshaken adherence to the Covenant, his innocence of the King's murder, and on mounting the ladder, again exclaimed,—"Your prayers, your prayers, your prayers I desire in the name of the Lord." He was a rapacious, artful, time-serving statesman; an indefatigable prayer; a merciless poltroon. After the execution, his head was separated from the body, and exalted beside that of his dear friend Guthrie. But Lieutenant-General Drummond, afterwards Viscount of Strathallan, his son-in-law, had influence enough to get it taken down, and interred with his body in the Greyfriars Church-yard of Edinburgh.

In the meantime, the Covenant had been repealed; and treated as the muster-roll of rebellion. The Bishops were settled in their dioceses, and the inferior clergy in their livings. But the vulgar, inflamed by the ministers who were expelled from the churches for nonconformity, a measure effected by Fairfowl, Archbishop of Glasgow, contrary to the inclination

two great servants against them, the sword and pestilence." It was Warriston, too, who read *con amore* Montrose's sentence to him, before the Parliament; when he might have learnt, by the brightest of examples, how to demean himself when his own turn came. Among the Wodrow MSS. is a grant (unsigned) from Cromwell, 1654, to Warriston, of £3000 sterling !]

of Sharp who favoured moderate counsels, and enraged by the exaction of fines for their own resistance to Episcopacy, were ripening fast into rebellion. The same spirit which produced the disorders of the former reign, still existed, nay, daily became stronger, and military force was absolutely necessary to place the curates in their pulpits. These unfortunate pastors found themselves entrusted, not with a flock of innocent sheep, but a body of ravenous wolves, ready to tear them to pieces. If a whig had got drunk at an alehouse, or made free with a female enthusiast over night, he esteemed an *affront given to the curate* next morning, a testimony of his repentance, and a propitiation for his sin. The women of piety, on public occasions ever forward to prove their zeal by the most shameful excesses, not only abused the clergy themselves, but hunted them with their numerous brats, who were instructed to yell forth whenever the curate appeared, and to pelt him with dirt; while the inhabitants of whole parishes wandered every Sunday into the wilds, after the doctrine of their former ministers, leaving the churches desolate, and the clergyman in despair of being able to effect their conversion.

That the reader may form some idea of the fascination attached to the field preachers, a few extracts from such of their sermons as have been printed, are subjoined. In the discourses preserved there are many more ridiculous passages; but for eschewing the sin of blasphemy, they are suffered to rest in oblivion. As the style of oratory continued ever the same, from the dawn of Knox to the sunset of Renwick, it is unnecessary to attend to chronology in the excerpts.

The minister generally began by a tender encomium on the *Solemn League and Covenant*, which properly led to the most virulent abuse of its violators, the King, the Bishops, and the Statesmen, vented in a strain of grossness and malevolence now shocking to almost every mind. But addressing God Almighty himself in so familiar a way as they practised, it is not wonderful that they shewed little respect to earthly dignities. The following passage, from a sermon preached by Richard Cameron, a great saint, and founder of a sect which

still retains his name, gives the loyalty, compressed, of all his predecessors :—

" How comes it, that there is so little knowledge of God in this land? Because of swearing, lying, stealing, and committing adultery. I wonder if there be any such sinners here this day? I will tell you, that there are more of you in the west country that scruple not to swear by *faith* and *truth*. We have but little to do with such professors. It is a very sad thing, that though we reprove you, we cannot get you to leave off your minced oaths, *haith* and *faith*, &c. You know what it is to commit adultery. *The enemy of God, that now sits upon the throne, is one of the most vile adulterers that lives.* And from him it descends to *nobles*, *gentlemen*, and *burgesses*, and *commons of all sorts ;* so that every one is, as it were, neighing after his neighbour's wife. O dreadful! What think ye of these things? What is *the King*, and what is *the Council*, and what are all our persecutors, but *fools and fanatics*. But I say they are nothing different from these horses,[1] if not madder. For we make the horses ride through moss and muir, and sometimes we ride them so deep that we cannot get them out again. The *Devil* rides and drives *King Charles the Second*, and *his Council*, through moss and muir, and over craigs and rocks."[2]

Alexander Peden, another preacher, and a prophet to boot, holding forth in the parish of Glenluce, said:—" Now ye in this country-side, ere it be long, will all be charged to go and hear these *cursed curates*. And when ye are charged to go there, look the 5th of the Galations, 19, 20. I say, look to that Scripture well, and think with yourselves that day, lads and lasses in this country-side, that such a fool as I have told you it, that going to hear these *profane hirelings*, would *take you to Hell* as soon as *idolatry*, *adulteries*, *witchcraft*, or any of these sins which are named in that place I have cited unto you."

[1] [The horses of the conventicle congregations assembled in the moors, were usually picketed beside them.]

[2] [Walker the pedlar, Peden's biographer, speaks of " the Duke of York, a sworn vassal of antichrist, *the Devil's Lieutenant, as Mr Shields used to call him in public.*" Life of Cameron. Biog. Pres. i. 197. Edinburgh, T. G. Stevenson, 1837.]

Peden's sermons alone furnish a curious testimony of the respect these demagogues entertained for those of the higher ranks of society who encouraged not their doctrines, as well as for the unhappy curates. *Auld Sandie*, as he usually styled himself, said at a conventicle:—"I'll tell you what our great folk in Scotland are like. They are like so many ladies going to sea in a boat in a calm day for their pleasure; but as long as the sea is calm, and they see the ground, and no fear of hazard, they bid the boatman row out; but whenever the wind blows a little, and the waves begin a little to rise and swell, and they begin to lose sight of the ground, then they cry out, —'fie, in to the shore again.' O the base dang the Kirk is getting from many of the ministers of Scotland in our days. About thirty-six years ago, our Lord had a great thick back train of ministers and professors in Scotland. But one blast blew six hundred of our ministers from him at once, and they never came back to him again. Yea, many lords, and lairds, and ladies followed him then. But the wind of the storm blew the ladies' gallantries in their eyes, and their ears both, which put them both blind and deaf! The lords, lairds, and ladies, were all blown over the brae. Alas, for the apostacy of nobles, gentles, ministers, and professors in Scotland."

Whenever the fanatic preachers mentioned our Saviour, they represented him, in the language of the Canticles, as a brisk gallant, or impatient bridegroom, which might be a chief reason for the wonderful increase of female conversion; even more potent than the Geneva translation of Genesis, which informed them that Eve wore fig-leaf breeches. Perhaps the native spirit of contradiction added double energy to other impulses. Whatever was the cause, the effects were prodigious, for the weaker vessels clung with the utmost perseverance to their darling declaimers, through all the asperities of situation, the inclemencies of the weather, the destruction of their families, and the dangers of horse-ponds, or even the gallows.

Yet the godly ladies, and handmaids of Heaven, suffered many particular reproaches from their beloved pastors; and insinuations, against the whole sex, one would suppose very hard of digestion. Richard Cameron, preaching at Kirkmahoe,

near Dumfries, had the rudeness to tell his female followers,—"Those who come out to see a man only, or to be seen of men here to-day, will probably go away as filthy as they came." And Mas John Livingston had long before preached a sermon concerning Lot's wife, which must have fundamentally affronted the fairer part of his congregation. His text was from St Luke xvii. 32, "Remember Lot's wife," and he went on thus:—

"But ye will perhaps say, what should we here remember concerning her? First, remember that she was Lot's wife; a good man's wife, and a professor too; and brought up and educated in good company. It may be, that she was of good education also; but alas, that did not her turn; she is set up between heaven and earth for a memorandum; and we have no more certainty of her descent than that she was Lot's wife. Therefore, though your good parentage and education be a mercy, yet boast not of it. And though you have dwelt long in a good house, what of that? May not Satan tempt you there, if ye have not the root of the matter within you? Carefully record these things that ye may forget none of them. For there are many careless professors, *especially women*, similar to Lot's wife; and many others among you are but bad instruments in a country side, and *ringleaders to wicked courses*. Therefore, pray that ye be not a grief, and as plagues unto your husbands, nor a vexation unto your parents and relations. *Remember Lot's wife.* But, ye may say, what did she? She was neither ***** nor thief,—as we commonly say,—but she looked back, and could not go straight on in the way with her husband. Hence you may take this lesson, that all do not account of things as we do. Who could have thought that there should have been so much business for so small a fault! *Remember Lot's wife.* But ye will say, what moved her to do so,—to look back contrary to express command? It was a piece of *her own curiosity*. She thought she might, in this matter, take some of her *own will*, when she was nigh half way at Zoar. And you know that Jacob's daughter, in going out to see the daughters of the land, was defiled; therefore return in again; for this was an evil sight to her, and to all that belonged to her, and to all the Shechemites also. Old

Sodom comes into her mind again, as in the case of the Israelites in the wilderness, when lusting after the onions and garlick which they had while in Egypt. Truly that was strange. For you know garlick hath no agreeable taste. But what shall we say? Anything of Egypt or Sodom is good when we are out of them. Yea, many only think,—'what meant I, when I was in the acts of my wickedness, that I took not my pennyworth of it' (as we sometimes say). It was even so with her, looking back to her old but bad companions. Lastly, *Remember Lot's wife.* But, after all, ye may perhaps say, what should we remember of her? No good, I warrant you; and therefore more sad is the subject to speak of. *Remember Lot's wife;* a backslider indeed; which is Scotland's sin this day, therefore, pray that this may never be your case. Moreover I may say unto you, who are profane professors, again *Remember Lot's wife*, and let it be your *memento* always."

This abridgment exhibits pretty fairly the spirit of the conventicle discourses, in which the reproof of the most grievous sins was calculated to produce nothing but laughter. Mr Donald Cargill told his congregation that "a life of prosperity, with a weddedness to one's own ways, and a broken wall to lean upon, are very dangerous things. We say, prosperity in sin is both dangerous and dreadful. And yet you would be at it, at any rate. We would take pleasures were they never so dreadful. Some have taken them as foul as they could have them. I say, prosperity in sin is a very dangerous thing. There are few that ever love it more than when it was somewhat warm and dangerous. But ye will get it warm yet. Yea, ye will get it as hot as Hell."

These exhortations and rebukes were uttered with great gesticulation, and a wonderful power of lungs, producing extraordinary effects upon the audience, who sighed, groaned, and shed tears abundantly. No fanatic could hear old John Welsh utter a single sentence without weeping; his *conveyance*, as they called it, was so affecting. And when the ministers set themselves to pray, the old women would destroy their head dresses, by tearing off their *bigonets* and *mutches.* For their favourite preachers they had nicknames of endearment. Andrew M'Cormack, a pains-taking Irishman, was called *The*

Goodman; while the Irish whigs styled Mr Josias Welsh, "because of his mighty, rousing, wakening, preaching gift," the *Cock of the North;* or, as the author of the Worthies will have it, the *Cock of the Conscience.*

When the Presbyterian clergy committed their lucubrations to writing, they were not at all more refined in their expression. Samuel Rutherford, in his "*Peaceable Plea for Paul's Presbytery in Scotland,*" descanting on ecclesiastical schisms, says:—"The essential ingredients and reasons of a lawful divorce are here; we could not lye in one bed with that sometime sister-Church of Rome, but our skin behoved to rub on her botch-boil; and therefore we did separate from nothing but corruption." His Epistles, long relished by his sect, are fraught with the most blasphemous obscenity.

The poor ladies got little quarter from the reforming preachers ever since the days of Sir David Lyndsay, who penned a bitter satire on the *side tails*, and *muzzlet faces*, of the Scottish ladies. There is a passage in John Knox's History, of which I must here give a sample. Speaking of the Parliament of 1563, he says:—"Sick stinking pride of women as was seen at that Parliament, was never before in Scotland. Three Sunday days, the Queen rode to the Tolbooth. The first day she made a painted oration; and there might be heard among her flatterers, 'Vox Dianæ;' the voice of a goddess (for it could not be *Dei)*, and not of a woman! 'God save that sweet face, was there ever orator spoke so properly, and so sweetly," &c.

That high and potent Princess, Margaret Duchess of Newcastle, felt so much indigation against the preachers of her time for like reproofs, that she wrote a satire on the subject in a strain of no common poetry. She complains that:—

"Preachers in their pulpits do declaim
'Gainst dressing arts, and all our sex do blame
For plaited braids, pendants, and curled hair,
And all our several garments that we wear.
A feather'd fan, though it cools the sultry heat,
With terrible threats, they in our ears do beat;
Black patches on our face, pimples to hide,
They rail against, and call them marks of pride;
And every thing indeed which we do wear
They exclaim against, as if their throats they'd tear.

Sure they would have us *Adamites*, yet know
Against '*bare necks*' they thundering words outthrow!
This last, I do conclude without all doubt,
'Tis that we are not naked quite throughout."

Mr James Kirkton, after the Revolution, preaching against a female covering for the head, called a *Cock-up*, in his church in Edinburgh, said,—" I have been this year of God preaching against this vanity of women; yet I see my own daughter in the kirk even now have as high a *cock-up* as any of you all."[1]

Another, declaiming against the vanity and gaudiness of women, spoke thus:—" Behold the vanity of women! Look to them! You'll see first a satin petticoat, lift that, there is a tabby petticoat; lift that, there is a Holland smock; lift that," &c. " Eve was not so vain; she sought no covering but fig leaves."

[Section III.—*Administration of Lauderdale and Rothes in Scotland, from the first Tumults on the Placing of Curates in the Churches of the Expelled Ministers, to the Murder of Archbishop Sharp.*]

On the disgrace of Middleton, Lord Lauderdale found himself in possession of that power he had so long desired.

[1] [Patrick Walker, in his Life of Peden, tells us:—" Some years ago also our women deformed their heads with *cock-ups;* and now they deform their bodies with hoops, or fardingales, nine yards about; some of them in three stories; very unbecoming in women professing godliness, more fit for harlots: If they had now distinguising attires, and places where they resorted, as it seems they had of old, they would be easeful to men over-run and over-driven with the fury of unbridled lusts, as Judah was when he went to sheer his sheep. I remember about thirty years ago, when *cock-ups* were in fashion, some of them half a yard high, set up with wires, a *solid, serious, Christian gentlewoman* told me, she was going to a friend's wedding; her comrades constrained her to put herself in that dress; she was uneasy in her mind, and thought she was not herself through the day; when she came home, before she changed herself, she went to her closet to bethink herself how she had spent that loose time, as weddings and fairs are to the most part, and few that keep a bridle-hand to their spirits at such times; after some thoughts she went to prayer; her conscience challenged her so sharply, that she rose hastily, plucked it off, and threw it from her, saying,—' Thou or no such thing shall ever come on my head or body that I dare not pray with.' "—*Biog. Pres.* i. 138.]

Rothes, indeed, was appointed Commissioner to Parliament, but he was governed by the other, whose favour with the King, added to a vast fund of address, left him without a rival in his Scottish command. He was a man of great knowledge, both natural and acquired. During his imprisonment, after the battle of Worcester, he had applied his mind to literature. He studied divinity, history, both ancient and modern, and languages, including Hebrew, with great success. From his letter to Richard Baxter, who published it in his "Certainty of the World of Spirits," 1691,—a letter well written, as was every thing that fell from his pen,—it is manifest that he at one time believed in witchcraft.[1] The Duke relates a story respecting a woman, near Dunse, possessed by the devil, who corrected a clergyman's false Latin; of a house near Edinburgh, "haunted these fifty or sixty years." He adds,—"But I must leave room for my Loudun Nuns, and not write a book. In the year 1637, being at Paris in the spring, the city was so full of the *possession* of a whole cloyster of nuns, and some laick wenches at Loudun, books printed, and strange stories told, that few doubted it; and I, who was persuaded such a thing might be, and that it was not impossible the Devil could possess a nun as well as another, doubted it as little as any body. So, coming into that country, I went a day's journey out of my way to satisfy my curiosity. Into the chapel I came in the morning of a holy day, and with as little prejudice as any could have, for I believed verily to have seen some strange sights. But when I had seen exorcising enough of three or four of them in the chapel, and could hear nothing but wanton wenches singing loose songs in French, I began to suspect a *fourbe.*" "One more journey I made to see possessed women exorcised near Antwerp, anno 1649; but saw only some great Holland wenches hear exorcism patiently, and belch most abominably. So, if those were devils, they were windy devils; but I thought they were only possessed with a morning draught of too new beer."

But his orthodoxy, and indeed all notions savouring of reli-

[1] [Lauderdale was willing enough to credit, or show respect for, the wretched marvels of the Covenant, which may be termed kitchen miracles; but he derided, and rejected with scorn, the *splendide mendax* of the Catholic miracles.]

gion, quickly vanished, if we may trust Burnet, who seems, in the true spirit of ingratitude, to have regarded the Peer with a most perfect hatred. Lauderdale was certainly a politician of the Machiaveli persuasion, and of a temper so violent, that his fits of passion resembled the paroxisms of insanity. When the Scottish gentry of the west refused to enter into *the Bond*, as it was termed, he bared his arm to the elbow at the Council Board, and swore they should be compelled to do it; an anecdote perhaps as *authentic* as that given by Knox of M. D'Oisele, the Queen Regent's French General, who, on reading a letter from the *Congregation*, did *ryve* (tear) his own beard for rage. But though the Earl was imprudent in his choler, he well knew how to preserve his place in the King's favour; going so far as to attire himself in a petticoat, and dance before Charles, when the disaster of his fleet at Chatham had occasioned him to be melancholy; and this exhibition, were the Earl as hideous and awkward as the Bishop of Salisbury asserts (though Sir Peter Lely's portraits would persuade us to the contrary), must have been beyond measure diverting. Burnet asserts that he made a very ill figure; he was very big, his hair red, and hanging oddly about him; and his tongue, like that of King James the Sixth, too large for his mouth, so that he bedewed those to whom he addressed his conversation. But though his manners and appearance were uncouth, though the Duke of Buckingham pronounced him a man of a blundering understanding, Butler sings—

> "Although his blubber face is such
> A phiz as does not promise much,
> Yet he has cunning to unravel
> The very mysteries of the Devil."

He certainly long retained his influence over a very fastidious and volatile monarch, only losing it with his own intellects, which sank into a miserable decay sometime previous to his death.

John, Earl (afterwards Duke) of Rothes, was the son of a puritanic sire (styled the *reforming* Earl), by the Lady Anne Erskine, daughter to John, Earl of Mar. In the craft and

villany of his time none exceeded the father, who was the very key-stone of the Covenant, and cunning enough to persuade the Marquis of Montrose, naturally loyal, to embrace the cause of the Covenanters. Though with pretences to thorough sanctification, he was a man of inordinate gallantry. Archbishop Laud, in the history of his own troubles and trial, gives this curious account of him:—"On Tuesday, August 10. 1641, his Majesty rode away post into Scotland, the Parliaments sitting in both kingdoms, and the armies not yet dissolved. There was great scanning about this journey; and the House of Commons sent some Commissioners thither, as the Scots had some here. Among the Scotch Commissioners the prime man was the Earl of Rothes, who was also one of the greatest and most zealous leaders of the Scottish rebellion, under the pretence of religion, and a deadly enemy to the Earl of Strafford, and was heard to say more than once they would have his head,—and they had it. But much about this time (Rothes) his zeal was so great among the women, and the citizens wives, that he fell into disease; and divers of his friends going to visit him, were not admitted to see him; and at last he was conveyed from London to Richmond, by his aunt the Lady Roxburgh, where he died. But this base and dishonourable end of his they concealed as much as they could."

His son, to manners the most gentle and insinuating, added a great flow of wit. He possessed the art of prepossessing every one in his favour, and was much caressed by the King, whom he resembled in his demeanour and vivacity. His literature was scanty, but that defect he compensated by his natural quickness. He had a very handsome face and figure, and in his gallantry took after his father. The Reverend Robert Baillie, in one of his letters, thus relates some circumstances of a very serious fracas, which occurred during the Usurpation, owing to his intimacy with a lady, who afterwards became Countess of Carlisle:—"The Earl of Rothes is put into the Castle (of Edinburgh) on a most shameful occasion. My Lord Howard's sister married with my Lord Balgony, Rothes's sister's son, General Leslie's grandson. This Howard's wife, a very light woman, came to make a visit to Fife, where her carriage every where was exceeding wanton. Rothes openly

bore her too much company, to the offence of many. However, about that time she is got with child, which she bears to London. Her husband falls in an outrageous jealousy with her, suspects my Lord Belasis, whom his brother fights in that quarrel, but suspects Rothes more, and in a rage posts towards Scotland to fight Rothes. The Protector hearing of it, causes follow and apprehend Howard, and sends an order in haste to secure Rothes in the Castle of Edinburgh, where yet he lies in great infamy."

He was afterwards accused of neglecting his own wife, a very godly Presbyterian woman, daughter of the Earl of Crawford, and of living in too much friendship with the Lady Anne Gordon. But what scandalized the whigs more than all the rest, was his intimacy with the *Primate of Scotland.* In this case *Judas* obscured *Jezabel*, though he frequently shewed much lenity to the rebels, and actually prevented the torture of the boot being applied to one of their women, alleging that it was not seemly for gentlewomen to wear boots; yea, albeit he winked at the practices of his wife's confessors, with good store of whom she was well provided, yet these ingrates denounced him as nothing better than his colleagues, a child of the devil and perdition.

The Chancellor Loudon, so celebrated for his zeal in the work of reformation, was also notorious for his incontinence. The wife of one Major Johnstone bore him several children. His gallantry is confirmed by Clarendon, who says, that "he was so obnoxious for his loose and vicious life, which was notorious, that he durst not provoke Argyle or the clergy by dissenting from them." Neither, on the very same account, dared he to exasperate his wife, who seems to have had a spirit like my Lady Monson's. From Burnet we learn that Loudon, when in England, made very solemn promises both to the King and the Hamiltons; but, on his return to Scotland, Lady Loudon, who was an heiress, and had brought to him almost all he possessed, threatened, that if he went on in that way she would raise against him a process of adultery; of which she would have had very copious proofs. The poor caitiff was therefore obliged to turn again to the other side,

making public professions of repentance for his fit of honour and loyalty, in the High Church of Edinburgh, with many villanous tears and grimaces.

[It will not be foreign to the object of these historical researches and illustrations, if we here proceed to redeem the character of Charles the First from a calumnious story, of which this Earl of Loudon has been made the hero, although he never heard of it himself. It forms an imposing page of the great work of Hallam, while, with coarser hands, Laing and Brodie have rubbed it into the history of Scotland. And yet the source of it is utterly worthless. It is *said* to *have been said* by Bishop Burnet! The tradition is, that the Bishop narrated the calumny in question, to a company including "several English Peers," that he said he had found a record of it in the Hamilton charter-chest,—where no one has ever found it since,—and that, in telling the story, he excused himself for not having published it in his Memoirs of the Hamiltons, by reason, as he is *said* to have said, "I could not put down every thing I found in the papers committed to me, because some things would not bear telling." Burnet, if this report of his conversation be true, must have meant, that some falsehoods might pass current in talk, and enter history in due time, that were too gross to escape detection if published in his "Own Time."

Loudon, one of the Scots Commissioners, had been sent to the Tower for his participation in the letter of the covenanting nobles to the French King. While thus in custody, during the short interval between the 11th of April, and 27th of June 1640, "King Charles I.," as Burnet is reported to have told, "in his passionate resentment against him, sent a warrant to Sir William Balfour, Lieutenant of the Tower, to *execute* the prisoner for high treason, the next morning." This order, as the story goes, the Lieutenant communicated to his noble prisoner, who having neither been libelled nor tried, grievously complained of the barbarity, and urged his jailor to go for the Marquis of Hamilton, which accordingly he did. These two instantly repaired to the King, but had some difficulty in obtaining audience, his Majesty being in bed. First, Sir William Balfour "fell on his knees at the bedside," and

prayed for a recall of the warrant; but the King was inexorable. Then entered the Marquis of Hamilton, "and fell likewise on his knees at the bedside, and begged that he would not insist upon such an extraordinary resolution." The King still held out, but was at length moved by the Marquis's parting threat,—"I'll go, and get ready to ride post for Scotland to-morrow morning; for I am sure before night the whole city will be in an uproar, and they'll come and pull your Majesty out of your Palace; I'll get as far as I can, and declare to my countrymen that I had no hand in it." Upon which, the King said, "give me the warrant; and taking it, tore it in pieces."[1]

This fiction, the most impudent and ridiculous that was ever palmed by party malevolence upon political history, attracted little or no attention, until Dr Birch gave it currency in 1756. It was most jesuitically adopted by Malcolm Laing, who at the same time had not failed to perceive that the anecdote was utterly at variance with the habits and temper of the King. Recording it as an historical fact, he adds this confused and contradictory qualification,—"The fact appears to be more conformable to the *precipitate counsels*, than to the *character* of Charles, who was arbitrary, but averse to the *execution of a sanguinary measure.*" Our historian had forgotten, that the Marquis of Hamilton, the main source of the King's "precipitate counsels," is figured to have been counsel on the other side, and that the truth of the story is entirely dependent upon the fact of the King himself having suddenly conceived the iniquity, to the surprise and horror of his worst counsellors.

The Earl of Loudon, whose commitment to the Tower was notorious, lived to the year 1663, and not a whisper of his having incurred any such jeopardy, ever reached the ear of any one of "the Brethren," from that rampant rebel himself, who certainly entertained no such feelings towards Charles

[1] Dr Birch, in his "Inquiry into the share which Charles I. had in the Transactions of the Earl of Glamorgan," &c., gives for history this most absurd story, on the authority of "a *memorandum* written by Dr White Kennet, then Bishop of Peterborough, in the blank leaf of his copy of Burnet's Memoirs, now in possession of the Honourable Mr Charles Yorke, of Lincoln's Inn."

the First, as would have induced him to preserve silence on the subject. The time when he is said to have made so narrow an escape, was immediately prior to the meeting of the English Parliament in 1640. He was liberated upon the 27th of June thereafter, and instantly returned to Scotland, *carrying despatches from the King himself*, to his covenanting compatriots there. Not a hint then transpired, as the correspondence of his most intimate friends, the Reverend Robert Baillie, and Johnston of Warriston, alone suffices to demonstrate, that their favourite leader had just escaped from being secretly put to death, in prison, without a libel and without a trial, by the Sovereign from whom he brought those despatches, and to whom they were so virulently opposed. Moreover, in the month of June, as the immediate preliminary to Loudon's liberation, he wrote with his own hand a *memorandum* for Hamilton (yet preserved in the Hamilton archives, among which no record of the alleged *warrant* is to be found) in terms most respectful and complimentary to the King. It refers to various petitions *previously presented* to his Majesty, in behalf of him, Loudon, now in the Tower, by reason of the French letter. It excuses that letter upon several grounds; and in contrite and affectionate terms of loyalty, begs the intercession of Hamilton with the King, for "such a speedy delivery as may give demonstration to the world of his Majesty's *justice and goodness*." Surely there could have been no warrant known to Loudon, to decapitate him in prison, *before* he had thus memorialized the favourite; and Burnet himself, in his Memoirs of the Hamiltons, thus tells us what *instantly* followed: "*Upon this* the Marquis pressed the King much for my Lord Loudon's enlargement, since the Covenanters made great noise with it in all their complaints, and pretended that they durst send up no more commissioners, and, therefore, they sent their Acts in the packet. He did also show his Majesty, that he did know, by the Lieutenant of the Tower, that Loudon was very fearful; wherefore he desired permission from the King to try what *this fear* could draw from him; and to see if his enlargement, with the hopes of a noble reward, could engage him to the King's service; which, if obtained, might prove of great advantage, since the

irritations he had received would make his advice less suspected in Scotland : *His Majesty approving of this*, he treated with Loudon, and found him abundantly pliant ; and so, on the 26th of June, he agreed with him on these terms, which he got under Loudon's hand, in two papers yet extant." These papers are also printed by Burnet, and not a little disreputable they are to Loudon. He promises his earnest and loyal exertions in favour of the King against his own compatriots, and to prevent the Scotch army from convening, or crossing the border,—promises which Loudon did not, and never could have meant to perform, as his whole conduct evinces. " Upon this," proceeds the Bishop, " Loudon was enlarged *next day* (27th June, 1640) and permitted to go down to Scotland." Burnet has also printed the reply of the Committee of Estates to the King's letter, written by the Secretary Lanerick, and brought by Loudon himself. The Committee's answer is dated 7th July, 1640, and the first sentence of it runs thus : " We received your Lordship's letter of the 27th of June from the Lord Loudon, whose *relief out of prison* gives us occasion, before we answer your Lordship's letter, to acknowledge the same as *an act of his Majesty's royal justice and goodness*, although the pretended cause of his imprisonment was but a malicious calumny of the enemies of the King's honour and our peace, forged to engage both his Majesty's kingdoms in a national war."

But what of that insane *warrant* to take Loudon's life in prison ? Had he kept his thumb on that fact ? Could such a fact have been for ever concealed from " the Brethren," and left for the histories of the nineteenth century, in the hands of Laing, Brodie, and Hallam ? Was the incident not an " irritation" to the covenanting Earl which would have caused the Covenanters to make " great noise with it in all their complaints" ? Baillie and Warriston were fellow labourers in the vineyard with this notorious peer. They, too, were Commissioners from Scotland, on the part of the covenanting government. To the enormity in question, not an allusion is to be found throughout their volumnious correspondence. No trace of it, indeed, has entered contemporary history. Sir James Balfour, Bishop Guthry, Spalding, Sir Thomas Hope

(in his diary), Clarendon, Whitelock, Saunderson, Rushworth, Sir Thomas Warwick, May, Heylin, Nalson,—are all as silent on the subject as Baillie and Warriston! The story is false.[1]]

Ecclesiastical affairs in Scotland daily wore a more alarming aspect. The people deserting the churches almost entirely in many districts, threatened the established clergy with all manner of violence, so that it was found expedient to put the laws against the field preachers and their followers into execution. The western counties were particularly turbulent, which may be accounted for in the hereditary disaffection and presbyterianism of sundry of the principal families who were then popular and powerful. Of these, the Dalrymples of Stair were ever prominent in the anarchies of reform. As far back as the fifteenth century, Isabel Chalmers, goodwife of Stair, was arraigned for heresy; and during the first efforts of Knox, he found the laird of Stair his follower and champion. In later times, Galloway had been greatly corrupted by the edifying endeavours of Samuel Rutherford, constituted Minister of Anworth by the Lord Kenmure, through the instigations of his Lady, a violent devotee, and sister to the Marquis of Argyle. She appears to have been wonderfully smitten with Samuel's *gifts*, as his rapsodical talents were called, and carried on a copious correspondence by letter with him, during his imprisonment at Aberdeen, and long after. When the Viscount lay upon his deathbed, this witch of Endor so terrified him with the apparitions of *Samuel*, and his brother divines, that he seems to have suffered the torments of damnation while yet upon earth. Lord Kenmure then considered his desertions from the Parliament of the year 1633, which he left to ingratiate himself with the King, as one of his greatest sins, saying,—"God knoweth, I did it with fearful wrestling of conscience, my light paying me home within, when I seemed to be glad and joyful before men." The dotard had forgot that the King was weak enough to make him a peer, wondrously "glad and joy-

[1] [See this infamous calumny, with which Mr Hallam, very crudely informed, has polluted his great work, thoroughly sifted, and completely refuted, in our "Memorials of Montrose and his Times," printed for the Maitland Club, vol. ii. pp. vi.–viii., and 85–101. Laing's authorities are there brought to the test.]

ful," that very year. For all the other nonsense which he spoke, and had spoken to him, the reader is referred to "The last and heavenly speech of John, Viscount of Kenmure," and the curious account of his sickness and death published in the Scotch Worthies.

The first tumults, on the placing of the Curates in the churches of the expelled ministers, were at Irongray, near Dumfries, and at Kirkcudbright; and though women were the principal ringleaders, it was well known that the other sex, had they dared, would have been fully as insolent; and that Lord Kirkcudbright himself was at the bottom of the latter riot, though from his rank and connections he escaped punishment.

As it was now thought expedient to send forces into the west to overawe the insolence of the rabble and the machinations of the gentry, the Lords of Privy Council pitched upon Sir James Turner to command the troops, a gentleman of English extraction, who, during the reign of King Charles the First, had been employed to quell the puritanic disturbance of these very regions. Though the more obstinate whigs were severely fined, and soldiers quartered upon them in considerable numbers, nothing could eradicate their prejudices, or impede their machinations. The dreadful fire of London, which occasioned an universal panic and confusion among all patriots and good men, only warmed those wretches, and made the froth of their wickedness boil over. Esteeming that juncture of dismay most fit for insurrections, they hurried to arms, pretending that Turner's barbarity, and more especially the binding of an old rogue who refused to discharge his fine, was the cause of their revolt. Burnet, on the best authority, contradicts the tale of the old man; and all the dreadful narratives, respecting lighted matches, whips and flames, are poorly authenticated, for we have only the word of whigs for the truth of them. Again, though in general mighty particular as to the names of their martyrs, not one fanatic historian I have met with, gives the name of this injured old man; and, alas! the women who are said to have been violated by the King's troops, during the commotions of those times, are in

the very same predicament; so that perhaps it may not be esteemed too sceptical should we rank the ancient gentleman in the same degree of reality with Sinbad the Sailor's rider, and the outraged damsels with St Ursula and her nine thousand virgins.

It is certain, however, that a body of enthusiasts, led on by M'Lelland of Barscob, Neilson of Corsack, and others, after having seized several of the military, and murdered one soldier who offered to make resistence, poured down upon Dumfries, where Sir James Turner then was, and laid hold upon him before he entertained the smallest suspicion of their approach. They searched also for the clergyman, but he had fled. They secured Turner's papers of every kind, and a considerable sum of money which had been transmitted from Edinburgh to pay the troops, and collected from persons fined for nonconformity. But this treasure they entrusted to the custody of a weak brother, who fled away with the whole of it; such good faith was among the covenanted godly! Carrying off Sir James Turner in triumph, they marched to Lanark, and there renewed their beloved Solemn League. Their numbers had now increased to fifteen hundred horse and foot, commanded by the lairds already mentioned, together with a Colonel Wallace, a Colonel Grey, Major Learmont (originally a Tailor, which Wodrow will not allow), and some others. Hearing that General Thomas Dalyell approached with troops, they resolved to continue at Lanark, supposing that the General would find it almost impracticable to pass the Clyde swelled with the rains, and hoping for reinforcements from different quarters. But a letter from Sir James Stewart altered their plans; and through mire and snow they proceeded to Collington. Ready to cut each others throats, and half dead with cold and fatigue they approached Edinburgh. By desertion their number was now reduced to eight hundred men, with nothing to resist hunger and despair but fury and the Covenant. The gates of Edinburgh were so strictly guarded that none of their friends could issue out to comfort them. In this dilemma, attempting to retreat through the Pentland hills, they were assailed by their evil genius General Dalyell, who marched by Currie through the mountains, and

reached them in the evening of a clear and sunny day. The whigs encouraged themselves by singing the 74th and 78th Psalms, while drawn up in battle array. One of their troops, commanded by M'Clelland of Barmaghew, and Crookshanks, at first repulsed a party of the Royal Army, commanded by Drummond; and in this skirmish Duke Hamilton was nearly slain by a blow from a cudgel of the Covenant. But the whole body of the rebels was quickly put to the rout, and greatly indebted to the shades of night, but more to the commiseration of the King's troops, that not above fifty were destroyed. A hundred and thirty were taken in the pursuit; and several were despatched by the inhabitants of the vicinity, untainted, as it would appear, by the prevailing systems of disloyalty. But what is still more wonderful, all the misery which those deluded wretches endured, appeared but nugatory in the eyes of their nefarious pastors. Sometime after this disaster, Mas Richard Cameron, one of their preachers, exclaimed at a western conventicle:—"O sad to think upon the west of Scotland! I know no place wherein more will go to hell than in the west of Scotland. The wild Highlands have not sitten so many *calls* as thou hast done. I would not have the accompts on my head, that you professors in Clydesdale, Ayr, Galloway, and Tweedale, have, for all the world." The Archbishop, in the absence of Rothes and Lauderdale, the latter of whom, if he did not actually foment the insurrection, heartily rejoiced at it as a means of getting Scotland still more into his power, gave all the necessary orders respecting the motions of the troops; and it is worthy of remark, that this wise prelate returned no answer to an offer made to the Council by the Earl of Argyle, who had raised fifteen hundred men,—of his services during the rebellion. The Archbishop was convinced that were Argyle to descend from the Highlands with his troops, either the leader, or the men, or both, would most certainly join the rebels.

General Dalyell, the son of Thomas Dalyell of Binns, was born about 1599. At an early period of life he adopted the military profession, and adhered to the cause of Charles I. He commanded at Carrickfergus in Ireland, and was there taken

prisoner, 1650. Again, 1651, he was taken prisoner at the battle of Worcester, and carried to the Tower, from whence he escaped; after which his estates were forfeited, and himself exempted from the general act of indemnity. Charles the Second recommended Dalyell, for his eminent courage and fidelity, to Prince Radzivil, the King of Poland, and other foreign dignitaries, in the years 1655 and 1656. The Czar of Muscovy, Alexis Michaelovitch, under whose banner he fought courageously against the Turks and Tartars, for his great bravery and military conduct promoted him to the rank of General, and on his return to Scotland, ordered a testimony of his services, in the most honourable terms, to pass the Great Seal. "He was bred up very hardy from his youth," says Captain Creichton, "both in diet and clothing: He never wore boots, nor above one coat, which was close to his body, with close sleeves, like those we call jockey-coats: He never wore a peruke, nor did he shave his beard since the murder of King Charles I. In my time his head was bald, which he covered only with a beaver hat, the brim of which was not above three inches broad: His beard was white and bushy, and yet reached down almost to his girdle: He usually went to London once or twice a-year, and then only to kiss the King's hand, who had a great esteem for his worth and valour. His unusual dress and figure, when he was in London, never failed to draw after him a great crowd of boys, and other young people, who constantly attended at his lodgings, and followed him with *huzzas* as he went to Court, or returned from it. As he was a man of humour, he would always thank them for their civilities, when he left them at the door to go into the King, and would let them know *exactly at what hour* he intended to come out again, and return to his lodgings. When the King walked in the Park, attended by some of his courtiers, and Dalyell in his company, the same crowds would always be after him, showing their admiration of his beard and dress, so that the King could hardly pass on for the crowd; upon which his Majesty bid *the devil take Dalyell*, for bringing such a rabble of boys to have *their guts squeezed out*, while they gaped at his long beard and antic habit, requesting him at the same time (as Dalyell used to express it) to shave, and *dress like other*

Christians, to keep the *poor bairns* out of danger: All this could never prevail on him to part with his beard; but yet, in compliance to his Majesty, he went once to Court in the *very height of the fashion*; but as soon as the King, and those about him, had laughed sufficiently at the strange figure he made, he re-assumed his usual habit, to the *great joy of the boys*, who had not discovered him in his fashionable dress." The accusation of being a wizard, Dalyell shared with almost all the active loyalists of his time; whom, however, if we can trust the author of "God's Judgments," he so far exceeded in "devilish sophistry, that he sometimes beguiled the Devil, or rather his master suffered himself to be outwitted by him." He has also been denounced as a person of manners singularly rude and brutal, chiefly because, at an examination of whigs before the Privy Council, he struck one Garnock—who had railed against him as "a *Muscovie beast* that *roasted men*,"—with the pommel of his sword, till the blood sprang. But it should be remembered that soldiers are not wont to bear such epithets tamely. "By my troth, captain, these are very bitter words!" And, moreover, at that period, a liberality in bestowing of blows was practised by the higher ranks towards their inferiors, now scarcely credible. In almost every comedy of that age, the *fine gentleman*, as he is called, beats his valet-de-chambre, and generally his whole household, whenever a fit of ill-humour incites him to exercise his cane; and this brutality must have commonly prevailed, else it would not have been suffered on the stage.[1]

The day after the battle of Pentland, the prisoners were escorted into Edinburgh by Dalyell's troops, with banners displayed, and shouts of victory, to the rage and sorrow of the whigs. Nay, as they passed through the suburbs, where one Mr Arthur Murray, an ejected minister, dwelt, he looked from his window upon the procession, and going immediately in a pet to bed, actually yielded up his indignant ghost. The rebels were secured in that part of St Giles's Church called

[1] [We shall find some very characteristic traits of this exquisite humorist, recorded by Claverhouse (who suffered much vexation under his capricious command) in his correspondence, contained in a subsequent part of these Memorials.]

Haddo's Hole, from Sir John Gordon of Haddo (father of the first Earl of Aberdeen), who, for his loyalty, was there confined by the Covenanters, previous to his cruel execution. They were treated with much lenity, the Bishop of Edinburgh (Wishart) daily sending them liberal supplies at his own expense, as aware, from experience, of the miseries attending incarceration. The Covenanters (when in the ascendant) hating this good man as the chaplain of Montrose, and an enemy to their principles, confined him for seven months in a dark noisome dungeon, and in that time allowed him a change of linen only once, so that he was almost devoured by vermin; and also by *rats*, which attacked his face so voraciously, that he bore the marks of them to his death.

Several of the whigs were tried and executed, who might have preserved their lives by renouncing the Solemn League. Of these, Hugh M'Kail, a young preacher, and a very comely graceful person (according to Wodrow), excited much commiseration, especially among the fair sex, whose natural tenderness of heart is greatly increased by the influence of masculine beauty. He was suspected of knowing secrets regarding the share which the whig party in England had in the late motions of their Scottish friends, and was put into *the boots* to extort a confession. But a man who will not renounce the Covenant to save his life, will hardly reveal a secret to protect his leg,[1] and M'Kail remained obstinate. Neilson of Corsock was tortured at the same time. They were examined by Rothes. Kirkton says, "the executioner favoured Mr M'Kail, but Corsock was cruelly tormented, and *screight* for pain, so as to have moved a heart of stone." But, by his account, it did not move that of Rothes, who called frequently for "the other touch," that is, another blow on the wedge.[2] Corsock was an old rogue, M'Kail a young fool, and Rothes knew

[1] [Mr Sharpe was here more intent upon his antithesis, than the soundness of his proposition. The dread of torture is greater than the fear of death, or that vile reminiscence of our criminal jurisprudence, prolonged by King William himself into the era of the Revolution, would never have disgraced the country.]

[2] [But it must ever be kept in mind, that the fanatical version of such scenes, recorded by Kirkton, and chroniclers of that stamp, are the least to be trusted of all written evidence. Rothes was humane,—not savage like Lauderdale. Even Wodrow was utterly regardless of fairness and truth in his martyrologies.]

well how to distinguish persons. After some other severities, which had very little effect, the army was withdrawn from the western shires, and affairs wore a milder aspect, till an attempt upon the life of the Primate once more gave the alarm, and convinced all unprejudiced persons, that every species of conciliation was completely wasted on the fanatics.

This crime was meditated by James Mitchell, a wretch who had studied divinity, or rather *devilry*, under Mr James Dickson, but, on attempting to take orders in the Presbyterian fashion, was rejected by the Presbytery of Dalkeith for ignorance. This "weak scholar," as even Kirkton confesses him to have been, then got into the household of the Laird of Dundas, where he held the office of pedagogue to the children (a pretty pedagogue), and chaplain to their parents. But falling in love with a young woman, wife to the ancient gardener of Dundas, he contrived to gain her good graces so thoroughly that she paid him a nightly visit in his bed-chamber, a kind of summer-house, built upon the garden wall. The other servants of the house, observing this little intrigue, one night turned the key upon the lovers, and then informed their master of the whole affair. Meanwhile, after a convenient space, *Dulcinea* must begone. But lo! the door is fast. Mr James having considered on the most proper course, whips off his shirt, and, the lady holding the end of it, lowers her down to the ground. But his master, seeing him "like a filthy garden-god upon the wall," without a rag to conceal his sins, turns him out of the house in all the disgrace imaginable. Mitchell then repaired to Edinburgh, and for some years resided in the Cowgate, in the house of one Grissel Whiteford,—the whig historians for the more grace style her *Mistress*,—where he enjoyed the edifying company of the celebrated Major Weir, his fellow-lodger, of whom more by-and-bye. Having joined the Pentland insurrection, he fled to Flanders; but returning sometime after to Scotland, resolved to realize what had already had been *predicted* by sundry Presbyterian oracles, and assassinate the Archbishop of St. Andrews. On Saturday, the 11th of July 1668, while the Primate was seated in his coach at the head of Blackfriars Wynd in Edinburgh, blessing the people passing by (according to the fashion of the

times), Mitchell discharged at him a pistol loaded with three balls. But Honeyman, Bishop of Orkney, at that moment entering the carriage, received the shot in his arm, which was so dreadfully mangled, that, after languishing for some years, he died, in consequence of the wound. In the confusion incident to an attempt of this nature, James Mitchell made off and escaped; but was taken a long time after, and brought to trial. He was a lean hollow cheeked man, says Dr Hicks;[1] and, though on a promise of his life, he had confessed his guilt to the Lords of Privy Council, yet, through a fear of having his hands cut off, as is alleged, he thought fit to deny all again before the Lords of Justiciary. Upon this, the Privy Council retracted their promise, chiefly granted for the sake of discovering his accomplices, as his own part of the crime could easily be proven, and finally had him hanged. This has been termed a base action in the Council; but the Puritans had taught people of all persuasions to be subtle casuists, and, no doubt, the Lords reconciled their conduct to their consciences. This villain appeared at the bar with a powdered periwig, and a brazen face; for it is quite wonderful to consider with what assurance he latterly persisted in his denial, and with what insolence he behaved to the Council. Mr Charles Maitland of Hatton, Lord Treasurer Depute, told him that he was one of the most arrogant cheats, liars, and rogues that he had ever beheld. In a letter written after his sentence, he left his *testimony* against, and abhorrence of, "Balls, bordelles, mountebanks, acts of comedies, festival days, viz. at Yule and Pentecost, which are all the product of a profane and perfidious clergy, all of them being instigated by Satan, as

[1] [The account of this villain, who was elevated by the zealots to the saintship because his villany took the turn of murdering Bishops, was published so early as 1678, in "Ravillac Redivivus," said to be by Dr Hicks; a coarse performance (having very coarse matter to deal with), but the truth of which there is no reason to doubt. The minute details he records, in the very year of Mitchell's execution, were not of a nature to be invented by a contemporary, (who could have been easily detected,) and must have been notorious at the time. They are corroborated in some respects by the admissions of the fanatical writers themselves, whose only defence of Mitchell consists in blatant abuse of his judges, and their blasphemous assumption that he acted under a divine impulse, or *call*, to perform "the work of God," in the shape of murder.]

fitted instruments for erecting and stirring up of lust to this apostate and rebellious generation against God, his truth, Covenant, and people, and cause."

James, afterwards Sir James Stewart of Goodtrees, in a very tedious and treasonable book which he called *Jus Populi Vindicatum*, printed in 1669, talking of *Phineas's exploit*, lavishes a quantity of ill-written abuse on Bishop Honeyman, alleging that he became captious "from his green wound," which he got "*per accidens*, because of *ill-company*,"—and so had written an answer to *Napthali*, another such edifying Christian tract as this of *Jus Populi*. They were both long the text-books of the zealots. Indeed Sir James Stewart himself wrote part of Napthali.

James Mitchell, a man such as I have described, who would make no mean figure in the Newgate Kalendar, was placed by the Covenanters in their list of Martyrs; and about two years after his attempt, they might have added another, who seems only to have missed that distinction by never attempting to commit violence on an established clergyman.

I allude to Mitchell's friend, the noted Major Weir. He had been a vehement reformer of the meaner sort during the Civil Wars, and having for some time commanded the Town Guard of Edinburgh, was dignified with the title of *Major*. On the Marquis of Montrose's imprisonment, previous to his murder, Weir was shut up with him in his cell, as a sort of keeper, and employed to smoke tobacco without cessation, the effluvia of which was very offensive to the noble captive. But not contented with that indignity, he loaded him with the bitterest reproaches that malice could devise, or a tongue of wonderful nimbleness utter. His fluency in *exhortation and prayer* was prodigious; which, together with his constancy to the Covenant, made him be in great request among the enthusiasts, after the Restoration. The pious burghers of Edinburgh wooed him from house to house, to ejaculate his edifying effusions, and their wives could get little comfort in prayer without the assistance of Major Weir. At the age of seventy, bowed down with years and penury, did this old monster repair to the Magistrates of Edinburgh, and make a confession of crimes that cannot be particularized. In his relations, false-

hood was mingled with truth. Amid many favours obtained from corporeal demons, he boasted those of the Devil under the shape of a fair young lady, and narrated a prodigious series of sorcery in which his sister Jean, who resided in the same house, and was nearly as aged as himself, bore a distinguished part. They were both executed for their crimes. The Major, with his conjuring staff, burnt on Leith Walk; and Jean hanged in the Grassmarket of Edinburgh. At her execution, amid all the horrors of a troubled conscience, and a violent death, her fond remembrance of the Solemn League and Covenant is extremely remarkable, and recorded by Mr Sinclair,[1] with a simplicity very suitable to the circumstance. "In the morning before her execution," says this Professor of Natural Philosophy, "she told the minister she resolved to die with all *the shame* she could, to expiate under mercy her shameful life: Ascending the ladder, she spoke somewhat confusedly of her sins, of her brother and his enchanting staff, and with a ghastly countenance, beholding a multitude of spectators all wondering, and some weeping, she spoke aloud,—'there are many here this day wondering and greeting for me, but, alas! few mourn for a broken Covenant;' at which words many seemed angry; some called to her to mind higher concerns; and, I have heard it said, that the preacher declared he had much ado to keep a composed countenance. The executioner falling about his duty, she prepared to die stark naked! Then, and not before, were her words relating to *shame* understood. The hangman struggled with her to keep on her clothes, and she struggled with him to have them off. At last he was forced to throw her over open-faced, which afterwards he covered with a cloth."[2] This happened in the month of April 1670.

It was at length deemed expedient, in the year 1669, that an indulgence should be granted to the whigs; that several of their preachers should be placed in as many churches as

[1] [Mr George Sinclair, Professor of Philosophy in the College of Glasgow, in his "Satan's Invisible World Discovered."]

[2] [The last effort of the wretched creature was to thrust her head between two steps of the gallows ladder, from which Ketch had some difficulty in extricating it.]

were vacant, and twenty pounds sterling a-year settled on the rest, till opportunities of providing for them occurred. Of the sons of Belial who were offered the pension, not a soul accepted it, esteeming it a bribe to be silent on topics which alone rendered their conventicles much more lucrative. But forty ejected ministers had the condescension to occupy churches, after being expressly prohibited from preaching out of doors, or meddling, in their discourses, with civil affairs and ecclesiastical government. This was certainly a cruel restriction, seeing that these persons had been accustomed to consider, and declaim upon, such subjects alone, and were wretchedly ignorant in respect of morality and the principles of religion. But the learned whigs quickly found themselves in the same predicament with the curates. The people preferred treason in the open air to truth under cover; and more than ever frequented the field conventicles, at which resistance to *every human power*, but that *of the Kirk*, and the most bloody vengeance against all its persecutors, were inculcated as meritorious in the sight of God, if not absolutely necessary towards salvation.

The reader is referred to Bishop Burnet for a more particular account of the further concessions made, and the wonderful effrontery with which they were rejected. Lauderdale, who for a while was smoothed down to gentle courses, partly through the persuasion of his friends, and partly to mortify the Archbishop of St Andrews, whom he supposed such negotiations and indulgencies would gall, at length lost all patience. He procured severe acts against conventicles to be passed, which not only rendered the landlords, on whose grounds they were held, liable to large fines, but authorised heavy punishments on those who attended them, and on the ministers themselves. This, as he had long retained the leaven of the Covenant in his own bosom, was also in a great measure attributed to the influence of his wife, a woman every way extraordinary and matchless.[1]

[1] [The idea that to this or that individual statesman, or to the "influence of his wife," is to be attributed what has been called "severe acts against conventicles," we believe to be a fanciful modern speculation. The *beau ideal* of a Scotch conventicle is something very different from the coarse and dangerous reality with

She was the daughter of William Murray, son of the needy minister of Dysart, and nephew of Charles the First's pedagogue, who got his relative placed about his pupil in the station of page, and *whipping boy*, a creature to be beaten whenever the Prince was naughty, in order to scare him with the sight of punishment. As the King is said to have been a very froward child, young Murray would suffer in proportion; and it is to be presumed, that his flagellations obtained the gratitude of his master, whose favour he enjoyed during a long train of treachery, in which he extorted forty thousand merks from Parliament for betraying his benefactor's secrets. At last he procured the patent of an Earldom, which was really signed at Newcastle, though he prevailed with the King to antedate it, that he might enjoy precedence over some persons whom he hated, being beyond measure malicious and revengeful. But this patent did not pass under the Great Seal till after Charles's death, so that in reality it was good for nothing. This egregious knave was he who sent advertisement to the Governor of Hull, advising him as a friend not to admit the King, as he was resolved, if master of the town, to secure him, and cut off his head. He married Elizabeth Bruce, of the Clackmannan family, and by her had two daughters, of whom, the eldest, afterwards Duchess of Lauderdale, was wedded to Sir Lionel Talmash of Suffolk, and, at her father's death, assumed the title of Dysart.

She was a woman of beauty, and vast abilities. Her quickness of apprehension, and her vivacity of wit, were prodigious; and to these gifts of nature, she added a fund of literature, which, even in this age of *learned ladies*, would be esteemed uncommon; for she not only understood divinity, history, and philosophy, but even mathematics. With all these advantages she was totally devoid of principle, and so outrageously covetous, that her hunger of riches could never be satiated. During the life of her first husband she was intimate with Lauderdale,

which the government of Charles the Second had to deal. How, at this day, would the Monarchy of England deal with Ireland under similar circumstances, if a mere clique of ambitious priests, were strenuously promoting revolution in Church and State throughout the Empire, by means of such instruments as assassins, primed and consecrated at conventicles for that purpose?]

and subsequently persuaded him that she had saved his life, after Worcester fight, through her influence with Cromwell; who also was her admirer, and, if report erred not, had little reason to complain of her cruelty. But Oliver broke off his own intrigue, when the scandal of it found circulation, through the same principle which made him always visit General Lambert's wife with the Bible under his arm. It is probable enough that he made Lady Dysart a present of Lauderdale's life, for it was no uncommon thing with him to dispose of his captives to ladies. Walker tells us, that after the battle of Dunbar a thousand of the wounded men were, "in a gallantry," sent by Cromwell to Elizabeth, Countess of Winton, daughter of John Lord Herris. Voltaire asserts, that Lambert's wife loved Lord Holland (the reputed favourite of Henrietta Maria), "qui servait dans l'armée du Roi: Cromwell le prend prisonnier dans une battaille, et juoit du plaisir de faire trancher la tête a son rival." After the Restoration, Lady Dysart imagined that Lauderdale did not appear sufficiently grateful for past favours, and a suspension of all intercourse took place during some years. But her husband's death reconciled the lovers, whose intimacy became so scandalous, that Lauderdale's wife, a daughter of Lord Home, could no longer endure the indignity, but retired to Paris, where she died, leaving one daughter, afterwards married to the Earl of Tweeddale, then Lord Yester;—"a spendid glorious marriage at Court," says Kirkton, "the King himself leading the bride uncovered to the church." Lady Dysart in process of time persuaded her paramour to make her an honest woman, and gained so complete an ascendancy, that she contrived to incite him to quarrel with all his oldest and best friends, among the rest, with Sir Robert Murray (whom her father had fixed upon as a husband for her), by pretending that he everywhere gave himself the credit of governing Lauderdale. When the Earl achieved the supreme command of Scotland, she came down to that astonished country in great pomp, and conducted herself with such overweening insolence, that she might have been mistaken for hereditary Princess of the three kingdoms, instead of granddaughter to the low-born minister of Dysart. She talked with unbounded licence of every body; set up all places in the

Scottish government to sale, with as little shame as cheapness; and levied contributions wherever she went. She, "in great wrath," even publicly threatened the Magistrates of Edinburgh for not giving her a present, notwithstanding of all the good she said that she had done to them; though her favours were not very obvious, and the Town Council had disposed of about seventeen thousand pounds sterling between her husband and his creatures. Of two daughters, whom she had by her first spouse, Kirkton says,—"she thought she might make a better market in Scotland than in England; one of them she thought to have matched to the Lord Murray, the heir to the Marquis of Athole, my Lady's chief, whom she had so much engaged; but the proposal was rejected, which made her turn her friendship into hatred and threatenings; however, one daughter she married to Argyle's heir (which was a most unhappy marriage), and another to the Earl of Murray, and so she got her business done in her noble manner." The whole tenor of her conduct has no parallel in Scottish history.

The standing forces in Scotland had been dispersed at the Restoration; and, in the year 1674, the military power consisted only of one troop of horse-guards, commanded by the Marquis of Athole, and one regiment of foot-guards, under the Earl of Linlithgow. The Presbyterian disturbances demanding a greater force, the King was induced to make the additions mentioned before, and, about the same time, it was thought expedient that a body of Highlanders, under the command of the Lords Athole, Murray, Caithness, Perth, Strathmore, and Airly, together with Linlithgow's troop, should be showered upon the western shires, to improve their sterile loyalty. The Highlandmen, after being led through Clydesdale, Renfrewshire, Cunningham, Kyle, and Carrick, were withdrawn, exhibiting in a wonderful degree the more humane characteristics of these simple mountaineers. Neither the honour of the lowland women, nor the lives of the men, were destroyed in a single instance, even after one of the band had been murdered by a Presbyterian, in defence of his house, which his principles had made liable to be plundered.

Captain Graham of Claverhouse, shortly after his promo-

tion, was ordered with his troop into Galloway, whither "the Highland Host" had not extended, to suppress the insolency of the inhabitants. Convinced that severity was the only caustic proper for such boils, he quartered his men upon the refractory, and, by fining, attempted to reduce them to obedience. But his efforts at that time were crowned with slender success. The phrenzy of covenants, conspiracies, and commotion, again inflated the vulgar. Disguising themselves, and, in the night, they entered by force the houses of the Episcopal clergy, to beat and abuse their wives and themselves. They refused to pay the *Cess*, or tax levied by Government for support of the army. The lowest strumpets and vagabonds became skilful in polemical controversy. The shepherds discussed ecclesiastical abuses, like those of Spencer in the September of his Eclogues; and to such a pitch was enthusiasm exalted, that the very hangman grew metaphysical, and refused to execute rebels. For this obstinacy, William Sutherland, the *Ketch* of Irvine, was seated by Rothes in the stocks, where he descanted, to the admiration of his hearers, on the *side tails* (long trains) of the bishops, saying,—"How know ye but the Lord hath revealed more to me than to your bishops with their side tails?"

The severity of Claverhouse in the west, is prodigiously exaggerated by the pious Wodrow, whose huge chronicle, composed of narrations furnished by the Presbyterians themselves, like our modern peerages, is a mass of tiresome falsehood, though the fountainhead from which succeeding whig writers have imbibed their waters of bitterness.[1] Yet, with all the reverend gossip's disingenuity, after a declamation respecting barbarous cruelty, and I know not what, we are somewhat astonished to find the philippic founded on such a circumstance as this: "James,"—*it should be John*,—"Graham of Clavers, with a numerous party of soldiers, came and quartered upon Gilbert M'Meiken, in New Glenluce parish, for a good many days, without paying any thing; and when they

[1] [Mr Sharpe had formed a perfectly just estimate of Wodrow, as we have illustrated in Part I. of these Memorials. It is curious to see the blunder, as to the Christian name of Claverhouse, which Mr Sharpe had observed in Wodrow, cropping out again in such rich and prolific historic soil as Lord Macaulay's.]

went off, though they had consumed ten times the value of the cess (tax), they carried with them three horses worth ten pounds sterling"!!! John Arroll, who commanded the party, continues the reverend author with triumph, "was killed next year at Drumclog, and had his bowels *trod out by a horse*," *a judgment* upon him for carrying away Gilbert's three foundered jades, we may all be very certain.

In the month of March 1679, the Privy Council, finding the fanatic disorders rather increase than diminish, resolved to nominate Sheriffs Depute for sundry of the shires, and required writs of deputation from the Sheriffs principal to confirm them in their posts. Captain Graham, and Captain Andrew Bruce of Earlshall, were constituted Sheriffs Depute of Dumfries, Wigton, and the Stewartries of Annandale and Kirkcudbright; by no means to the satisfaction of William, Earl (afterwards Duke) of Queensberry, the Sheriff of Dumfriesshire, who seems to have disliked Graham exceedingly;[1] in all probability because his reputation was becoming brilliant, and Queensberry could endure no active partner in the government of that portion of Scotland.

Queensberry was a man of great genius, unimproved, as it would appear, by literature. A favourite at Court, the measures of which he strenuously promoted, yet he at last shrunk back from the fatal follies of King James.[2] He attained signal honours, and a prodigious estate. His violent and dictatorial temper made him obnoxious to many persons of his own rank, and hated by the vulgar, who, after his exertions in repressing conventicles, and apprehending whigs, gave him the nickname of "The Deil o' Drumlanrig," similar to that bestowed upon Philip II. of Spain, who was termed "*Demon Meridianus*," the Deil of the South. With all his immense riches, Queensberry was attentive to the slightest articles of expenditure in his household, and constantly canting about being

[1] [Queensberry was extremely jealous of the rising Claverhouse, but yet held him in high esteem. Knowing the value of his abilities and energy to the royal cause, he greatly promoted his advancement. Had Mr Sharpe seen the correspondence we are now enabled to produce, he would have modified the expression that Queensberry "disliked Graham exceedingly."]

[2] [Queensberry deserves no great credit for this "shrinking back," as we shall find.]

cheated, while he himself was attempting to overreach all his neighbours. His wife, a daughter of the Marquis of Douglas, lived on the worst terms imaginable with him. He would neither allow her command of the servants, pin-money, or wine, of which last article her Grace appears to have been somewhat fond. In a piteous letter to the Laird of Dornock, she says,—"And now, I declare to you, that I have not at this time one farthing; neither do I know how to get it, seeing I find nothing in the instructions for it. I have lately got from Mr John Richardson six dollars, but have bestowed it all upon things for my daughter, and some small things for myself; and you know that I cannot want [do without] some money to do any little business with,—if it were to send for the doctor, or any other little account. So pray let me know what I shall do during the time I am to stay here. Let me have your advice, with the first, or else some money, for it is not possible I can *want*. The wine is very ill here [Edinburgh], and is prejudicial for my health; and, therefore, it is very hard that my Lord will not send me in some of his. Pray speak to him in this, for this wine does me a great deal of hurt."

In another epistle to the same gentleman, she says,—"Tell my Lord I must buy linen for a gown, which will cost about three or four pounds sterling, and see if he will send it. I have changed one of my gowns into a night manteau, and am necessitat to make up another. I keep not my health well; which I impute to the *ill wine* that is here; the wine that William Douglas gave me is turned sourish, that I can hardly drink it; pray, see if my Lord will let me have any of his for my health." Queensberry had also many quarrels with his son, Lord Drumlanrig; while, on the other hand, Lady Drumlanrig and her sister, Lady Anne, were at deadly feud. But the whole family seemed most attentive to economy; and the Duke's sister, Lady Margaret Jardine, carried love of money to a pitch scarcely credible. Though married to an opulent Baronet, she would, for a halfpenny, bear people on her shoulders across the river Annan, which flows near the wall of her spouse's mansion; and when there was a fair, or a field preaching in the neighbourhood, would sit on the banks of the stream the whole day in expectation of customers. She gene-

rally wore rags; but carried, when visiting, articles of finery in a napkin, which she would slip on before she entered the house. Her head gear of ceremony she called her *Cockups*.[1]

Queensberry, however unwilling, was compelled to grant Captain Graham of Claverhouse his deputation; which is subjoined from a draught in my possession that has neither been filled up nor signed.[2] The first occasion of offence given by Graham to the Earl seems to have been respecting *locality*, or the proportion of provender which was to be furnished to his troops of horse and dragoons from certain parishes in Dumfriesshire. On this subject, he thus writes to one of his confidential managers, Mr Sharpe, then in Dumfries:—"Sanquhar, 22d April 1679.—Loving friend. I got not here till Sunday night, else ye had heard from me before this. All I am now to say is, that since I came home, I have seen some very peremptory, and, as I conceive, illegal orders from Claverhouse anent his locality; in which I have very freely

[1] Queensberry's sister, Lady Isabella, married Sir William Lockhart of Carstairs. Their daughter Isabella was the wife of Sir Thomas Kirkpatrick, my grandfather's father. Hence these traditions, &c.—*Note by Mr Sharpe.*

[2] "We, Earl of Queensberrie, Sheriff Principal of the Shire of Dumfries, conforme to a recommendation of his Majesty's Privy Council, signified to us by their letter of the date the 11th day of March 1679, founded upon ane express warrand from the King's Majesty, dated at Whitehall the 18th day of January last, do hereby make and constitute the Lairds of Claverhouse and Earlshall to be our Sheriffs Depute within the said shire,—to the effect underwritten only, with full power and commission to them or any one of them, to affix and hold Sheriff Courts at the ordinar places accustomed, issue forth precepts of summonding persons within the said shire, guilty, or that shall be guilty, of contraveening the laws made against separation, being present at Conventicles, persons guilty of disorderly baptisms and marriages, resetting and communing with fugitives and intercommuned persons and vagrant preachers, and to pronounce sentence against the persons guilty, conforme to the laws and practice of this Kingdom; and to direct precepts and other executorials for putting the same to due execution; and, generally, all and sundry other things necessar in the premiss to do, use, and exerce als fullie and freelie as any other Sheriff-Depute has done or may do, promitten. de rato. Providing that thir presents is to be without prejudice to any other of my deputes already named to judge jointly and separately with the said Sheriff-Depute, and that the granting thereof shall no ways derogate to our right of jurisdiction as principal Sheriff, as accords of the law; and that this commission continue during the pleasure of his Majesty's Privy Council. In witness whereof thir Presents are subscryved with our hand at the day of 1679 years, before thir witnesses."—*Note by Mr Sharpe.*

written to him, and if he resolve to delay further troubling the country till the Commissioners meet, I shall labour to get a quorum of them together sometime next week. What he resolves in this, try, and acquaint me, which the bearer will get conveyed, and before meeting the shire ye shall hear from me at more length. As also, let me know if the troops brought in any prisoners lately, and what else has occurred there worth my knowledge."

"Sanquhar, 26th April, 1679.—Desire Claverhouse to bring, or send, his order for locality to the meeting of Commissioners of Supply to be held at Thornhill, 1st of May, at 9 o'clock of the morning; as also, that the several quarter-masters bring or send notes of what hay and straw has been furnished them from their whole locality; and a note of such persons, if any be, who have exacted more for it than what is contained in the Council's orders. Acquaint Claverhouse with this meeting, so that he, or any he trusts, may be there with the order, and accounts of locality foresaid; else nothing will be done. Present my service to him, and tell him, that as it seems I have mistaken his orders as to the matter of quartering, so I am sure he has mistaken my letter, in several particulars; in which I had writ to him before this, but that ye told me he was in Galloway, and the meeting of the shire is to be so soon. There are some alarms here from the west, but I hope without ground. What occurs about Dumfries, or the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright, acquaint me timeously; with all else worth your trouble; and if Claverhouse get orders to march."

The meeting mentioned in these letters took place at New Dalgarnock; but Captain Graham not thinking proper to attend it in person, sent his Lieutenant, Captain Bruce of Earlshall, to transact with the Commissioners.

"The Laird of Earlshall, as Lieutenant to Claverhouse, presented an act of Privy Council, of the date 17th day of January last, Commissionating the Earls of Nithsdale and Queensberry, Sir Robert Dalyell, Corehead younger, Westerhall, Craigdarroch, Carnsalloch, and Eccles, or any three of them, to meet with the chief officer, and impose localities for furnishing the the horse and dragoons quartered within the shire, at the rate

of two shillings per stone of straw, and two shillings and sixpence per stone of hay, with certification, that letters of horning upon forty eight hours will be directed therefor; and likewise produced another act of Council, dated 18th February last, mentioning that several troops of horse and companies of dragoons were not provided to their localities; therefore, ordering these empowered in the former Commission to provide the forces with as much hay and straw as they should have had from the beginning of their entry to their quarters, for supplying of those who have already furnished; with certification, that this Commissionate will be cited before the Council under the pain of rebellion."

"The Commissioners having treated with Earlshall, he, upon their offer of fourteen days provision to a hundred and fifty-eight horse, of hay and straw at the Council's rates, commencing this day, has promised, that, in case the Privy Council shall only allow a hundred horse to be furnished out of this shire, that the troop shall accept the fifteen days provision to be given to the other fifty out of the fore-end of the next locality; and ordains the Clerk to receive a declaration from the Captain and Lieutenant thereof. The Commissioners allow two stone of straw, and six stone of hay to ilk horse for every week during the said space, with power, to those liable, to give seven stone of hay for all, if they please; and ordain the Clerk to get from the commanding officer the double of the accompt of hay already received; and ordain him and the Collector to cast ilk man's proportion, conform to the valuation book. The Commissioners recommend to Lag, Closeburn, Carnsalloch, Capenoch, John Alisone, or any three of them, to treat with the officers of horse, and to adjust all other matters relating to the locality, and to report to the next meeting; and appoint the 9th day of May instant, to the said Committee to treat with the said officers; and ordain the Collector and Clerk to subscribe the cast under their hands, and the Collector to give timeous intimation to ilk parish upon Sunday next, to be brought in betwixt and Thursday following, under the pain of Cess, conform to the act of Convention."

But it appears that Claverhouse on learning the particulars of his Lieutenant's negociation, refused to sanction it, greatly

to the rage of Queensberry, who also had another cause of indignation, from Captain Graham's refusal to co-operate with a new Sheriff-Depute, nominated by the Earl. On the 3d of May 1679, he writes thus from Sanquhar Castle to his friend in Dumfries :—

"I am much surprised that Claverhouse should decline Earlshall's transaction with the Commissioners, which, as we have no reason to value, so I think Earlshall should not take very well, being a thing so solemnly done. However, I have ordered my proportion of locality, from the several parishes where my interest lies, to be brought to Dumfries at the time appointed ; and, in regard of the great distance, if you can get me hay near Dumfries, at reasonable rates, you'll oblige me extremely. I think you did well in ordering the parishes about Dumfries to bring in what locality they can, and so soon as possible ; for I shall be sorry the King's forces suffer the least inconvenience the country can prevent ; but, upon the other hand, impossibilities are not to be expected ; nor, I am confident, will the Council press anything of that nature upon a country both loyal and regular every way. If Claverhouse act warrantably and legally, there is no ground of complaint ; otherwise, he may assure himself, we who have interest in this shire will do what we can for redress. This you may freely show him ; and, with all, that I shall be very sorry the country and he have the least difference, which I am sure we shall labour to prevent by all just and reasonable offers in our power ; and as nothing more should be asked, so nothing more will be given. I am likewise surprised to find Claverhouse and Earlshall will not concur as Sheriffs Depute, with Mr James Alexander, though, by the Council's command I have commissioned him jointly with them. What's the occasion of this I cannot imagine ; and Earlshall spoke in far other terms to me at Thornhill. Upon the whole matter, it's certainly hard that when I would most willingly concur in the Council's method to serve the King, all must be obstructed by caprice of strangers, who, I fear, do not effectuate what's expected, and the nature of the thing requires. However, I have ordered Mr Alexander to do what's fit for preserving my privilege, and serving the King in the way

prescribed by the Council, and doing justice to the Country; and whoever obstructs him in his duty may possibly answer for it. I doubt not your readiness in all may concern the country and me, and do desire to hear frequently from you anent the premises, and what else occurs where you are. In order to all this, I have to-day wrote to Edinburgh, and will have answers next week, wherewith you shall be acquainted; but am very indifferent what they prove; for, as to the *locality*, all the country is able to do is offered; and, if more be ordered, I'm content Claverhouse take it *where he can find it;* and for the affair of the fanatics, it's an employment I'm not very ambitious of; and when Claverhouse and Earlshall exoner me of it, I shall acknowledge the favour, and do wish them success in that and their other trusts. Acquaint me, by the first, if Claverhouse be gone to Edinburgh."

Captain Graham, however, seems in some measure to have made his point good respecting the locality;[1] at least, to have effected an alteration of the first arrangement. For,—"Conform to the former sederunt, the Earl of Nithsdale, Craigdarroch, and Capenoch having communed with Claverhouse, they think *reasonable* that the hundred and fifty horse, mentioned in the former sederunt, should be provided with another fortnight's provision of hay and straw, until grass be grown, with the quality specified in the foresaid sederunt; and recommend to the Earl of Queensberry to convene the whole Commissioners, in order to the settling with Claverhouse anent any other matters relating to the rests of locality, or what else shall happen to occur betwixt the Commissioners and Claverhouse; and think fit that every week's provision be brought into Dumfries upon the Wednesday of the said week," &c., &c.—"Dumfries, 9th May 1679."

But Graham of Claverhouse was speedily called away from these petty contentions, to display his conduct and courage in the field. The whigs, who had been concerting measures for some time, now collected in a body, and unfurling the banner

[1] [Claverhouse was right, and acted as Wellington would have acted under similar circumstances. His correspondence shows that he understood the Commissariat department of his irksome duties, far better than they who vexatiously opposed him. Queensberry was jealous about his own jurisdiction.]

of the Covenant, with a stout heart and a weak brain, bade defiance to all the enemies of the Lord.

[Section IV.—*The Murder of Archbishop Sharpe.*]

The Western insurrection was preceded by a very memorable exploit, the murder of the Archbishop of St Andrews. The Primate, labouring under the hatred of so furious a sect, who already had nearly sacrificed him, generally took sufficient precautions to frustrate all their plans of revenge. But at last, on the unlucky 3d of May 1679, travelling towards St Andrews from Edinburgh, he had the indiscretion to send his best armed attendants to the house of Lord Crawford, with a message of compliment, and remained with his daughter unprotected but by the coachman, the postilion, and two other attendants on horseback. Nine villains, whereof Balfour of Kinloch, the Bishop's debtor, and Hackston of Rathillet, brother-in-law to the former, who had been incarcerated by the Bishop for debt, were the leaders, had for sometime anxiously awaited such an opportunity. Upon Magus Muir, a wild and lonely common near St Andrews, the coachman perceiving horsemen as he thought pursuing the carriage, drove quicker, which occasioned the Primate to look out, and be aware of his danger. He said to his daughter,—"God help me, my poor child, for I am gone." The servants, however, drove furiously; but the speed of six good horses was vain. The pursuers still gained ground, and at last got near enough to fire upon the coach, but without effect. Balfour of Kinloch, being better mounted than the rest, first overtook the coachman, who kept his horse off with his whip. He then attacked the postilion, wounded him in the face, shot in the back and hamstrung one of the horses he guided, and so stopping the carriage gave time to his friends to come up. Heedless of the young lady's danger, who was shrieking and weeping most bitterly, another volley was fired into the coach, and one pistol discharged so close to the Primate that his daughter rubbed off the burning wadding from his gown. Wounded by a ball between the second and third ribs, the Archbishop

was immediately after stabbed with a small sword, the ruffians all the while exclaiming,—"Come out Judas, come out cruel bloody traitor." At length the Bishop himself opened the coach-door, and went forth to die. His moving entreaties, his venerable grey hairs, could obtain no mercy. While he was imploring compassion towards his daughter, he extended his hand to one of the party whom he is supposed to have known, when the villain started back, and with a stroke of his sword cut him more than half way through the wrist. The Primate then sank upon his knees in prayer, covering his head with his hands (which they still continued to mangle), and protected by his daughter, who, repressing female weakness, with a pious courage as rare as admirable, strove to interpose and preserve him. But, wounded in the hand and in the thigh, she at length fell into a swoon, and the villains ceased not from their violence, till they left the old man murdered with many wounds, having the whole back part of his skull broken to pieces, and his brains scattered upon the ground.

Francis Ravaillac stole the knife with which he destroyed Henry. Before the pious assassins of Sharp left their prey, they pillaged the corpse, the young lady, the coach, and even the servants. From the Archbishop's pockets they took several articles which were affirmed to be charms against gunshot; and so strong was the fanatical rumour of their efficiency, that several physicians had to give it under their hands that the victim was pierced by a bullet, ere many of the *godly* would believe it. The Prelate's courage, during the tedious and dreadful catastrophe, is attributed by the whigs to confidence in such charms. They say that *whenever he saw cold iron* his courage fell. This cannot be true, because he was pierced with a sword before he left the coach, and his presence of mind, they themselves acknowledge, had not even then forsaken him. He behaved with great fortitude. Some of the whig accounts state (and with manifest satisfaction), that, near the conclusion of his sufferings, one of the party struck him on the face with a *shabble*, or faulchion, upon which "his jaw fell, and he uttered one loud and horrible cry." In the coach they also discovered a very notable proof of the Bishop's

inclination to *popery*, a bible adorned with cuts in taille douce. Haxton, as before mentioned, had suffered imprisonment through the Prelate's means, which seems to have exasperated him. As to Balfour, he was a desperado equal to the most daring atrocities. Both in the *first* Presbyterian account of the crime, and in *all the depositions*, Hackston is positively affirmed to have murdered the Prelate. The servant of a house near the fatal spot, deponed that Haxton and Balfour left their coats in that house before the murder, and came back for them after it; that Haxton was mounted on a *white* horse, and Balfour on a *bay*. The Bishop's servants deponed that the man on the *bay* horse stopt the coach, and that the man on the *white* murdered their master. Therefore, I am tempted to believe that the improbable tale of Haxton's *forbearance* is not true.[1] In the retreat, the assassins met another servant of the Primate's whom at first they proposed to kill as a servant of *Judas Iscariot*. But, on second thoughts, they only *robbed* him, and bade him begone, "for his master was gone *home* before him."

Though it is generally asserted that the assassins were lying in wait for one Carmichael, an agent of the bishop's, when they chanced to encounter more exalted prey, that could not really be the case, if the informations sent from St Andrews to the Privy Council are to be credited. They were compiled from the depositions of John Millar, tenant in Magask, and his family; from those of Robert Black, tenant in Baldinny, his family and servants; William Dingwall, father to one of the murderers, and several other persons. These witnesses deponed, that, "His Grace was waylaid by diverse parties, so that whether he had gone straight to St Andrews, or repaired to his house of Scotscraig, he could not escape them; that the nine men who committed the murder, were the night before at a country place, within a mile of Craighall, called Hurleswind; and that one of them, with Andrew Turnbull, tenant

[1] [Even according to that fanatical version, which was concocted by one of the murderers (Russell), Haxton's "forbearance" consisted in *superintending* the murder a little apart, and lending a deaf ear to the intreaties of their venerable victim. This might prove him a coward, but could not redeem him from the stigma of the vilest of murders.]

to Broomhall (who had crossed the water the same tide with his Grace), came to Kennoway about midnight, and enquired if my Lord St Andrews was lodged at Captain Seton's, and being told that he was, he presently returned to the rest; that on the morning of the 3d of May, they were seen on Tace's muir, and intended to have attacked the coach on the heath to the south of Ceres, where it seems they were in some confusion, for Rathillet's horse run from him, and was taken, and given back to him, by the gardener of Struthers; and John Balfour, with one more, entered so far into the town of Ceres, in pursuit of the coach, that by mistake he rode to the minister's gate, and quickly retired; thereafter, having still the coach in view, they kept half a mile to the south thereof, till they came to Kinninmonth, the coach being then about Blebo-hole, and they quickly came down from the height, and gallopped through a little valley at Ladaddie limekilns, having the top of the coach still in view, with design to have committed the murder at the double dykes of Magask; that three days before the murder, some of the assassins had a meeting at Millar's house in Magask, where they concerted the business; that the next night they lodged at Robert Black's house in Baldinny, whose wife was a great instigator of the fact; and that, at parting, when one of them kissed her, she prayed that God might bless and prosper them, and added these words,—'If long Leslie (Mr Alexander Leslie, minister of Ceres) be with him, *lay him on the green also.*' To which the ruffian answered,—'There is the hand that shall do it;' that the said Andrew Turnbull (who was one of the two that came to Kennoway the night before), at his return to the other assassins, encouraged them to the fact, by telling them that all the west was in arms already."

These particulars may appear impertinent to readers who are unacquainted with the party sophistications with which the narratives of this terrific murder have been polluted, and that those have generally been derived from the falsehoods of the murderers themselves, after they had *time* to fashion circumstances according to the most convenient order. It only remains to add, that the whigs, among whom Wodrow at least should have known better, make a strange confusion between

the last scene of this Prelate, and that of his predecessor Cardinal Beaton. They put the Cardinal's *very words* into the mouth of Archbishop Sharp, and the pious exhortations of Norman Lesly and his accomplices are adapted to *Hackston* and *Balfour!* Great, indeed, was the triumph of the Presbyterians on the Arch-Prelate's *deserved* downfall, as they termed it. Though they possessed not a poet like Sir David Lindsay, to trample upon his ashes, and raise up the shadow of—

> "Ane woundit man, aboundantlie bleeding,
> With visage paill, and with ane deadlie cheir,"—

yet, in their sermons, they talked of his murder as an action *glorious and just*, holding up the perpetrators of it to the reverence and imitation of their hearers. Alexander Shields, in his villanous book called "A Hind let Loose," styles the murderers "worthy gentlemen, men of courage and zeal for the cause of God;" and affirms, that they executed "righteous judgment" upon this "truculent traitor." And Wodrow records the whole story with the most fraternal cunning, and apologetic tenderness.

Such was the end of James Sharp, Archbishop of St Andrews, a man very considerable in many points of view.[1] That his abilities were great, cannot be doubted; and that his deportment, both as a public and private character, hath found many encomiasts and defenders is certain, in spite of Mr Laing's rash negation, the more surprising as the memoirs of Sharp by Simpson must have been well known to him. Kirkton confesses him a man of parts, and a scholar; but, envied and hated by Burnet, his memory in later times has greatly suffered through the fashion of implicitly relying on the invective of that spiteful and disingenuous author. The obscurer whig railers tell us, that, "sometimes when at table, he would whisper in his wife's ear, 'the Devil take her,' when things were not ordered to his contentment;" but for all that, and the other crimes so lavishly imputed to him, he was a man of humanity, and bestowed large sums in secret charity

[1] [Archbishop Sharp is one of those great personages of history whose real character has been buried beneath the outrageous calumnies of Scotch fanaticism.]

to the widows and orphans of the *fanatics*, through the hands of Lord Warriston's daughter, who still adhered to her fanatical father's persuasion. He was murdered at the age of sixty-one, after having been Primate of Scotland for eighteen years.

[This long meditated murder can be traced distinctly to the ruthless agitation of the *Remonstrators*, or suppressed savages of the Covenanting Kirk. Glorified, without disguise, by their famous apostle Shields, and others of his kidney, that success of Satan was the signal for the most virulent and vulgar fictions against the character of the venerable victim. While those words of resigned agony, and deepest pathos,—"God help me, my poor child, for I am gone,"—were bearing witness in Heaven against them, his murderers, and their no less guilty abettors, were busy on earth with blasphemous attempts to cloak their crime under the phraseology of fanaticism, and to excuse it by the miserable expedient of outrageous calumny. In their wake soon followed such writers as Burnet and Wodrow, giving plausible currency to the worst falsehoods of private or party malevolence, a pollution of history most unfortunately pandered to by the genius of a Macaulay. If this solemn league and covenant of political writers, against the integrity of history, is to obtain credit, the monstrous conclusion becomes inevitable, that, at the period when Graham of Claverhouse commenced his public career, the aristocracy of Scotland, of the highest grade, were, in every act and deed, in temper, sentiments, and morals, the most savage servants of Satan; while the democracy, of the lowest and least educated classes, were saints in their lives, and, in their actions, the inspired prophets and ministers of God! Pre-eminent among these last, the murderous pedlar thus hastened to cast his stone upon the cairn of the murdered Prelate. "Some time ago I wrote a short account of the unheard of wicked steps of his life, particularly his strangling his own child, begot in fornication, with his napkin, and burying it below the hearthstone, and his cruel treacherous treatment of the mother thereof; but his life and death being now published by a more large and *sure hand*,[1] has prevented me, which I am glad of.

[1] [A low and anonymous libeller.]

Great Mr Rutherford, of whom apostate Sharp was a malicious persecutor, said,—when *ministers and others were admiring him for goodness*,—that he would trample upon all their necks. I have often wondered if ever the sun shined upon a man guilty of so many dreadful unheard-of acts of wickedness, attended with all aggravating circumstances to make them *prodigiously* heinous, except his dear brother *Judas*, who murdered the young prince of *Iscariot*, and his own father, married his mother, and betrayed his Lord. All knows what end he made. And *so much noise of his death!* making it their ensnaring criminal questions of that time, for which five *faithful martyrs* were executed, and hung in chains in that spot of ground, Magus Muir, the 25th of November 1679, who were actually free of his death, having never been in the shire of Fife,—as is *to be seen in Naphtali.*" [1]

Let us turn from all this brutality of invective, to a letter, hitherto unprinted, written by the Chancellor Rothes to his friend the Earl (afterwards Duke) of Queensberry, before whose rapid elevation the flaming star of Lauderdale was about to pale. We shall find it a relief to regard these aristocratic demons of political history, through the medium of their own familiar letters, instead of regarding them for ever in the false chronicles of the scandal-mongering Burnet, and the martyrology-weaving Wodrow.

The Chancellor Rothes to the Earl of Queensberry.

"My dear Lord,—I received yours at nine o'clock this morning, and being just going to Council, I could not answer it sooner. I am very sure mine came to your hands some time yesterday, being given your man before twelve on Saturday, and which was very full as affairs stood then. Saturday I went to dine at Hatton, at Mr Maitland's son's christening,[2]

[Patrick Walker's Life and Death of Mr John Welwood, *Biog. Presb.* ii. 184. This rubbish of calumny is actually adopted by Wodrow, and palmed by him upon history for truth, but with such jesuitical cunning as to conceal the absurdity, while recording the atrocity. See before, p. 72; and Note in the Appendix, for a full exposure of Wodrow's calumnious treatment of the character of Archbishop Sharp.]

[2] [The Mr Maitland here mentioned, was Richard Maitland (afterwards Earl of Lauderdale), eldest son of Charles Maitland of Hatton, called Lord Hatton by his

and afterwards resolved to cross the water at the Ferry, where I was met with the unhappy news of my Lord St Andrews' murder, which was committed on Saturday last, at twelve o'clock a-day, near two miles of St Andrews, by ten or eleven armed men, which very much alters the face of affairs here. I immediately returned to Edinburgh, at ten at night, and called a committee of the Council, which sat till one in the morning. A fuller Council was called at eight yesterday morning, and sat till ten in my lodgings, and afterwards met again at four in the Council-house, and staid till eight at night. We have sent an express already to the King, and this day publishes a proclamation against any such persons, and anent their apprehending. The particulars were too long to insert here, but you shall have it by the next. As I said in my last, if my Lord St Andrews had missed this unhappy accident, he had been gone for London ere this could come to your hands, and now my Lord Hatton and his son will. It came to my knowledge, but at a great distance, that the Council was designing to commission me to go up; but I crushed it in the bud, by telling I neither could nor would accept any such offer, unless I had a call from my master. It is like the King may call, or the Council send some; but no sooner shall I get any, but as soon you,—from whom I can keep nothing in my heart,—shall get notice. As it is talked, those base unworthy people in Fife, threaten they will follow the same example with several persons in public trust, not sparing your humble servant; but I am not afraid in the least for them. There are certainly but very few Fife people amongst them; but, I am afraid, some there were, and I am very confident that most execrable murder will be discovered. Let the unjust world say what they will, he was not only Lord Primate of this kingdom, but a faithful subject, and a wise and just person, and a most eminent pillar of the Church; and, I am sure, my friend at that rate that I do not know what to do since he is gone, but to revenge myself upon all that murdering sect.

"I have just now, since the writing of this much, received

judicial title, and who afterwards succeeded his brother, the notorious Duke of Lauderdale, in the Earldom of that family. The house of Hatton is situated on the south side of the Forth, not far from Mid-Calder, in Mid-Lothian.]

intelligence that my Lord Treasurer-Depute[1] and his son, are to go for London to-morrow in the afternoon; which is more than necessary for him, for the Duchess's malice as to his birthright is still increasing; and, no doubt, if his brother shall not prove very steady as to his interest, the Duchess will ruin him; and the *speat* of malice of our countrymen, that is now gone up, is chiefly against him, excepting only his brother.[2] Several others here will certainly go; my Lord Murray, Lord Advocate, Justice-General, and, it may be, one or two more; but that is still depending till an express return from the Duke of Lauderdale, which will be on Thursday night. Now all is aloft. God knows what the event will be; the Parliament of England having fallen violently upon the Duke of York; and, I suppose, to-morrow's post will bring much more of the particulars. It is talked as if they were to fall next upon the Queen; and where then [all] will end, God only knows, for the kingdoms, by all appearance, are inflamed, and nothing but the immediate hand of God can prevent trouble and commotion. The unparalleled condition that I am in, puts me to think of a thousand things which perhaps are irrational. Amongst the rest, with a total submission to yourself, what if you should take a sudden, and *unknown* resolution to any, and make a step to Court, where I am sure all hands would be ready to court you, and make you welcome;[3] where you might pick and choose, and take your measures according to the true rules of honour and honesty? For when you parted with the King last, it did appear he was not well satisfied with you; for, before you came home, you was none of his Council, which was the single trust and employment you enjoyed under him. So that, I cannot but think, it were well becoming you to give his Majesty assurance of your readiness to serve him; that if any alteration come, as it is very pro-

[1] [Lord Hatton was at feud with his sister-in-law, the termagant Duchess of Lauderdale.]

[2] [The political cabal against the Lauderdale government, which eventually succeeded in ruining the family, was already working to that end.]

[3] [Queensberry, though of a very jealous temper, and not a little violent, was highly estimated by all his contemporaries, and also by the royal brothers. He was now about to rise.]

bable will, you may be considered as willing, as you are most able, to do him service.

"As to what you say in yours, in relation to *Claverhouse*, and of the petition from the gentlemen of the country concerning their *locality*,[1] certainly when the King's government, and his most eminent servants, are so evidently struck at, it is no proper time to mention business of that nature; so that, if any body come from your shire, I will approve myself so much their friends as to desire them to desist. If it be possible that I may hear from you against Thursday's night, I will hasten to Fife, that I may add my endeavours, with all the faculties of my soul, for the discovery of this late horrid murder. So, my dear Lord, till then, *adieu*. R."[2]]

[Section V.—*Insurrection following the Murder of the Primate. Mas John King. The Defeat of Claverhouse at Drumclog. Countess of Loudon. The Fanatics Defeated at Glasgow. Mas David Williamson. Measures to Suppress the Rebellious. The Fanatical Rebellion in Scotland encouraged by Shaftesbury and the English Whigs.*]

The Archbishop's murder caused a universal alarm among the Royalists, who had even more reason for terror than they imagined. A little while *before* the murder, large sums of money were contributed at conventicles, on pretence of maintaining their hill-preachers (as they were called), and the poor of the Presbyterian persuasion, but, in fact, to purchase arms and ammunition for a general rebellion. Immediately *after* the murder, several parties in the west of Scotland took up arms under the command of Robert Hamilton, second son of Sir William Hamilton of Preston, the unworthy son, says

[1] [The government tax for sustaining the troops employed against the insurgents. Claverhouse was doing his duty admirably in this matter, as we shall find from his own correspondence; and Queensberry was jealous of him, and unreasonable on the subject. Rothes saw that, and does not hesitate to check him for it. See before, p. 257.]

[2] [*Original.* Queensberry Papers. Most of the Chancellor's letters to Queensberry are merely signed with the initial *R.*]

Creighton, of a most worthy father, but, we may add, the worthy pupil of the meritorious Bishop Burnet. At Evandale, in Lanarkshire, they were joined by David Hackston, together with the other Fife bloodhounds. On the 29th of May (1679), the anniversary of the King's birth, they repaired to Rutherglen, and there published a protest against the abomination of celebrating such a day,—"kept every year for the setting up an *usurped power*, destroying the interest of Christ in the land,"—and protesting "against all *sinful* and *unlawful* acts, emitted and executed, published and prosecuted, against our Covenanted Reformation." They then proceeded publicly to burn several acts of Parliament lately made, by way of retaliation for the treatment of their Covenant.

Captain Graham was now summoned by Government to check the efforts of rebellion at Evandale, and ordered to march with a detachment of a hundred and twenty dragoons, and a Lieutenant, with his own troop, to attack the rebels. Shortly before this, Graham had surprised a conventicle in the parish of Galashiels, where several pious ladies were apprehended, together with the preacher himself, and a fellow-labourer in the muirlands of Satan. These gentlewomen were the wives of the Lairds of Torwoodlee, Galashiels, Newton younger, Ashiestiel, and Fernylie. Mrs Jane Hunter, spouse to Mr Pringle, and his daughter, the Laird of Ashiestiel, together with several meaner persons, were also taken. Thomas Wilkie was the preacher. A citation to appear before the Council was given to the women and their husbands. The Laird of Meldrum was ordered to proceed against the rest, and the preacher was sent to the Bass.

Claverhouse on his march caught *Mas John King*, one of the most celebrated of the fanatic preachers, in his bed, near Hamilton, and carried him, together with fourteen others, into the town of Hamilton, which he reached on Saturday the 31st of May. This King was a worthy of especial note. During nine years he had given trouble to Government, being chaplain to Henry Lord Cardross (himself very fanatical), and holding conventicles near Stirling, with great cunning and perseverance. His ministry, indeed, proved fruitful, not only in spiritual but in carnal produce, as my Lady Cardross's favourite

waiting woman became a mother by him. On this account, when, in the year 1674, he was seized and imprisoned in Edinburgh, the pious lady bailed him,—she promising to the Council that he should hold no more conventicles, and he to her, that he would marry her handmaid, whose name was Creighton. He certainly did make Miss Creighton an honest woman; but ruined the credit of his mistress; continuing to cant and preach so zealously, that the Privy Council once more issued orders to apprehend him. It is not wonderful that he found favour in the eyes of the fair sex, for he is described as being,—" a braw muckle carle, wi' a white hat, and a great bob o' ribbons on the cock o't." He was again actually seized, but rescued by the mob; and when, for the third time, he fell into the hands of justice, and Claverhouse, it was his fortune still to elude for a space the punishment due to his crimes.

Graham had intelligence that the rebels were drawn up at a place called Drumclog, in considerable numbers, and well armed, being resolved to hold a conventicle there on Sunday, the 1st of June. Some of his friends would fain have dissuaded him from attacking a force so superior as theirs was now supposed to be; but his bravery would not allow him to give ear to such salutary counsel. Early on the Sunday morning, he marched from Hamilton to Strathaven town, which is about five miles from Hamilton, and three from Drumclog. Mr Douglas had already commenced public prayer, when the whigs were warned of the approach of the troops, by a watch they had placed on Loudon Hill, about a mile from Drumclog, who discerned the King's forces very soon after they had passed Strathaven. Upon this the unarmed retired, and the saints, who were dight in warlike weed, resolved to encounter the foe.

Claverhouse marching onwards, soon came within sight of these rebels, whereby he became empowered to open his commission from the Privy Council, which, by a strange freak that seems to have been entirely needless, he had been ordered not to do until then.[1] To his no small surprise he now discovered

[1] [This fact is not confirmed by Claverhouse's own dispatches, detailing all his proceedings at this crisis. Mr Sharpe, when writing his account of the affair of

that he was commanded to attack the whigs let their numbers be ever so great. The Council empowered him to kill all he found in arms at any field meeting, to treat them as traitors, and to discover, seize, and upon resistance, kill all who had any share in the insolence at Rutherglen.

The rebel force amounted to six hundred men, commanded by Robert Hamilton, Haxton, and Balfour; while Graham's troop of horse, and other forces, did not exceed a hundred and eighty. They were strongly posted in a boggy straight, almost unapproachable by cavalry, with a wide ditch in front. Graham's dragoons discharged their carabines, but the whigs fell flat upon their faces the instant they presented, so that the fire made no impression upon them. The Royalists then attempting to charge, were cast into complete disorder by the nature of the ground. Balfour, one of the Bishop's murderers, commanded the Presbyterian horse, which he immediately led against the enemy; and, at the same time, Captain William Cleland,—a furious whig, and *a terrible poet*,—together with Hackston, incited the foot to make a vigorous attack. During the engagement, one of the parishioners, concealing himself behind a hillock, fired eight shots at Claverhouse, in hopes of destroying so great an adversary to the congregations of the righteous, but none of the balls took effect. The retreat, however, now became general, and Graham himself ran the utmost hazard of being taken. A country fellow cut open his horse's belly with a scythe,[1] and the animal's bowels were trailed along the ground for more than a mile. But by dismounting one of his trumpeters, he at last reached Glasgow in safety.

And lucky was it for him that he did so, as the whigs would have shown him no mercy. His bravery and determined conduct, added to the name they abhorred, had already rendered him hateful to the whole party, who imagined that in Claverhouse they beheld a new Marquis of Montrose, sprung from the ashes of his relative, and anxious to avenge his murder.

Drumclog, had not obtained the benefit of Claverhouse's letters. His own account of all these events, and of his proceedings, both prior and subsequent to his defeat at Drumclog, will be found in his official and private correspondence, which we have reserved to compose a subsequent Part of these Memorials.]

[1] [Claverhouse himself says,—" with a pitchfork,"—but otherwise confirms the above account.]

At Drumclog was slain Robert Graham, cousin and cornet to the Captain,[1] by a musket shot from one John Alstoun, a miller's son, and tenant to the afterwards celebrated Weir of Blackwood. The Presbyterians, perceiving the name of Graham on the neck of his shirt, mistook him for Claverhouse, and proceeded to vent their fury on the dead body with a thousand indignities, stabbing it in many places, cutting off the hands and nose, picking out the eyes, and beating the head to a jelly.

At the battle of Tippermuir, gained by Montrose in the year 1644, the word of the Covenanters was,—"Jesus, and no quarter." The whig word at Drumclog also was, "no quarter," and Hamilton, a profligate wretch, there caused a soldier to be murdered after quarter was given.[2] About twenty of the King's soldiers were killed; of the rebels only two or three fell, among whom was Dingwall, one of the murderers of Archbishop Sharp. After the Revolution, a grave stone, and epitaph were conferred upon him by his friends.

Before the onset, Claverhouse had placed his prisoner, Mas John King, in a small cabin on Loudon hill, with a dragoon sentry to prevent him from making his escape. The soldier, seeing his companions fly, betook himself to flight also, and left Mas John to pursue his own devices. In the hurry of the retreat; Graham passed the prisoner, who was bound, and could not even run to meet his victorious brethren. But the

[1] [This is not confirmed by Claverhouse's despatch, which says, that the first encounter with the advancing rebels, "brought down the *cornet Mr Crawford*, and *Captain Blyth*." Had his relative and clansman fallen, of course he would have been mentioned.]

[2] [See before, p. 66, as to this ruffian, who appears to have been a coward to boot. Wodrow himself, in his jesuitical style, adverts to the fact, and Bishop Burnet, who was Hamilton's near connexion, and had been his tutor, asserts the fact of his cowardice so violently, that the passage was suppressed by the original editors (the Bishop's own sons) of his malicious manuscript, but has been restored in the recent Oxford edition. "The person that led them" (at Drumclog, says the Bishop), "had been bred by me, while I lived at Glasgow, being the younger son of Sir Thomas Hamilton that had married my sister, but by a former wife. He was then a lively, hopeful young man: but getting into *that company*, and into their notions, he became a crack-brained enthusiast." Then follows this sentence, which his pious editors had thought fit to suppress,—"and, under the show of a hero, was an ignominious coward."—*Hist. of His Own Time*, vol. ii. p. 233. *Oxford edit.* 1833.]

holy man was replete with triumph, and shouted after the fugitive commander, to carry his prisoner with him; or, as others say, to stop and *take the afternoon's preaching*. Haxton, Balfour, and the other chiefs of the victorious party, repaired that evening to the house of Lord Loudon, where the Earl himself, though well approving of their murderous extravagances, was crafty enough to keep out of sight. But his Lady publicly did the honours to the whole company. It was a supper of distinguished saints; and among so many Moseses, Ehuds, and Phineases, no doubt but that this ill conditioned jade esteemed herself little less than a Jael or a Judith[1]

On the news of the defeat at Drumclog reaching Glasgow, it was supposed that the rebels would advance to assault the town, and the King's troops stood to their arms all night. To impede the attacks of the Presbyterian cavalry, Captain Graham, knowing that Glasgow was so open that it could not be properly barricaded, contrived to erect near the cross a sort of protection for his men, composed of deals, and other lumber. He then ordered Captain Creighton, with six dragoons, to sally forth at sunrise, and attempt to discover by which way the whigs intended to enter the town. These heroes had encamped within a mile of Glasgow the preceding night, and

[1] In this age of love, and love letters, it may not be unacceptable to enliven the narrative with a couple of amatory billets that passed between this Lord Loudon and his wife, while yet unmarried. The laconic style of the Lady is much to be recommended to those fair letter writers who pique themselves in the talent of powdering red-haired sentiments with rounded periods :—

"*For my Lady Margaret Montgomerie.*

"Madam,—The continuance of my misfortune, in not being yet able to wait upon your Ladyship, is beyond expression vexing; and the more I ponder my unspeakable loss, my anxiety is the greater, and cannot but continue so, till this sad and dark cloud be over; and then the beams of your presence and favour will elevate the now perplexed heart of, Madam, your Ladyship's most affectionate and most humble servant,—Loudon."

"*Loudon, September* 5, 1666."

"*For the Earl of Loudon.*

"My Lord,—To give a return suitable to yours is above what I am capable of, they so far exceed both the capacity and desert of, my Lord, your Lordship's humble servant,—Margaret Montgomerie."

"*Canongate, November* 25, 1666."—*Note by Mr Sharpe.*

were now speedily descried by Creighton, who had ascended a small eminence, where (joined afterwards by Captain Graham) he was commanded to remain at a little cabin situated near the spot where the road divided, that he might discern clearly the choice of the rebels, which road they would take, or whether they would separate. Creighton perceived that they took two different paths. While one party moved to the Gallowgate bridge, the other proceeded by the High Church and College, which was a very strange manœuvre, the latter route being twice as long as the other, and thus the King's troops had an opportunity of defeating one body before the other could join it. Accordingly, about ten in the morning, the Gallowgate party quickly swarmed into the High Street at the heels of Creighton and his six dragoons, and advancing towards the barricade, fired without any effect. But Claverhouse, Lord Ross, Major White, and their troops, returning their fire, and jumping over the barricades at the same time, routed them instantaneously, and chased them out of the town. Meanwhile the other half of the Solemn League and Covenant "came whigging down the hill" on the other side; but perceiving their friends discomfited, and being hotly charged by the returning Royalists, they also discreetly took to flight. In a field behind the High Church, however, as many of the rebels as were not concealed in the houses of the Town's people, drew up in a knot, and there remained till about five o'clock in the afternoon, when it was thought advisable to retire to a spot which they had occupied the preceding night, about a mile from the town of Glasgow. Captain Graham, who had expected another attack on the town, discovering by his spies whither they had gone, marched out after them. But the Presbyterians retreating with a strong rear guard of horse to Hamilton, he returned back without having come to blows. After this skirmish it was reported, that some of his Majesty's officers *philosophically* betook themselves to the protection of the Tolbooth stair-case; while, on the other hand, it was affirmed that Hamilton, the leader of the rebels, stept very quietly into a house at the Gallowgate bridge, and their remained inactive till the retreat of his men.

The whigs left the bodies of their slain companions, amounting to seven, behind them, extended on the streets of Glasgow. There they lay from eleven o'clock in the morning till nightfall, as *Captain Graham* and the *other officers are said* to have given orders that they should not be buried, but that the butchers' dogs should be suffered to devour them.[1] At last they were smuggled into houses, and attired for sepul-

[1] [Had any such brutal order been given, Captain Creighton, who certainly did not seek to soften his narrative, would have mentioned the fact. Indeed, it may be gathered from Wodrow's own account, that, in this instance, he was recording a falsehood. When that untrusty historian refers to "papers" in his possession, by way of verifying his calumnies, as he so constantly does without further disclosure of his worthless authorities, there is every chance (as we have already proved) that the production of those papers would not have afforded the pretended verification. But when Wodrow records some manifest calumny, under his usual reference to "papers," *in petto*, at the same time affecting a *candid* doubt in his own mind whether such things could possibly be true, we may rest assured, that the nature of his hidden information was such as to satisfy himself that it was *not true*. The passage to which Mr Sharpe alludes (with a scepticism that might have been much more decidedly expressed), is as follows :—

"Great was the *inhumanity* of the soldiers to the *dead bodies* left in the streets. *I find some papers* asserting that *Claverhouse*, and *some* of the officers, gave orders that none should bury them, but that the butchers' dogs should be suffered to eat them. *I can scarcely prevail with myself* to think there were any such orders given ; but it is *certain* that the seven dead bodies lay upon the street from eleven of the clock till night came on, and the common soldiers would not permit them to be carried into houses,"—and so on with the rest of his rubbish.—*Hist.* iii. 71. Wodrow seems to think that these ruthless rebels, who had killed so many of the King's troops at Drumclog, and had pursued them to Glasgow for the same purpose, should, in the very crisis and heat of their overthrow, have been treated as tenderly as if they had been friends and allies ; and that, too, by the very soldiers in whose heart's-blood they were thirsting to imbrue their hands. Yet Wodrow himself fondly records these ruffians as legitimate "soldiers," who, only by a little mismanagement (which he greatly regrets), had failed upon this occasion to become the supreme Government of Scotland ! At Drumclog, he says, "Claverhouse and his men were totally routed ; and it was the opinion of not a few, that if the countrymen had *pushed their success*, followed their chase, and gone straight to Glasgow that day, they might easily, with such as might have joined them by the road, upon the notice of their success, have dislodged the soldiers, and very soon made a *great appearance*." And, in reference to their subsequent defeat, he says, "This discomfiture very much disheartened the raw and inexperienced *soldiers*."

With regard to the interference with their *funeral processions*, in the very crisis of their defeat, it must be kept in mind how, in the hands of the Covenanters, such scenic displays were calculated to inflame the minds of the vulgar, and render nugatory the example of their discomfiture.]

ture; but the soldiers stript them of their dead clothes, and so prodigious was their "naughty barbarity," as Wodrow phrases it, that when some of the pious sisterhood (for the Presbyterian brethren dared not to peep forth) were carrying these martyrs to their graves, the Royalists attacked the funeral procession, cut the pall with their swords, and took away the poles from the bier.

On their return to Hamilton, the Presbyterians formed a sort of camp, and quickly beheld their force increased by a great concourse of their persuasion from all quarters. Captain Graham, and Lord Ross, imagining that Glasgow would speedily receive from them a more numerous visit, resolved to repair to Stirling, where they might safely await the drawing together of the King's forces. On the 3d of June, therefore, they marched to Kilsyth, carrying several of the wounded prisoners with them in carts. But the day after, an order of the Privy Council reached them near Falkirk, by which they were commanded to halt until the Earl of Linlithgow's regiment, and other reinforcements from different quarters, should join them, when they were to march back again towards the whigs. On the 6th of June they were joined by Lord Linlithgow at Larbert Muir. But while proceeding farther west, accounts of the surprising strength of the rebel army, said to amount to eight thousand men, arrived, and a council of war being held, it was finally agreed to retire to Stirling, not only for the refreshment of the wearied soldiers,—who, by the way, do not seem to have undergone any great fatigue,—but to attend the coming up of the foot militia, and the landholders of several shires, whom the Privy Council had ordered to join them in place of the horse militia.

To this cautious plan, however, Captain Graham was exceedingly averse, as it in no respect suited either the courage or impetuosity of his genius;[1] and he offered with only a thousand horse and foot to march forward and dispose of the

[1] [The perusal of Claverhouse's own letters, recently recovered, would have led Mr Sharpe, and will lead any candid enquirer, to the conclusion that he was not likely to act, on serious occasions, upon the mere impulse of animal courage, or the *impetuosity* of his genius. Right or wrong,—and he was much more frequently right than wrong,—he had deliberate reasons for all he ever did, or advised to be done.]

rebels, or never to return alive. But his proposals were not listened to, and this retreat served to inspire the whigs, together with their former successes, with a wonderful degree of confidence for a season.

Captain Creighton, in his memoirs, positively asserts that Graham was ordered by the Privy Council to evacuate Glasgow; and the author of the Memoirs of Dundee alleges that Lord Linlithgow, when at Inchbelly bridge near Kilsyth, received a command from the Council not to proceed towards the insurgents. But I am inclined to adopt the above statement from what appears to be better authority. Lord Linlithgow's force is said to have been a thousand foot, two hundred horse, and two hundred dragoons; which, joined to the forces brought by Graham and Lord Ross from Glasgow, might easily have discomfited the numerous but ill armed Presbyterians. Yet the number of the rebels were so greatly magnified by reports, and the King's officers, with the single exception of Claverhouse, were such household soldiers, so unaccustomed to the doubts, and all the duties of war, that the retreat to Stirling is by no means surprising. Linlithgow, however, was much cried out against for the measure. While some alleged that it proceeded from cowardice, others attributed it to the craft of his party, who wished to vindicate the severities of Lauderdale by the success of the rebellion, and reap a rich harvest of forfeitures after the heat of the war should decline.[1]

The body of the rebels now consisted of about eight thousand horse and foot. They drilled regularly, displayed all the insignia of war, and yielded implicit faith to their preachers; who affirmed that God had at length heard their prayers, and delivered their enemies into their hands. Now, beautiful prospects of the new Jerusalem began to expand before their eyes. A godly reformation, watered with the blood of the Bishops, and their wicked followers, was ripening apace; while, in every drum, in every banner, they heard or saw the

[1] [Most probably a historical or political myth, of which so many are floating on the surface of history, relative to the *motives* prompting the conduct of the leading men of the day.]

venerable parchment of the League, exhorting and waving them to strive zealously for the good cause.

Among the preachers who were captains and chiefs of this rabble, appears Mas David Williamson, a person not a little celebrated in his generation, and on whom the well known Scottish ballad of *Dainty Davie* is said to have been composed. The history of one of his escapes from the royal soldiers is very remarkable, and the occasion of that song. When Mas David was abiding at the house of one Murray of Cherrytrees, about ten miles from Edinburgh, a party of the King's guards under the command of Captain (then Lieutenant) Creighton, beset the place early in the morning, before any of the party had got notice of their approach. Mrs Murray, a good pious soul, instantly got out of bed from her daughter, a girl about eighteen years of age, and attiring Davie's head in her own night-gear, made him take her place by the side of the young lady, while she went down to soften the hearts of the soldiery with liquor. The troopers proceeded to search the house; but Miss Murray, pretending indisposition, merely raised herself a little in bed, so as to be seen, and conceal Williamson.

It grieves me to relate the issue of all this heroism. Alas! the chosen vessel chanced to prove frail, and Mas David, to avoid greater scandal, was induced to marry her.[1] She was

[1] [This story is much more circumstantially told in the contemporary pamphlet, entitled, "The Scotch Presbyterian Eloquence Displayed; or the Foolishness of their Teaching discovered from their Books, Sermons, and Prayers;" first printed in London, in the year 1692. See the first section, "The True Character of the Presbyterian Pastors and People in Scotland," (p. 5,) for this sad scandal against Mas David Williamson. The author adds,—"This whole story is as well known in Scotland as that the Covenant was begun and carried on by rebellion and oppression." So flagrant and circumstantial a scandal was not likely to be published, so soon after the event, and during the first years of King William's reign, had it not been true. Captain Creighton also records the story as a notorious fact, and adds,—"This Williamson married five or six wives successively, and was alive in the reign of Queen Anne, at which time I saw him preaching in one of the kirks of Edinburgh." The Scotch song of "Dainty Davie,"—the words of which, says Sir Walter Scott, "are rather more facetious than delicate,"—is founded on the incident. The scandal was never contradicted. In Wodrow's *Analecta*, vol. i. p. 12, the following *morceau* occurs: "1702, February 27.—This night Glanderston told me that it was reported for a truth at Borrowstownness that about six weeks since Mr David Williamson was preaching in his own church in Edinburgh, and in the middle of the sermon a *ratton* (rat) came and sat down on his bible. This made him stop, and after a

the first of four or five wives whom this Abraham successively took to his bosom. King Charles is reported to have expressed his surprise at Williamson's disregard of danger, and to have affirmed, that while sheltered in the Royal Oak, he would not have cared to kiss the bonniest lass in Christendom.

To return to our history. The Privy Council of Scotland exerted great energy throughout in the measures they adopted to suppress the rebellion. Besides calling out the militia of the loyal counties, and commanding the attendance of the landed gentlemen on horseback, with as many followers as they could muster, the train-bands of the City of Edinburgh were sent to the army, and an express dispatched to London, requiring a body of English troops to be sent down to Scotland immediately. The passages of the river Forth were secured, military stores seized in the name of Government, and the fortification and supply of Edinburgh and Stirling Castles diligently attended to. In all these measures the Duke of Lauderdale certainly co-operated sincerely with the Privy Council, and he is supposed greatly to have rejoiced in the insurrection. Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, in a letter to his friend Henry Saville, says,—" Now the war in Scotland takes up all the discourse of politick persons. His Grace of Lauderdale values himself upon the rebellion, and tells the King it is very auspicious and advantageous to the drift of the present Councils." Rochester adds,—" The rest of the Scots, and epecially Duke Hamilton, are very inquisitive after the news from Scotland, and really make a *handsome figure* in this conjuncture at London." It was suspected, and by many affirmed, that the Earl of Shaftesbury, and the English whigs, had a great concern in the breaking forth of the Scottish rebellion. Shaftesbury's celebrated speech concerning Scotland, was certainly much circulated in that country. On a perusal of it now, one cannot perceive those touches of oratory that were once esteemed so convincing; but it is amusing to ob-

little pause he told the congregation that *this was a message of God to him;* and broke off his sermon, and took a formal farewell of his people, and went home, and continues sick." This is one of Wodrow's " remarkable providences about Scotch clergymen." A rat, however, is rather a singular messenger from Heaven.]

serve how dexterously the wily statesman caught the spirit of Scots whig declamation, and chimed in to the Presbyters in their own key, with a quotation from their beloved Song of Solomon. Talking of the Scottish, Irish, and French Protestant Churches, he repeated,—"We have a little sister, and she hath no breasts," &c.; and said, that *these* were *their sisters*. Now, the Calvinists, and Scottish whigs, were ever remarkably fond of Solomon's amatory effusion. In the Geneva Bible of 1576, it is termed a most sweet and comfortable allegory. Sir Thomas Hope of Craighall rendered it into latin verse, which he dedicated, in a poetical address, to Charles the First, while Prince of Wales; and in all the prayers, sermons, and exhortations of the whigs, during that and the succeeding reign, we meet with luscious quotations from the Canticles in almost every sentiment.[1]

[1] See Rutherford's Letters *passim;* and more especially Mr John Welsh's Letter from Blackness to Dame Lilias Fleming, Countess of Wigton.

In a ridiculous book called *Rawleigh Redivivus*, or the Life and Death of the Right Honourable Anthony late Earl of Shaftesbury (1683), humbly dedicated to the *protesting* Lords (at the head of whom appears the Duke of Monmouth), we have some curious legends respecting this Peer. We are told that Lady Abergavenny, and the Countess of Powis (afterwards Duchess, and mother to the celebrated Countess of Nithsdale,) contrived ways to have Shaftesbury assassinated, and set Dangerfield, the meal-tub-man, about it. But his heart twice failing him on the very eve of performance, Mrs Collier, the Popish midwife, resolved to strike the blow,—"hoping," says the biographer, "to give him a wound somewhat more fatal than that which she had formerly given to some others of our sex." But after gaining admittance to the Earl, and beginning to fumble in her pocket for the dagger, his Lordship drolled so pleasantly on the business she pretended to come about, and twice laid his hand upon hers so *apropos*, that she was very much troubled, dashed, and put out of countenance, and retired without having executed her purpose. The story of *the Tap*, which furnished such food for Tory satire, is there mentioned, from which Collins, *verbatim*, transcribed it; and we learn from the conclusion of the book, that after Shaftesbury's death, his body was wrapped in cere-cloth, and then in lead,—"all but his head and face, whereon he had nothing save one of the periwigs he used to wear in his lifetime; and in that manner he was laid in a rich coffin, in the head whereof, just over the Earl's face, was placed a crystal glass, whereby every one that pleased might view his face; which, to the admiration of all that saw it, appeared as fresh and beautiful as when he was living, nor was there any considerable alteration to be discerned therein."

Shaftesbury had the folly to affirm that Cromwell would have made him King of England, a circumstance which, even if true, he should not have told, as he might have been sure that nobody would believe the fact. It was pretended that he at one time wished to be elected King of Poland; and the Tories dubbing him with

On the 10th of June (1679) the Master of Ross encountered, near Selkirk, a party of rebels from Fife, of about a hundred and fifty men, going to join the main body. These he defeated by the Water of Gala, killing nearly sixty, and taking ten prisoners, who were sent into Edinburgh on the 11th. This was called the skirmish of Bewly Bog; and the author of Lord Dundee's memoirs[1] ascribes the command of the royal party to him; asserting that the number of the rebels was three hundred and fifty, well armed, while that of the King's forces was but forty horse, and as many dragoons. But Lord Ross's letter, read to the Privy Council on the 11th June, proves this statement to be erroneous.

Chas. Kirkpatrick Sharpe

the title of King *Tapski*, composed many pasquils on the future sovereign. In a witty account of his election, it is declared that the Diet "sent Polish deputies *incognito*, with the imperial crown and sceptre in a cloak-bag to him. Old Blood smelt it from Bishopsgate Street, when they alighted at his lodgings, and had it not been for an old acquaintance and ancient friendship between King Anthony the elect (for now I must call him so) and himself, I am credibly informed he had laid an ambush for it at the Cock alehouse by Temple Bar, where some thirty indigent bullies were eating stuft beef helter-skelter at his charge, on purpose to stand by, and assist him in carrying off the booty."—*Note by Mr Sharpe.*

[1] [Mr Sharpe here refers to those nearly contemporary, but very slight and imperfect Memoirs of Dundee, "by an Officer of the Army," mentioned before, p. 118, *note.*]

[Thus abruptly concludes Mr Sharpe's Memorials of Dundee, his times and his contemporaries, in so far as he had written them fairly out, transferred from a confused mass of loose sheets, and shreds of manuscript, into a paper book, bearing no title, and no date. The remaining papers, which we are also so fortunate as to have acquired recently, consist for the most part of notes, extracts, and isolated passages, jotted in a desultory but industrious manner upon whatever came to hand; such as backs of letters, and old receipts,—as if in those days literary men laboured under a dearth of paper. As one of these scraps exhibits, upon the reverse side, not only a date, but a morsel of our accomplished author's own biography, by indicating his education at Oxford, we may give it here:—

"CHARLES SHARPE, Esq. To RICHARD GREEN.

"For Michaelmas and Christmas Quarters, 1807, University Dues, &c., ...	£0	14	3
"For Lady-day Quarters, 1807, Battels and Decrements,	6	6	8
	£7	0	11

"May 25. 1807.

"Received the Contents,
"RICHARD GREEN."

It is, doubtless, a characteristic of genius to secure, at the moment, a happy thought, or a suddenly remembered fact, by noting it on the material nearest the hand, though it were the thumb-nail at kirk or market. The school-room of a gentleman's house in the north of Scotland was at one time decorated, or perhaps, as then considered, disfigured, by an appendage to the wall, of a crooked wire upon which a young domestic tutor was wont hastily to impale, from time to time, sundry odd pieces of paper, of various shapes and sizes, all patiently waiting to be "written out." The pupil of that school-room, (an esteemed friend and relative of the author of these pages), into whom a reading turn had certainly not been instilled, considered himself excused, in after life, from any obligation to read the *Pleasures of Hope*, since he had watched the growing bulk of it, hanging on that crooked wire in the school-room,

until his eyes grew sick at the sight of Hope deferred. His then tutor was Thomas Campbell.

That the loyal and cavalieresque lucubrations of Mr Sharpe had commenced very early in the century, is proved by other separate scraps of manuscript, which fortunately bear a date. The following passages very distinctly indicate the young Oxonian's ultimate object, in these researches :—

"July, 1808.—The conviction that a character which we admire or reverence labours under misrepresentation and obloquy, is a very painful feeling to most men, more especially if their favourite principles, civil and religious, suffer at the same time. This, more than the vast avidity with which memoirs, and indeed biography of every description, are now sought after, emboldened the author of the following sheets to submit them to the judgment of the public. From the life of John Graham, Viscount of Dundee, however imperfectly composed, much may be learnt; for in his *success* we may perceive what prodigies can be effected by manly perseverance and unshaken courage,—and, in his *ill fortune*, how slight the greatest human efforts prove against the decrees of that wise providence, which, for its own good ends, disposes of conquerors and of crowns contrary to all the short-sighted presumptions of frail mortality.

"The prejudices of party would very lately have rendered any attempt towards a life of Viscount Dundee an invidious undertaking. At present these prejudices have declined with the unhappy race of men that gave birth to them; and a biographer may bestow all due praise on the talents, fidelity, and valour of a Jacobite, without incurring the stigma of partiality, or the suspicion of extravagant notions of regal prerogative. From his earliest infancy Dundee was taught the high notions of loyalty that flamed in those days, but which the freezing streams of philosophy have now so entirely extinguished. The fate of his gallant cousin the Marquis of Montrose was held up to him, to instill a detestation of the puritan principles, and his example served to nourish all the seeds of fidelity and courage in his bosom. In him, he saw the elegant scholar identified with the hardy warrior, and he panted to emulate his brilliant acquirements. In the person

of Dundee great beauty was joined to strength and agility, he was an experienced horseman, and excelled in all other manly exercises. But the whigs drew the portraits of these "bloody persecutors," as they called them, in the most terrific colours, heightening their pretended cruelty with all the horrors of the national superstition. Their saliva burnt where it fell! The wine raised to their lips became clotted gore![1] Their feet caused to boil the water in which they were immersed! They rode over rocks, and through pools, on infernal coursers, wearing shirts of proof, and other spells to resist gun-shot! And they ferreted out the miserable fugitives by the aid and inspiration of *Satan*, to whom they had delivered up their souls for success in these murderous operations! The *Bishops* had no shadows!! On the other hand, the *ministers* possessed the gift of prophecy, and an *infallible* power of curses, or of benedictions."

From Mr Sharpe's Sibylline leaves we may cull two other

[1] In 1685, an execution was *committed* which produced one of those miracles to which many of the whigs (prompted by the conventicle preachers) gave implicit belief. A fellow of the name of William Smith, in the parish of Glencairn in Nithsdale, had been seized by the officer of the garrison at Kaitloch, and behaved so obstinately on his examination, that Sir Robert Lawrie of Maxwelton, a very loyal gentleman, pronounced, as a Commissioner, the sentence of death upon him. It was on the day of his own daughter Catherine's marriage to Mr Gordon of Shirmers; and the father of the criminal, a tenant of Maxwelton's, applied to the young lady, beseeching her to request the life of his son, as a marriage boon from Sir Robert. It was thought that her intercession would prevail; but she resolutely refused to make any, and William was shot on the race-muir, by a party of soldiers, that evening. Sir Robert sat at table; he called for a cup of wine, and putting it to his lips, *horresco referens*, found the liquor metamorphosed into *clotted blood!* "Fusaque in obscenum se vertere vina cruorem." The *same legend* is adapted to sundry of the persecutors, and doubtless with the same truth; but these beverages of horror are remarkable, inasmuch as they exhibit to what extremes enthusiastic credulity could be made to soar, even at so late a period as the reign of King James the Seventh.—*Note by Mr Sharpe.*

[It must also be remarked that these superstitions, with which the covenanting annals abound, were not the mere ignorant gossip of the vulgar, but were deliberately recorded by the *historians* of the Covenant, including Wodrow himself, as if affording *proofs* of their gross calumnies, while in fact such illustrations tended to expose the falsity. And hence it was that Sir Walter Scott was induced to exclaim,—"You can hardly conceive the perfidy, cruelty, and *stupidity* of these people, according to the accounts they have themselves preserved." See before, p. 167.]

Sections of his contemplated Memoirs of Dundee. The next prominent event that falls to be narrated by him, is the defeat of the insurgent fanatics at Bothwell Bridge, in which he follows closely the minute and very graphic details furnished to Dean Swift by old Captain Creighton, one of Claverhouse's most efficient officers upon that memorable occasion. From that source, too, we must supply an unfortunate hiatus in the manuscript of Mr Sharpe, occurring between his account of the skirmish at Glasgow, after the affair of Drumclog, and where we again take up the thread of his narrative, *in medias res* of the battle at the bridge.]

[Section VI.—*Defeat of the Fanatics at Bothwell Bridge, and the immediate consequents thereof to the Army of Martyrs.—Executions of Kid and King, Cameron and Cargill, Isabel Alison and Marion Harvie.—Outrages justifying these severities.*]

[" The Council, finding the rebels daily increasing in their numbers, gave information thereof to the King; whereupon his Majesty sent down the Duke of Monmouth with a commission to be Commander-in-Chief, and to take with him four troops of English dragoons, which were quartered on the borders. But these, with the forces in Scotland, amounted not to above three thousand. Upon the Duke's being made Commander-in-Chief, General Dalziel refused to serve under him, and remained at his lodgings in Edinburgh till his Grace was superseded, which happened about a fortnight after. The army was about four miles forward, on the road towards Hamilton, when the Duke of Monmouth came up with his English dragoons, on Saturday the 21st of June (1679). From thence the whole forces marched to the Kirk of Shots, within four miles of the rebels, where they lay that night. The next morning he marched the army up an eminence, opposite to the main body of the enemy, who were encamped on the moor. The General officers, the Earl of Linlithgow, Colonel of the Foot-Guards, the Earl of Mar, Colonel of a regiment of foot, Clavers, the

Earl of Hume, and the Earl of Airly, all captains of horse, the Marquis of Montrose,[1] Colonel of the Horse-Guards, Athole having been discarded. Dalhousie, with many other noblemen and gentlemen volunteers attending the Duke together, desired his Grace to let them know which way he designed to take to come at the enemy? The Duke answered, it must be by Bothwell Bridge. Now the bridge lay a short mile to the right of the King's army, was narrow, and guarded with three thousand of the rebels, and strongly barricaded with great stones; but, although the officers were desirous to have passed the river by easy fords, directly between them and the rebels, and to march to their main body on the moor, before those three thousand who guarded the bridge could come to assist them, yet the Duke was obstinate, and would pass no other way than that of the bridge.

"Pursuant to this preposterous and absurd resolution, he commanded Captain Stewart (whose Lieutenant I was), with his troop of dragoons, and eighty musqueteers, together with four small field-pieces, under cover of the dragoons, to beat off the party at the bridge. The Duke himself, with David Lesly and Melvil, accompanied us, and ordered the field-pieces to be left at the village of Bothwell, within a musket shot of the bridge. When the Duke and his men came near the bridge, the rebels beat a parley, and sent over a laird, accompanied with a kirk preacher.[2] The Duke asking what they came for, was answered—'That they would have the Kirk established in the same manner as it stood at the King's restoration, and that *every subject* should be *obliged* to take the Solemn League and Covenant.' The Duke told them their command could not be granted; but sent them back to tell their party, that if they would lay down their arms, and sub-

[1] [The letter in which the young Marquis of Montrose so gracefully urges his distinguished cadet to accept of the commission of Lieutenant under him, as Captain of a troop of royal guards, to be raised in Scotland, is dated 2d February of that same year, 1678. The hope of promotion which that letter held out had been very speedily fulfilled. In the following year, we find Montrose in command of the Horse-Guards as Colonel, and Claverhouse a leading and most prominent captain of horse. See before, p. 183.]

[2] [These were Fergusson of Caitloch, and Mas David Hume.]

mit to the King's mercy, he would intercede for their pardon."][1]

On the return of their missionaries from the Duke, the rebels continued their altercations with redoubled violence; during which the field-pieces of the Royalists were planted on the eastern side of the river, to cover the attack of the Foot-Guards, who assaulted the bridge under the command of Lord Livingston, eldest son to the Earl of Linlithgow. Hackston, the murderer, maintained his post with sufficient obstinacy for nearly an hour;[2] but all his ammunition being expended, and no succour afforded by *General* Hamilton, he unwillingly relinquished the bridge, and retreated to the main body, now wisely engaged in cashiering their officers, and appointing fresher fools in their places. The Duke's army, with their cannon in front, crossed the bridge, and drew up in line of battle, Monmouth commanding the foot, and Captain Graham the horse. The cannon now began to play, and its discharge completely discomfited the cavalry of the Covenanters; who, wheeling round in prodigious confusion, overthrew and trampled upon their pedestrian companions. The Duke, from a desire for popularity, and perhaps a tenderness of disposition not very well suited to the emergency of the times, prevented much slaughter of the insurgents, though four hundred fell in the pursuit. Captain Graham esteemed this, *ill-timed* clemency; and General Dalyell, who arrived in the camp the day after, with a commission to supersede the Duke as Commander-in-Chief, publicly chid his Grace for his compassion, telling him that he had betrayed the King, and declared that if his own commission had come but one day sooner, these rogues should never more have troubled his Majesty, or the country.

In the rebel camp was found a high gallows, with a cart full of new ropes at the foot of it, the destination of which was but too well understood; and it is remarkable enough, that these instruments of edification were not turned against the whigs by the other party, although they had secured

[1] [Captain Creighton's account.]

[2] [The scoundrel was fighting with a rope round his neck. He caused the death of many a deluded man, besides murdering the Primate.]

among the prisoners sundry persons long before *outlawed* for rebellion.[1] Among the rest was Mas John Kidd, a celebrated preacher, afterwards hanged in Edinburgh, whither he was carried in great triumph, and made a gazing stock (says the author of the *Scots Worthies*), in the places through which he passed, particularly at Corstorphine, from which, all the way to Edinburgh, both sides of the road were lined with people who were most "bitter and malicious" against them. The circumstance of the gallows is also mentioned by Guild, in his *Bellum Bothuellianum;* and by the anonymous author of an English (or rather Scottish) poem, composed on the same, entitled, "A Short Compend or Description of the Rebels in Scotland, in anno 1679, by a well-wisher of his Majesty, published by Authority: Edinburgh, printed in the year 1681."

"But when their foot did take the flight,
To make escape with all their might,
Some ran to holes, some to the height,
With many a wallaway.
The Highlanders did quickly follow,
In victory them up to swallow,
Caused many in their blood to wallow,
Crying, alace! that day.

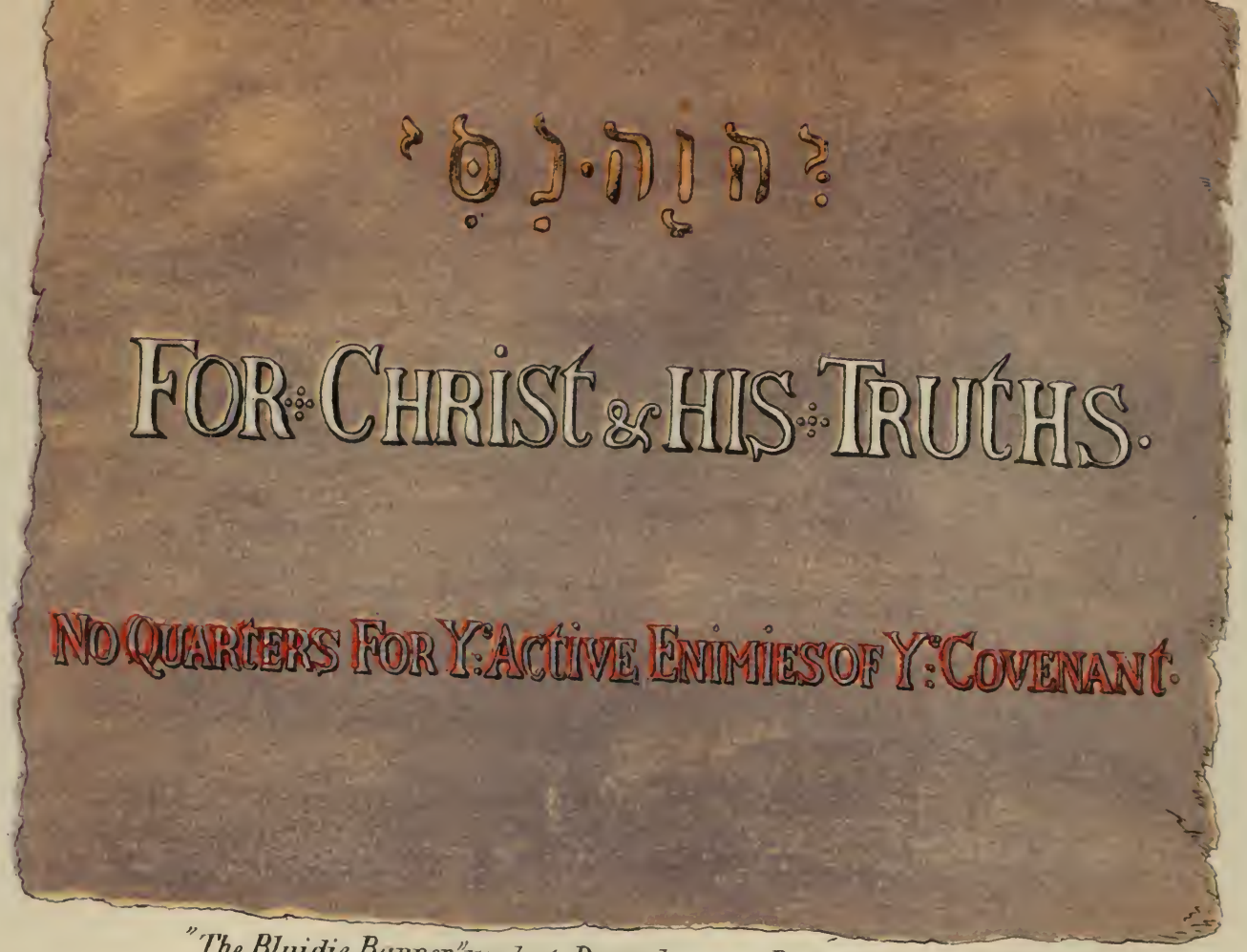
They were committed to the guard,
Expecting but a bad reward,
That gallows which *themselves prepared*
Their captives on to hing;—
To that same gallows were they brought,
Where all of them *expected* nought
But, Haman-like, up to be caught,
A punishment condign."

Moreover, in the Memoirs of the Rev. Mr Blackadder, the prisoners are said to have been "all gathered together about

[1] ["The cruelty and presumption of that wicked and perverse generation, will appear evident from a single instance. These rebels had set up a very large gallows in the middle of their camp, and prepared a cart full of new ropes at the foot of it, in order to hang up the King's soldiers, whom they already looked upon as vanquished, and at mercy; and it happened that the pursuers in the royal army, returning back with their prisoners, chose the place where the gallows stood, to guard them at, without offering to hang one of them, which they justly deserved, and had so much reason to expect."—*Creighton.*]

a gallows which stood there." This, if not erected by the whigs, must have been the gibbet of an exposed malefactor; which is not probable. Wodrow takes no notice of the reports concerning the gallows and ropes, though they must have come within his knowledge, but says, that the prisoners, after Bothwell, were treated on their way to Edinburgh in an inhuman manner:—" When they were come to Corstorphine, within two miles of Edinburgh, *great multitudes* came out of the town to stare and gaze upon them. Both sides of the road were lined with *people*, and some of them were most *bitter and malicious* in their jesting, and reproaching the prisoners as they went by. Too many of that *profane mob* followed the pattern of the old mockers literally, and said,—' Where is now your God? Take him up now; and Mr Welch, who said, you should win the day?'—that good man had no such expression."[1] Mr Welch was accused of having affirmed that the very *windle-straws* would fight for the good cause; and in all probability he did say so, though Wodrow denies it. He also thinks fit to disbelieve the word " No quarter," given by Hamilton at Drumclog, which *Hamilton himself acknowledged;* and he terms the murder of a butcher at Glasgow, a malicious untruth, though Russell (one of the

[1] [But that " good man," Mas Wodrow himself, had he been there to see (and pity he was not), would have prophesied victory beforehand, gnashed his teeth over the defeat thereafter, and most probably have testified in the Grassmarket as the conclusion. His judgment on the result fully justifies the imputation:—" Never was a *good cause* and *gallant army*, generally speaking, hearty and bold, worse managed,' &c.—*Hist.* iii. 107. Then, as for the " people,"—" bitter and malicious,"—" that profane mob,"—were not these the people of Scotland? What then becomes of the *nationality* of the " good cause?" Mr Sharpe gives, and *proves*, the story of the *gallows*, in a note to his publication of the assassin James Russell's Account of the Murder of Archbishop Sharp, printed at the end of Kirkton's History, p. 470. The modern editor of Wodrow gets rid of the ugly circumstance with all the boldness of Wodrow himself. In the face of Creighton's narrative, and the ballad written immediately after the event, which expressly states the fact, he says, that Wodrow omitted it, because " he probably held it in such contempt as to be unworthy of notice: the report is absolutely without foundation," &c.; and so Wodrow's editor prefers and recommends " *Dr M'Crie's idea*" on the subject!—*Hist.* iii. 107. Wodrow was not the chronicler to hold any such incident in contempt. He was more apt to hold truth in contempt, or at least in defiance. No, it was one of those details, which would not serve for " aggravating the crimes of our enemies."—See before, p. 59.]



"The Bluidie Banner" used at Drumclog and Bothwell Brig. 1679.

Size of the original 4f 5½ x 3f 5½.

Archbishop's murderers), expressly mentions that circumstance in his narrative.

About this time also, the gallant Mas John King was apprehended by Captain Creighton. These preachers presented a joint petition to the Council for mercy, the terms of which prove that they thought it quite lawful to deny both their principles and their practice, on particular occasions. King declares, "that his being in company with the rebels did proceed from no rebellious principle; but being taken prisoner by Claverhouse and his party, he ordered him to be bound in cords; and, after that Claverhouse and his party had retired from Loudon Hill, he was found by the rebels in that posture, and detained *almost still a prisoner* by them until the defeat, and not suffered to go from them; so that in effect he was always in the quality of a *prisoner;* that during the time he was with them, he not only refused to preach, but was so far from encouraging them to rebellion, that he made it his work to persuade them to return to their *former loyalty and obedience;* and *de facto* persuaded severals to go from and desert them; that, albeit he had sometimes *a sword* about him, yet he never offered to make use of the same, directly or indirectly, or to make any resistance to authority; and that he only carried a sword to *disguise* himself, that he might not be taken for a preacher; and he did *make his escape before the engagement.*"

Kid alleged, "that he did not only retire from them (the rebels) how soon he heard of his Majesty's proclamation, but when some of them came to his house, to persuade him to return, he absolutely refused; that he continued at his own house, and always exhorted such of the rebels as came to him, to lay down their arms and supplicate for pardon; that at the desire of them that were most peaceable, he went, *in the simplicity of his heart*, to Hamilton, to persuade them to obedience, and for no other end or account whatsomever; that, when Robert Hamilton, and some other of the ringleaders, became enraged with the petitioner's *peaceable* advice, he came on his journey homeward, and was pursued by a party of the rebels, who threatened to kill him if he would not return; neither had he any arms, but a short sword to *disguise* himself from

being known as a preacher; that both the prisoners, with others, had so far prevailed with the most part of the rebels, that if his Majesty's forces had forborne to assault for two hours longer, they had all, or most part of them, submitted and yielded."

This petition, which greatly vexes the upright spirit of Wodrow, was of no avail. They were tried, condemned, and eventually ordered for execution, after the most ample time had been allowed them to petition for their lives, a petition his Majesty refused. Mr Kid had still a conceit left him in his misery,—a miserable conceit; for, walking hand in hand with King towards the scaffold, he said,—"I have often heard and read of a *kid* sacrificed, but I seldom or never heard of a *king* made a sacrifice." It is said that great wits have short memories. This gallows punster had forgotten King Charles the First.[1]

Wodrow, with great impudence, asserts that, till the spring of the year 1679, no unsafe doctrine could be charged upon the field-preachers! This foolish fellow believed in Dr Oates, when he said that *shoals* of papists were daily sent to Scotland. And yet Fox says his credit is unimpeachable! He is one continued lie, respecting the *peaceable* doctrines preached by the whigs, as their own printed sermons and declarations

[1] [The Rev. Master Robert Law, surely not likely to do injustice to his fellow labourer, Master Kid, gives a very different account of him, from his petition. "Mr Welsh, and some ministers with him, were for declaring for *the King's* interest, *according to the Covenant.* Robert Hamilton, their governor, with *Mr Kid*, Mr Douglas, two probationers, and others that followed their way, were for *disclaiming the King and his interests.* All could not avail with Mr Cargill, *Kid*, Douglas, and other *witless* men among them, to hearken to *any proposals of peace.*"—*Law's Memorials*, p. 150. This was the dissension to which Wodrow, *multum gemens*, attributes the defeat of those demented and doomed criminals at Bothwell. Creighton's account of his capture of the fugitive King is extremely graphic. He was guided in the pursuit by a peasant's description of him as "a braw, muckle carle, with a white hat on him, and a great bob of ribands on the cock o't." He offered a plea *ad misericordiam* to that bold dragoon, which was as little likely to be successful in that quarter, as his petition founded on his false plea of innocence. He had seduced Lady Cardross's waiting-woman of the name of Creighton, and sib to the dragoon; who himself informs us, that King "entreated me to show him some favour, because he had married a woman of *my name:* I answered,—'That is true, but first you got her with bairn, and shall now pay for *disgracing* one of my name.'"—*Memoirs*, p. 140. See before, p. 269.]

prove. And further, for many of Wodrow's "authorities," they were but narratives drawn up by the criminal whigs themselves, or their descendants. He often calls those who were killed, *choice* and *pious* youths! He "wonders" they went not far greater lengths!![1]

It was in the year 1679, before the murder of Archbishop Sharpe, and the battle of Bothwell Bridge, that some whigs enveigled one Major Johnstone, a man who had been active in apprehending delinquents of their sect, into a house of a woman of the persuasion, and beat and abused him most cruelly; discharging guns at him, and wounding him with swords very dangerously. Wodrow says that he is well assured that the whole was but a jest. John Knox, however, convinces us, that the jokes of that party had something very serious at bottom. Cardinal Beaton, and this Major, and many others, found it "jesting that was not convenient." Theirs was a strain of merriment somewhat like that of the Emperor Commodus, who cut off noses in his merry vein. Shortly after this, there was another piece of mirth executed of the same kind. A conventicle at Cumberhead, in the parish of Leshmahago, having routed the party of soldiers sent to dissipate them, the whigs became still more insolent than before, and resolved to make short work with their enemies. Three foot soldiers of Captain Maitland's company being quartered on a man near Loudon Hill, who would not pay the *cess*, or tax to Government, behaved themselves quietly for ten days, having compassion on the man, who was in an ill state of health. Yet his wife, or woman servant, threatened them with evil should they not remove; and were answered that they remained there by order, and could not remove until they were commanded so to do, or the man would pay his cess. On Saturday, April 19, one of the soldiers went to Newmills, and luckily for himself remained there all night; for on Sunday morning about two o'clock, ten fanatics, choosing the Lord's day, doubtless for so pious a work, beset the barn where the soldiers lay, and

[1] [See Wodrow, iii. 204. How much farther would he have had these miserable fanatics go, than murdering the Archbishop, and all loyalists upon whom they could lay their cowardly hands, and their attempt, in arms, to possess themselves of the Sovereign power in Scotland? Charles Sharpe had really studied Wodrow, and formed a juster estimate of him than Charles Fox had done."]

knocked loudly at the door. One of the men, thinking it was his comrade from Newmills, arose in his shirt, and opening the door, started back at sight of the villains without; who, exclaiming "come out you damned rogues," shot him dead upon the spot. The other soldier now got up, and rushing to the door, received a wound from a bullet in the thigh. One of the murderers dismounted from his horse, and while they struggled together, another whig came up and knocked the soldier down. They then carried away the soldiers' arms and clothes, and went off thinking they had killed them both. In effect the wounded man died a few days afterwards. The principal executor of this atrocious deed was one Scarlett, a tinker, who is proved to have been a follower of Mas John Welsh,[1] and Richard Cameron, being one of their body-guard, which was ever well armed in case of an assault from the King's troops. Scarlett had seven wives, which was exorbitant. He certainly led on his friends to this action for the sake of *avenging the blood of the saints;* not for the paltry spoil of a few clothes, and some arms, as the justifiers of his sect would insinuate, in hopes to shelter this assassination under the vizard of a *common robbery*, and a *casual* murder.

The Duke of Monmouth lingered some time after his supersedure,[2] with the army, and then went by Stirling into Fife, where he paid a visit to the Duke of Rothes. He afterwards repaired to Court, and met with a very cordial reception from the King, though his Majesty was much of Captain Graham's mind respecting the treatment proper for such delinquents as his Grace had lately been dealing with, and knew too much of

[1] [Even in 1666, there was an order from the Chancellor Rothes to Lord Drumlaurig (afterwards Earl and Duke of Queensberry), to do all in his power, as Sheriff of Dumfriesshire, to apprehend and bring to justice Mas John Welsh, who had been exciting the people to rebellion at conventicles, and had been outlawed for refusing to appear when summoned by the Privy Council.—*Queensberry Papers.*]

[2] [Sir Walter Scott has the following note to Creighton's Memoirs :—"The commission to General Dalyell was delivered to him, June 22, 1679; but it did not supersede the Duke of Monmouth, who is styled Lord General by the Privy Council, June 24, and wrote in that character to their Lordships the same day. His commission, however, was revoked the first of November following." From a letter among the Queensberry Papers, it is apparent that Dalyell's commission was subordinate to Monmouth's.

human nature to impute his forbearance entirely to the dictates of humanity. This was the last insurrection of the kind in Scotland, and bitterly did the whigs deplore their calamity in the miscarriage. The more violent party, the Cameronians, charged the cooler Presbyterians with the misfortune; and they were not slow to reciprocate the accusation. But both sects agreed in reprobating the conduct of their own leaders, and admiring the clemency of Monmouth, concerning whom they ever afterwards spoke and wrote with wonderful regard and tenderness.

Captain Graham, together with the other officers who had experienced the disaffection of Glasgow, and thought that the western shires required some severe correction, proposed that the soldiers should be allowed two or three hours to plunder the houses of the whigs in that town, and that these shires should be put under a regimen of fire and sword.[1] But mil-

[1] [Mr Sharpe here follows the narrative of Wodrow, who gives it thus: "The officers of the army who had been at Glasgow, Major White, Claverhouse, and others of their *cruel temper*, solicited the General to *ruin the west of Scotland* and *burn Glasgow, Hamilton*, and *Strathaven*, to *kill the prisoners*, at least considerable numbers of them, and to permit the army to plunder the western shires, who, they alleged, had countenanced the rebels. The General abhorred so unnatural a proposal, and rejected it with *detestation*."—*Hist.* vol. 3. p. 112. This is pure *Wodrowana*. It is impossible to peruse Claverhouse's own letters, and not be satisfied that the above accusation is an extravagant falsehood. In all probability had Mr Sharpe come to publish his Memoirs of Dundee, he would have discovered this. Even Bishop Burnet only states it thus: "The Duke of Monmouth stopped the execution that his men were making, as soon as he could, and saved the prisoners; for *some* moved, that they should be all killed on the spot."—*Own Time*, vol. ii. p. 236, (1833). Law, in his Memorials, tells no such story. Malcolm Laing, a historian by no means scrupulous in seizing upon calumnious rumours against the royalists, merely says,—"Monmouth, rejecting the advice of *his officers* to *ravage the country*, dismissed the militia," &c. Sir Walter Scott does not adopt the story, although lamentably wrong (*eheu!*), both as regards the historical facts, and the disposition of Graham of Claverhouse. Who but must deeply regret this? "Who would not weep if *Atticus* were he?" Leaning too much upon Wodrow, on the one hand, bowing too courteously to the *Manses* of Scotland on the other, Sir Walter thus historifies the calumny: "Considerable slaughter, *it is said*, took place, notwithstanding his (Monmouth's) orders, *partly* owing to the *unrelenting temper* of Claverhouse, who was burning to *obtain vengeance for the defeat of Drumclog*, and the *death of his kinsman*, who was slain there."—*Hist. of Scotland*, vol. ii. p. 41. We ask the proof for all this? Claverhouse's own letters do prove,—1st, that his was not an unrelenting, but a humane temper; 2d, that he entertained no feeling of *vengeance* whatever for his defeat at Drumclog, but exercised, and inculcated, the

der measures were the order of the day. Glasgow got off by giving up a debt owing to it by the town of Edinburgh; and the rebels of the west had reason to thank the Duke of Monmouth, and his faction, for suffering very little after the overthrow of their friends at Bothwell. Forces, however, were sent into these parts, and Claverhouse made a progress through the shires of Ayr, Galloway, Nithsdale, and Dumfries, searching for those who had been at Bothwell, who were severely fined, and had their houses plundered by the soldiers. Wodrow *particularises* one M'Leweyand, in the parish of Bar, whose mansion Captain Graham rifled, carrying away all the *clothes* in it, and *two horses* worth six pounds! Another fellow was forced to pay thirty pounds *Scots!* But in Galloway, cries he, things were yet worse. There Graham carried with him same English dragoons, several troops of horse, and companies of foot. The soldiers, he says, plundered unmercifully. Their leader carried away abundance of horses from the parish of Carsphairn. From one man in Craigengillan were taken three, worth eleven nobles a piece. A widow was compelled to pay fifty pounds because her servant had been at Bothwell; and a wife *(horresco referens)* was obliged to accept of a husband for the nonce (in presence of her husband proper), in the person of one of the rude soldiers, who afterwards plundered the house of every thing portable.[1]

Let us believe these stories *cautiously*. This Lucretia has no name,—like the old man who occasioned the insurrection of Pentland. Two boys, who are alleged to have been barbarously used by Captain Graham's *men*, in the parish of Glencairn, are in the same predicament. One, on refusing to name those of his neighbours who were at Bothwell, had a small cord

utmost forbearance, even when sent to deal strictly with the same excited population, *after* the tide of rebellion had risen still higher; 3d, that he had *no kinsman slain at Drumclog.*]

[1] [Wodrow, certainly, is not to be trusted in the details of any story that he tells. "Papers before me," is his usual mode of proving. But there could not fail to be much individual suffering, and many instances of military oppression, throughout the progress of quelling the rebellion instigated by the preachers. Did these people imagine, contrary to all human experience, that their rampant rebellion, murdering right and left, bishops, curates, and soldiers, and struggling with all their power to overturn the throne, was to introduce no suffering, even of the innocent among themselves?]

twisted round the upper part of his head, and tightened by means of the butt-end of a pistol, till the cord reached the skull, and his cries were heard at a great distance. The other, a shepherd, declining to discover the retreat of his master, who was a rebel, was suspended from the joist of the cottage by two small cords attached to his thumbs; but his pain did not conquer his obstinacy, as Wodrow declares that the soldiers "got nothing out of him." The first youth, he says, "died within a little after he came out of their hands."[1]

The Duke of Monmouth's representations were supposed to have procured the indulgence mentioned above to the whigs; and the cabals against the Duke of Lauderdale daily gaining strength, several notorious rebels, such as Patrick Hume of Polwarth, afterwards Earl of Marchmont, and the Lord Cardross, were set at liberty; which so much alarmed the loyal party in Scotland, that, on the 25th July 1679, they sent Captain Graham, and Lord Linlithgow, to London, to represent the true state of affairs to his Majesty. Great changes both in Church and State were expected, but very few or none really took place. On the 24th of November, the Duke of York arrived in Edinburgh, as Commissioner from his brother to the Parliament; and in the same month General Dalyell is declared Commander-in-chief of his Majesty's forces there, with a power of acting without orders from any person, in the King's absence, except in emergencies of State, when the Council were allowed to give him directions. Old Dalyell, indeed, would not accept of the command on any other terms.

[1] [See Wodrow, vol. iii. p. 122. How does the martyrologist vouch these stories? He proves them thus: "Two passages of their barbarity, *I have well vouched*,"—and that is all the vouching he vouchsafes. He does not venture to assert that Claverhouse was present at these atrocious proceedings; but, in his usual jesuitical manner, he endeavours to create the impression that he was. "In the parish of Glencairn, the *soldiers under Clavcrhouse* made terrible havoc," &c. If he meant to state it as against Graham, the story is no less false than his version of the death of John Brown, as the tenor of all the letters of this calumniated soldier and statesman prove beyond a question. If he meant to say that these improvised tortures, were inflicted in the *absence* of their commander, by the soldiers, the story still bears the stamp of falsehood on the face of it. Claverhouse was not the man to have his dragoons, or his subordinate officers, so ill in hand, that they would dare to play such pranks in his absence. They had no authority from the Privy Council to inflict torture. See before, p. 122.]

[We may here supplement Mr Sharpe's narrative with an original letter found among the Queensberry Papers, and written by the Chancellor Rothes to his potent friend the "Deil o' Drumlanrig," wherein mention is made of the doom of those two unfortunate "cocks of the conscience," Kid and King. We cannot trace in that letter, nor in any state correspondence we have discovered, the signs of those merciless dispositions with which Wodrow *indiscriminately* invests all the leading statesmen of the day, and upon whom he rarely bestows any other title than "the Managers." After a long series of riots, assassinations, midnight murders, and treasonable proclamations, culminating at Drumclog into open and triumphant rebellion, the yet more audacious attempt to seize the Government of Scotland, and dethrone the King, had just been crushed at Bothwell Bridge. That such a state of matters would of necessity be followed by a plentiful harvest for the hangman, might have been predicated from the whole history of mankind in a gregarious state. But never, surely, did Ketch reap a poorer profit, in any age or country, under similar circumstances. Burnet shortly states it thus: "Two of their preachers were hanged; but the other prisoners were let go upon their signing a bond for keeping the peace; two hundred of them were sent to Virginia, but they were all cast away at sea." Excited Ireland, not half so sinning, has, within these few years, been far more severely dealt with. The battle of Bothwell Bridge occurred on Sunday 22d of June 1679. An indemnity to all whom it was possible to pardon, and be a Government, was "given at our Court at Windsor Castle, the 27th day of July 1679, and of our reign the thirty-first year: by his Majesty's command, (signed) LAUDERDALE." The very day *previous* to this, however, happened to be the date of a letter from the King to his Council in Scotland, a most necessary exercise of justice tempered with mercy, in which is set forth, his Majesty's "detestation of the murder of the late Archbishop of St. Andrews; and being desirous to vindicate that innocent blood, and show his detestation of the murder, he commands them to cause process criminally nine of those who were in the late rebellion, with this *additional consideration*, of having *owned* these murderers; who are hereby

excepted from *any indemnity;* and that *besides* the persons who are to be *excepted therein;* those nine being to be executed merely *upon that account:* They, being convicted, are to be hanged in chains upon the place where the horrid murder was committed." The close proximity of the dates of these state papers raised, it seems, a doubt, and a debate in the Privy Council of Scotland, which certainly cannot be attributed to a thirst for blood.

"*For the Earl of Queensberry, These:—*

"*14th August*, 1679.

"My Dear Lord:—According to your command, I made your excuse in Council; which, in my opinion was very well taken. At our meeting yesterday, where we sat late, there was many debates fell in, and long and learned speeches made; especially by the Lords that came down. But the Advocate, and Craigie, is not yet come; which is ill taken. When the *indemnity* came in among us, all men spoke; being generally (as you know very well) able men, and excellent orators. But there was a letter produced, from his Majesty to the Council, showing it was his pleasure nine should be hanged notwithstanding of the Indemnity; which letter was dated the *very day before* the Indemnity. Upon which, there arose many debates; and, after a long time spent, we resolved that, this day, his Majesty's Indemnity should be solemnly proclaimed; and it is my opinion those nine the King's letter relates to may yet be freed; and so none die but the *two ministers*,[1] (that are to be executed this day), in regard the date of the King's letter is of a *prior* date, although only by one day.

"This day in Council it is resolved, that a *Justice Air* should be sent through the Southern shires, and Fife. It will be in October; and one of their diets is to be kept at Dumfries; which I suppose will put you to some charge and trouble; as that at Cupar will do to me. The general proclamations are not yet printed, but one of them will this night, and the other to-morrow. If they had, I would have sent them to you; but I doubt not Hugh Wallace will send them. I am just now going over the water to the Earl of Wemyss's funeral, which is to be to-morrow; and am to go for Tyninghame to see my Lord Hadding-

[1] [Kid and King. It was impossible to spare them. In our own times Thistlewood was hanged, and these men were more criminal, and more dangerous.]

ton's son.[1] I have a thousand passages to write, which I intend to do at more leasure, but they have kept me so long in the Council that I have almost lost the tide; so will say no more but, my dear Lord adieu.

"R."[2]]

The Council, January 6th, 1680, grant full power and commission to the Earl of Queensberry, Sir Robert Dalzell of Glenae, and Claverhouse, or any two of them, and such as they should appoint for the shires of Dumfries and Wigton, and stewartry of Kirkcudbright, to procure exact lists of all the heritors within those bounds who were in the rebellion, and of witnesses who can prove the same against them; with

[1] [The Chancellor's own son-in-law, of whom afterwards.]

[2] [*Original*, Queensberry Papers. Wodrow, in his usual jesuitical manner, has this ridiculous gloss upon the proceedings which the above letter illustrates: "The proclamation of the 26th June,"—against the rebels at Bothwell Bridge,—"stood in full force, till it was, *if I may say so*, a little softened by the *Indemnity* the King was pleased to grant some time after this. It bears date at Windsor, July 27th. What was the reason of the delaying the publishing of it, to August 14th, I shall not determine. That, as we shall hear, was the day of the public execution of Messrs King and Kid. It may be reckoned *invidious* to suppose that methods were taken to delay it at London for some weeks, and its publication, when agreed to there, was deferred so long, *that the soldiers might have the longer time to harass and spoil the country*."—*Hist.* vol. iii. The cause of the delay was simply this. A few stern examples, at least, were absolutely necessary; and besides such "eminent ringleaders" as Kid and King, nine of such of the rebels who, *besides* having been at Bothwell Bridge, chose to identify themselves with the murderers of Archbishop Sharp by obstinately refusing to disown that crime, or admit that it was a crime, were ordered to be tried on those charges; and, after conviction, to be executed, and hanged in chains on Magus Moor. At head-quarters, the Council in Scotland were considered too dilatory in this retributive justice, which the best policy required should follow as speedily as possible the crushing of the rebellion. The order against the nine was dated 26th July. The general Indemnity was dated the day after. But manifestly this last could not be promulgated till the former was, and at least in the course of fulfilment. Now, so far from the Indemnity being delayed in London for the ridiculous reason so maliciously assigned by Wodrow, Lauderdale, in a letter to the Council of that same date, 26th July, signifies,—"That the King wonders he hath no account of the trial of the prisoners who were *eminently ringleaders*, and active in the rebellion; and 'tis his express pleasure that the Justice Court proceed immediately to the trial of them." The Council answer,—"That the Justiciary hath already sentenced Messrs King and Kid, and they have appointed a committee to consider the most proper methods for proceeding against others who have been *ringleaders* in the rebellion. But this committee did not report to the Council until the 6th of August. Rothes's letter explains what followed.]

proofs that they are heritors; and to send in lists to the council, or Lord Advocate; with power to call before them the Sheriffs, Stewarts, Bailies of Regalities, or their Deputies, Magistrates of Burghs, Ministers of Parishes, or any persons, whoever they shall be informed can best make discovery of the said rebels, or witnesses; with power to examine them upon oath, or not, as they shall see cause; also with power to them, if the witnesses refuse to compear, or, compearing, to declare, to imprison their persons, and put them under caution to compear before the Council, under reasonable penalties; and all Magistrates, &. are ordained to concur.

These powers were also given to other noblemen and gentlemen in the disaffected shires, where conventicles were once more becoming numerous and frequent. The affair at Bothwell had at first depressed the spirit of the fanatics; but his Majesty's indulgence again raised it, and it was deemed necessary to recall that measure of leniency. The meeting-houses which had arisen with amazing quickness, were ordered to be demolished, and garrisons were placed in Galloway, Ayrshire, and Lanarkshire, to repress the disorders of the rabble.

About this time, Richard Cameron, who hath left his name to a sect of Presbyterians, and Donald Cargill, two fanatic preachers, began to out-soar all the others in enthusiasm, some of whom they reprobated for their acceptance of the late indulgence, and others for being too lukewarm in the good old cause. A very treasonable and silly tract, intended for a sort of public declaration of their principles, was discovered in the pocket of one Hall of Haughead, who got his skull fractured at the Queensferry, and died soon after. Cargill (who narrowly escaped when Hall was taken), together with Cameron, thought proper publicly to affix, to the market cross of Sanquhar, a declaration renouncing the King's authority, indeed every other but their own, and replete with the most abominable falsehoods. Sir James Turner, mentioned before, wrote some ludicrous papers on these declarations, and Cameron attempted to defend that published at Sanquhar. While the Presbyterians agreed in general as to the fundamental points of their manifestoes, they were worrying each other respecting expressions and assertions of comparatively very trifling importance.

Cameron was not long permitted to continue in his impudent rebellion. In July 1680, he was killed in a skirmish with the rebels at Airs-moss, in the parish of Auchinleck, in Kyle. The rebel force consisted of about twenty-three horse, and forty foot, which had in a manner been collected by Cameron after Bothwell, and attended him wherever he went. The royal party, of thirty horse, and fifty dragoons, were commanded by Bruce of Earlshall, (Lieutenant to Claverhouse), who got notice of the position of the rebels from Sir John Cochran of Ochiltree. At this affair was taken David Hackston of Rathillet (who commanded the rebel horse), the Primate's murderer, whose wounds at Airs-moss had nearly rescued him from the public execution he so richly merited. He was brought into Edinburgh, and conveyed along the streets to the Tolbooth mounted on a bare-backed horse, with his face to the animal's tail, and his feet tied under its belly, the ghastly head of Cameron fixed upon a pike, and that of one James Fowler, (who had commanded the rebel foot) in a sack, being carried before him. It was thought fit that the sentence of the existing law (upon the murderer of a privy councillor, and a traitor rebel taken in arms,) should in this case be rigorously executed. He was the only one of the principals in the Bishop s murder put to death for that crime.[1] The others fled to the Prince of Orange; and several of them again returned to their native country along with him, to sanctify the pious Revolution. But Cargill still continued to haunt the muirs and mountains, poisoning all the healthful virtues of these remote places with his noxious preachments. He was now looked up to as the father of the Presbyterian Kirk, and in that capacity exercised the Pope's darling perogative of anathemas and curses. With great boldness he resolved to *excommunicate* the King,[2] and all whom they deemed *oppressors of the godly*, not even sparing the Duke of Monmouth; and accordingly, in the Torwood in Stirlingshire, amid a crowd of his followers,

[1] [This murderous fanatic could hardly complain of being treated in the like manner his own sect had treated the wounded and captive Montrose, a humane and illustrious noble, who never shed a drop of blood except in battle.]

[2] [Considering how long the Covenanters had worked with their tremendous lever, the *excommunication of malignants*, they had little reason to complain of the established government's *intercommuning of murderers and rebels*.]

in the month of September 1680, he gravely set himself about this important work; first by lecturing on these verses from Ezekiel, chapter xxi.—"And thou, profane wicked Prince of Israel, *whose day is come*, when iniquity shall have an end,—thus sayeth the Lord God; *Remove the diadem, and take off the crown;* this shall not be the same: exalt him that is low, and abase him that is high. I will *overturn, overturn, overturn, it;* and it shall be no more until he come whose right it is; and I will give it him." He then preached on the 13th of the 5th of 1st Corinthians: "But them that are without, God judgeth. Therefore *put away from among yourselves* that wicked person;" and so Mas Donald Cargill proceeded in all due form, to *excommunicate* the Sovereign. This Saint, as might be expected, shortly after also followed the tract of some of his own disciples. Six thousand merks had been set upon his head, and the Laird of Bonshaw contrived, after a long pursuit, to lay hold on him. He was first conveyed to Glasgow, near to which his conductors turned him upon his horse, and led him backwards into the town. He was from thence conveyed to Edinburgh, where he behaved before the Council in the assured manner of his sect (when their case was hopeless) and is said to have predicted the death of Duke Rothes, the Chancellor, who (according to Cargill's biographer Patrick Walker), raged against him, threatening him with torture, and a violent death. Donald said,—"My Lord Rothes, forbear to threaten me; for die what death I will, *your eyes will not see it;*"—and, on the morning of the day destined for Cargill's execution, the Duke expired.

While a preacher at Glasgow, Cargill had been little esteemed, but his wanderings, and high flights, got him reputation and many followers. During his ministry, a sect madder still, arose in Scotland, which, as a climax and caricature of Presbyterianism, enraged the very souls of Donald and his disciples. The new enthusiasts were at first called *Sweet Singers*, from singing psalms 74, 79, 80, 83, and 137, at their meetings. Their ruling elder was John Gibb, originally a tailor in Borrowstounness, and a rigid presbyterian. By degrees, his head appears to have turned; and, being a prodigious stout fellow, he quickly converted twenty-six women;

only three men at first following his band; which is like the proportion of Falstaff's bread to his sack. They repaired to moors and waste places, denouncing and cursing all who did not come up to their extravagancies. They haunted the Pentland Hills, lingering to behold the doom of fire they prophesied was to consume the city of Edinburgh. Cargill attempted to preach them into the right path again; but his oratory was not very convincing; and nothing but a confinement in the tolbooth of Edinburgh, which afterwards took place, brought them to their senses. But even there, they commited a thousand follies, publishing a strange blasphemous declaration; and casting dirt from their prison windows on the coach of the Duke of York, who laboured, however, very successfully, to bring them to a due sense of their distraction.

It is much the fashion with historians of a certain persuasion, to assert, that it was only about this time (1680), a few hot-headed whigs began to throw off all allegiance to the King, and adopt the principles of assassination and universal vengeance. From a perusal of their writings, however, and the very fundamental principles of the sect, it will be seen that there are no just grounds for this hypothesis. If it were only now that their preachers really began to consider the King as a usurping tyrant, and his laws as a code of illegal oppression, they had long before deluded their followers by pretending a false belief; and if the sweets of revenge but newly began to be relished, how came the blood of the Archbishop to be scented by them with such peculiar rapture, and his murderers styled pious youths, and universally cherished and magnified by the Covenanters? The truth is, that the principles of these men were ever much the same, though their own prudence sometimes smothered, as provocation at present exasperated them; and it requires very little historical knowledge to be aware of this.[1]

It is certain, however, that about this time the preachers began to *prophesy*, pretending to foretell not only their own fate, which required no great foresight to divine, but also that of their "persecutors," and this "perjured, covenant-breaking

[1] [The *provocation* Mr Sharpe alludes to, is what those outed, and outlawed conventicle orators, termed *persecution*, and consisted in the outstretching of the arm of the law to arrest treason, rebellion, and murder.]

kingdom." Mr Peden's printed efforts in that way gained much celebrity; and to this hour they astonish and terrify great numbers of the lower class of old women in Scotland. In England, not only the puritan preachers, but their wives, pretended to revelations. In January 1681, it was thought fit to bring two women to public punishment; as the fanatics of that sex, added to their natural activity and zeal, had on some occasions openly resisted the King's troops when seizing prisoners, and comported themselves like amazonian viragoes. Isabel Alison, and Marion Harvie, were the women fixed upon; both amply gifted with godliness, and the grace of unshaken obstinacy. Marion was caught while going from Edinburgh to a field sermon, by a party despatched to seize Cargill, and brought before the Council. Being questioned concerning the Queensferry paper, and the Sanquhar declaration, she declared she knew nothing about them; but when they were read to her, she said she owned them, because they were agreeable to the Scriptures. Some of the Council told her, a rock, and cod and bobbins, would suit her better than these debates; which was a truth she could not so readily acknowledge. Indeed, it is quite wonderful to observe the pride and presumption of these illiterate creatures. In her dying testimony, as she calls it, she says,—"I leave my blood upon *the traitor* that sits upon the throne: Then on *James, Duke of York*, who was sitting in the Council when I was examined the first day: And I leave my blood on the *bloody crew*, that call themselves *rulers:* And I leave it on James Henderson in the Northferry, who was the Judas that sold Archibald Stewart and Mr Skeen, and me, to the bloody soldiers for so much money: I leave my blood on Sergeant Warrock, who took me, and brought me to prison: I leave my blood on the *criminal Lords* as they call themselves; and especially on that *excommunicated tyrant*, George Mackenzie, the Advocate, and the fifteen assizers: And on Andrew Cunningham that gave me my doom: And on that *excommunicated traitor* Thomas Dalyell, who was porter that day that I was first before them, and threatened me with the boots." This amiable person had de-

[1] ["The dying Testimony and last words of Marion Harvie, contained in "A Cloud of Witnesses for the Royal Prerogatives of Jesus Christ." The whole of this

clared, before the Lords of Justiciary, that it was *lawful to kill the Archbishop*, yet entertained a dislike of *murder*, as she deemed her own execution. On mounting the ladder to be hanged, she said,—"O my fair one, my lovely one, come away;" and sitting down on the ladder she said, "I am not come here for murder, for they have no matter of fact to charge me with, but only my judgment. I am about twenty years of age; at fourteen or fifteen I was a hearer of the *curates*, and *indulged* [ministers], and while I was a hearer of these, I was a *blasphemer* and *Sabbath-breaker;* and a chapter of the Bible was a burden to me; but since I heard this *persecuted gospel*, I durst not blaspheme, nor break the Sabbath, and the Bible became my delight." She would have said more, but the hangman cut short the thread of her discourse by hanging her.[1]

For the outrages on the established clergy, called "Curates," it is only necessary to consult Wodrow. In September 1669, Mr John Row, minister at Balmaclellan in Galloway, was torn out of his bed by a set of whigs, and beaten, his trunks, &c., broken open, and what they pleased taken away. Mr John Lyon, Curate at Orr in Galloway, complains, that in November 1669, three persons in disguise came to his house, dragged his wife out of doors, and searched for, but missed him; withal they plundered his house. Mr John Irvine, minister of Kilmacomb, was affrighted from his pulpit (the same year)

Marion Harvie's violent demeanour before the Privy Council, and also before the Lords of Justiciary, and on the scaffold, all given in nauseous and blasphemous detail, proves, both that she was unfit to live, and unprepared to die. The female fanatics, who did immense mischief, were far more leniently dealt with by the Government, and greater efforts of judicial and executive humanity exerted, to save them from their own frantic zeal, and fanatic passions, than they had the slightest right to expect. This Marion Harvie, in her dying Testimony, calls the execution of Hackston of Rathillet (the cowardly leader in the murder of the Primate), "the inhuman murder of *worthy David Hackstoun*." She had harboured these scoundrels.]

[1] [Her testimony is so abusive of the *curates*, and the outed ministers who had accepted of the *indulgence*, and at the same time so complimentary to the "rousing, wakening gifts," of the outlawed conventicles, that very probably some of these last concocted it for her. It is impossible to know what is true, and what is false, in that disgusting farrago of nonsense and blasphemy, entitled "A Cloud of Witnesses." No government, under the circumstances, could have spared these women.]

and abused till he took shelter in his manse. In May that year, some whigs, about twelve at night, attacked the house of Mr Alexander Kinnear, minister at Neilston, beat him and his wife unmercifully, and plundered his house; and in the parish of Glasgow in Lanarkshire, the house of Mr James Finlay was plundered, himself being searched for. There was a riot also committed on the minister of Dunscore. Mr Lawson was wounded. The year 1684 commenced with a notable whig exploit; a band of wretches murdered Mr Peter Peirson, clergyman or curate of Carsphairn, who had become very obnoxious to the whigs, not only on account of his informations against them, but because he had braved the terrors of Renwick's Declaration, which had compelled sundry of his brethren to a temporary retirement from their livings, wearied out as they were by the previous rudeness and brutality of their seditiously excited parishioners, and now dreading the extremities of their revengeful hatred. But Mr Peirson, a bold man, used greatly to provoke these fanatics, by publicly declaring that "he feared none of the whigs, nor any thing else but rats and mice."[1] In 1688, Mr Buchan, the minister of Spott, was taken out of his bed, by fanatics armed with swords and guns, and led down to the church half naked; in his presence they took away the church bible and keys, and discharged him on his peril to officiate any longer in that parish as minister.[2] There are many more recorded instances of the kind, but these must suffice for examples. It is very remarkable, that (in the face of all this), Wodrow should furnish *so many* stories of "wanderers" seized by the soldiers without *a shadow of excuse* for their so doing! This compels one to doubt of every thing he records; the more especially that he professes to follow the accounts of the "sufferers" themselves. How can a writer, expecting to be in any sort credited, tell us of miraculous punishment so often overtaking the "persecutors," or those who gave up the culprits to their pursuers? Of women going distracted, and men dying with tongues swollen, or under other horrible symptoms of the vengeance of Heaven?

[1] [See before, for the details of this murder, p. 89.]

[2] Records of the Kirk Session of the parish of Spott.—*Note by Mr Sharpe.*

[Sir George Mackenzie, the Lord Advocate, in his admirable and most temperate "Vindication," the truth and trustworthiness of which is infinitely and beyond all comparison above that of Wodrow's history, most justly exclaims: "The reader will be astonished when we inform him, that the way of worship in our Church differed nothing from what the Presbyterians themselves practised,—except only that we use the Doxology, the Lord's Prayer, and, in baptism, the Creed; all which they rejected. We had no ceremonies, surplice, altars, cross in baptisms, nor the meanest of those things which would be allowed in England by the Dissenters, in way of accommodation; that the most able and pious of their ministers did hear the episcopal clergy preach; many of them communicated in the churches; and almost all the people communicated also: So that it cannot be said that they were *persecuted*, and forced to join with an unsound, much less heretical Church, as the French Protestants are: From all which it follows clearly, that the complainers were the aggressors; that the Government proceeded by *slow steps* to punish even those who had *forced it into a resentment;* and that all pains were taken to reclaim rather that punish." The more closely we examine the latent and most authentic sources of that clouded history, the more truthful will this appear. The clamorous case, for the Conventicles against the Government, has been elaborately composed, by such partizans as Wodrow and Laing, (occasionally aided by the malicious slip-slop of Burnet), upon a system,—neither pleasant nor easy to grapple with,—of the most violent and unscrupulous exaggeration, as to what the Government actually did, and the most disingenuous reserve in regard to what it had to do, and to deal with. There seems, indeed, to have been a great disposition, amid all their private feuds, jealousies, and struggles for place and power, on the part of the leading statesmen of the period, who were also men of great estates in the country, to proceed, as the Lord Advocate states, slowly, cautiously, and with due discrimination, in the practical use of those vigorous measures which the avowed object of these outrageous conventicles rendered it necessary to enact. Ever and anon, however, some frightful result of the old covenanting spirit, alarmed and excited the

Government, and occasionally, it may be, frightened them out of their propriety, not as regarded the existing constitutional law, or retributive justice, but in reference to what may now, from our present vantage ground, be retrospectively considered, as not the soundest or the safest policy wherewith to have met the evil. At the same time it ought to be remembered, how fallacious and unjust such retrospective views, of the policy of past centuries, are apt to be, and that even now no man can say what else really ought or could at that time have been done, to save the Throne from the Covenant, short of conceding all to rabid fanaticism. But, that a reckless malevolence, an insane "goading of the people," a delight in destroying their cottage peace, witnessing their mortal agonies, and shedding their innocent blood like water, animated all the rulers in the land, from the King to the Captain of dragoons, in the reign of Charles the Second, and his immediate successor, is a frightful myth of history, systematically engendered by the real culprits, and, to the discredit of the historians of Scotland, rashly adopted by them. In the sad times we are attempting to illustrate, the great heritors had a most difficult part to play, as regards that root of all the evil, the field conventicles. If they applied the rigour of the law within their bounds, a duty for which that law had justly rendered even the highest in the land amenable, they were "persecutors." If they acted cautiously and temperately, towards a lawless agitation, which never flagged for a moment because pressure was withdrawn, or if they regarded these armed congregations with more contempt than fear, on the one hand, they were suspected of sympathising, on the other, of luring on the "fugitives" to their ruin. In a letter to Queensberry, dated 20th May, 1678, exactly a twelvemonth before the murder of Archbishop Sharp, Rothes, the Lord High Chancellor of Scotland, thus writes: "Our woeful conventicles in Fife I am *heavily loaded with.* They are a plaguy beggarly people, but serves their own turn to make a noise *against me.*"[1] In

[1] [By this was meant, that Rothes was accused, by his rivals in the Government, of promoting these conventicles. His being somewhat in opposition to Lauderdale, but more especially the fact of his Countess being an excited conventicler, rendered him liable to this imputation.]

another letter, dated 3rd December, 1679 (at which time the Duke of York had arrived in Scotland), not many months after the murder of the Primate, and the battle of Bothwell Bridge, Rothes writes,—"Yesterday we had an express from the Lieutenant-General, who has intelligence of an intended rising in the west, and the day prefixed, which is the 15th of the next month. Betwixt you and I,—I do not believe it; though I am not such a fool as to say so to the Duke; nor will I in any meeting, lest it may fall out otherwise; for these fanatic fools[1] do not act regularly, according to the strict rules of reason, however good fortune they have had. But I beseech you to use all the interest you have to discover what is in it; and to be upon your guard, not only for your own security, which is as dear to me as my own, but that, if any such thing should be, you may appear significant, like yourself."

We may here introduce another letter, from this precious store of unpublished documents, in which Queensberry is addressed on the same subject by the prime minister's brother, a few months later than the last of Rothes's quoted above. Charles Maitland of Hatton (or Haltoun), already mentioned, was at this time high in court favour, and in office. He was heir-presumptive to his brother Lauderdale, General of the Mint, a Privy Counsellor, an Ordinary Lord of Session, and a most important Officer of State as Treasurer-Depute, or Chancellor of the Exchequer for Scotland. He has been described, by his rival compatriots at least, as an overbearing official; so much so, indeed, as to constitute one of the alleged "grievances of Scotland," a political card played most unsuccessfully, and deservedly so, by his bitter enemy Duke Hamilton, of whom more in the sequel. By the Wodrow school of historians, Lord Hatton, certainly made of sterner and less sterling stuff than the lively and kindly Rothes, has of course been chronicled as one of those aristocratic demons, who danced about the fire of "Tophet" in Scotland, while the master fiend, he of the "seared conscience and adamantine heart," stirred it with his sceptre.

[1] [No great compliment to his Countess.]

[2] [Queensberry Papers.]

"*For the Earl of Queensberry.*"

"HATTOUN, 15*th April*, [1680.]

"MY LORD.—I am very glad by yours, 8th instant, to learn of the Chancellor's so good health. Long be it so. By last, I told you, your signature stopt not long.[1] I have declared for you, till ye come home.

"This country is not idle, no way, neither in natural nor politic body. Spotted fevers are universal;[2] and I have lost my youngest datie, and the pockshakings. This might have been prevented by

[1] [Referring to the royal signature, or warrant, required in Exchequer, for some royal grant which was to pass the seal in favour of Queensberry, the official for which operation was the Treasurer-Depute. Queensberry had been very angry about the delay of this warrant, as we learn by a previous letter of Rothes's, dated 21st August, 1679, in which he tells Queensberry,—"I received the honour of yours of the 19th, where I find you in a great passion, in relation to your *signature*. I have often told you *fretting* and *huffing* hurts one's self more than the person who offends them. This in general I can assure you, my Lord Treasurer-Depute, upon all occasions, does say as kind things of you as ever man did of another; and I am told by several hands that his brother does so too. But, so soon as I come to Edinburgh, I shall obey you in giving you a full account of all relating to your signature."

With all his love and respect for Queensberry, whose rise he greatly promoted, Rothes occasionally uses him with much freedom. In the character of Queensberry drawn by Mr Sharpe (see before, p. 251), is noticed his extreme parsimony. We find another note of Mr Sharpe's, in which he says,—"William, Duke of Queensberry, was a man of great parts, and no very tender conscience. He made himself master of much domain in Dumfriesshire, by ways and means perhaps not strictly legal. A saying of his is recorded, on the death of one of his men of business at Lochmaben,—'Gude rest John Alison, and his white pony; if he had lived three years longer, I would have had a' Dumfriesshire in my ain hand.'" Be this good story as it may, the fact of his Grace's attention to the pence column seems to be pleasantly alluded to by the Chancellor Rothes, in the postscript of a letter to him dated from Leslie, 22d August, 1680: "I am very much obliged to my good Lord Middleton for his fine figs; and as for that *insignificant drink-money*, you say you gave his servant, it will be repaid you, when you give me the *ten dollars* you owe, and the *six dollars and a-half* you were due Will Arnot, whose *executor* I shall be in so far as *that* comes."—*Queensberry Papers.*]

[2] ["October, 1680: In one week's time died, first, the Lady Kilburnie, daughter to the late laird of it, on the 12th of that instant; and her husband the laird, second son of the Earl of Lindsay, who got that estate by marrying this laird's daughter, dies also upon the 15th of that instant, *both of a fever*. The sabbath before, they were at the celebration of the Lord's Supper, at the kirk of Beeth. The death of these spouses was much lamented by all sorts of people. They left seven children behind them. Within a few days after, the Lady Blackhall, her sister,

letting blood. To prevent the *politic* fever, in that body, I wish some suitable course were taken. Last week I gave his Royal Highness, [and] the Duke of Lauderdale, account of the growing disorders here, as I did to the Chancellor. If this be not timely prevented, see we have not, or long, another *Bridge*,—I know not if *Bothwell* Bridge. There is something proposed of small garrisons, five or six. I refer you to the Chancellor for this.[1] This may do something to prevent; but the *law* must go with the *sword*, or it will not. Neither will govern alone. I am not for arbitrary government. I am against it. But I say this, as the only way to prevent the *Phanaticks'* arbitrary government,—from which, good Lord deliver you and me. I have given the Duke of Lauderdale account of what ye commanded me. Clavers' commission, as to rebels' goods, is recalled by the Council. So your man will have room for his payment: that ye need not fear. Ye are much concerned to have your country right. Earl Linlithgow, who lays there, told me they are quiet at present.[2] Their fault was never their religion before now. This I doubt not you will prevent. Pardon this freedom from, my Lord, your most faithful and most humble servant,

"Charles Maitland."

The Reverend Robert Law, who seems to have come to his senses on the subject of conventicle principles and practice, (though not of *superstition)*, about the time of Bothwell Bridge, which rising he did not join, fully justifies Lord Hatton's hint, in the above letter, that the state of the body politic required some judicious blood-letting,—the proper physician going therein hand in hand with the man of the lancet. About eight months after the date of the above letter, Law records: "December 1st, 1680: One Skene, brother to the laird of Skene, and related to the Earl of Mar and other noblemen, and one Stewart, a skipper's son, of Borrowstonness, and one Potter, all three being formerly apprehended, did, before the King's Council at Edinburgh, adhere to the

being infected with the same disease, (for it was a pestilentious fever), and coming to Kilburnie to wait on the funerals, she also dies there."—*Law's Memorials*, p. 165. These tragedies occurred about six months after the date of Hatton's letter to Queensberry.]

[1] [This was a measure earnestly pressed on the Government by Claverhouse, as we shall afterwards find from his own letters.]

[2] [Queensberry at this time appears to have been from home.]

late covenant, and Sanquhar declaration ; and being questioned whether they would *kill the King and his counsellors*, if it were in their power ? answered, affirmatively, *they would.* They suffered death the said day at Edinburgh ; the two last having their heads cut off after they were hanged ; the friends of the first having pled that his head might not be cut off, and fixed with the rest. One poor man, present at his execution, declared his adherence to their opinion, and was seized and made prisoner.[1] Another of *that gang* set upon the Earl of Mar's servant, carrying home some things to his Lady. He was a webster, and meeting with the laird of Grange, sets upon him also in the way, and told him he would kill him, *because he was an enemy to God and his people ;* and struck at him with his sword. The gentleman shoots a pistol at him, to *fright* him from him ; but the more eager he grew upon him. At length the gentleman rode him down, and apprehended him. All these deeds they *justify* and *affect martyrdom*, as did the Donatists of old," &c. " *Bloody opinions*, and *practices*, have for their event *bloody ends*, to them that entertain and practise them ; and, indeed, they are nothing else but the *doctrines of Antichrist.*"[2] Most true, Mas Robert Law. Let us now cull an example from Mas Robert Wodrow, a presbyterian chronicler by no means impressed, like the former, with any idea of a natural sequence between " bloody opinions and practices," and " bloody ends." Here is his own version, without a word of condemnation, of the crime, and

[1] [These attempts on the part of the fanatics, to create a riot at the executions of their brethren, were not uncommon ; and very necessary to be instantly put down.]

[2] [Law's Memorials, p. 168, to which Mr Sharpe adds in a note the following quotation from Fountainhall, whose manuscripts were not then printed : " James, brother to the laird of Skene, Archibald Stewart, skipper in Borrowstonness, Hamilton in Broxburn, and Sprewell, apothecary in Glasgow, are apprehended. Skene gave in a petition to the Council for a reprieve, which was granted, to 1st December, but having *repented thereof*, he, Potter, and Stewart, were all three hanged at Edinburgh Cross, the 1st December, 1680, Skene being all clothed in white linen, to his very shoes and stockings, in *affectation* of innocency. Mr John Lauder, younger of Fountainhall, went and conversed them in prison before their death, but they were so bigoted, that he could not get them convinced of their follies, *but were all for cutting off the King.*"—Lord Fountainhall's *Diary*, *MS.*]

the demeanour, of one of his "suffering remnant," and sanctified "wanderers," in the year of God 1681.

"Patrick Foreman is indicted for disowning the King. The probation, is his declaration before the Council, October 1. (1681); where he confesses, that a knife was found on him with this inscription, *For cutting tyrants' throats.* Being asked if that was to *kill the King?* Answers, 'If the King be a tyrant, *why not cut his throat;* and if the Council were true judges, they would have that *posie* on their swords.' Being asked by his Royal Highness[1] if he owned the King's authority? He answered '*not.*' Being asked if he *knew* that was treason? He asked, 'Against whom?' And it being answered, against his Sovereign the King,—he said he *disowned* the King for his King and Sovereign. All this he adheres to before the Justiciary, and *repeats* his *disowning of the King.*"[2]

And this was the fruit of those Conventicles, and the practical application of the doctrines there preached, which have been so absurdly regarded as the national religion of Scotland, while Graham of Claverhouse has been denounced, and held up to execration in history, for daring to suppress them, in terms of his royal commission, with the energetic arm of the outraged executive. And here again the Presbyterian preacher Law, himself repeatedly and justly under the ban of the Government, refers to the above case in a tone of sturdy and honest reprobation, which Wodrow (who, on that account, declines quoting this inconvenient chronicler,) would have done well to have followed:—

"One of them, when *ryped* (searched), was found to have a knife with this inscription engraven on it,—*A knife to cut the throats of tyrants.* This man's hand, to whom this knife belonged, was first cut off before he was hanged. These *odious opinions* they possessed were grounded upon two *wicked* principles, that severals in the land held, as they were *taught* by *corrupt teachers:* 1*st*, That a king, not doing his office, or doing any thing contrary to religion, *ipso facto* is denuded of his royal power: 2*d*, That a tyrannous king may, by *private*

[1] [The Duke of York, who was then presiding in the Council as High Commissioner.]

[2] [Wodrow's History, iii. 286.]

persons, be killed. Which principles are very dangerous. For, by the first, children may rebel against their parents, servants against their masters, tenants against their landlords, upon any *supposed* injury done them by their superiors: By the second, any private person may kill his Prince, upon any supposed mal-administration, though it be not true."[1] Right again, Mas Robert Law. But who were the "corrupt teachers" whom he thus condemns? The whole, without exception, of the conventicle preachers. The Messrs Shields, Cameron, Cargill, Kid, King, Peden, Renwick, and a host besides (all deriving their charters from John Knox), who compose the army of Saints and Martyrs, whom Wodrow arrays in the robes of the Lamb!

Is it then surprising, or does it afford any manifestation of a lawless and oppressive government, that, in the year 1681, an oath should have been framed, applicable to high and low, for the purpose of testing the principles of every public servant in the nation? Is it suprising, that, in framing such a test, at such a crisis, terms could not be found to suit the temper of every shifting faction, or the twinge of every ricketty conscience?]

[Section VII.—*Notes of Affairs in Scotland.—Traits of the Times, and Sketches of Character, from the passing of the Test Act in* 1681 *to the Death of Charles the Second in* 1685.]

1681.

In August of this year was passed the form of oath, to be taken by all persons in public trust, called *The Test*, which afterwards furnished the discontented parties in the kingdom with notable handles. It was said to be an oath contradictory in itself, those clauses being foisted into it by Sir James Dalrymple, President of the Court of Session, a fox now trimming with the fanatics, now siding with the Court, devoid of all conscience, and one who, from the very beginning, seems to have made it his study as much to exalt his body in

[1] [Memorials, p. 206.]

this world, as to debase his soul in the next.[1] The Earl of Argyle, who was either of a more scrupulous conscience, or of a weaker head than his father, would not take this test but with an explication; which gloss was, by the quirking of lawyers, found to be treason. The Earl, who was possessed of heritable jurisdictions towards which the Crown had an eye,[2] was formally tried and condemned. But he contrived to make his escape from the Castle of Edinburgh in the disguise of a page, holding up the train of Lady Sophia Lindsay, who was his daughter-in-law, being married to Mr Charles Campbell, his second son. She got access to the Castle by way of paying him a visit. The Earl escaped very narrowly; for, says Wodrow, "one of the guard suspected him, and took him by the arm rudely enough; but through the good hand of Providence he got off undiscovered."

[Before this escapade of Argyle's, followed ere long by his audacious but feeble peck at the throne in Scotland, and miserable attempt to assume the fanatical throne of his father (for which he so justly forfeited the life Providence no longer interposed to save), he was not held in great account by his compatriots. The Chancellor Rothes, in a letter to Queensberry, dated 25th March 1678, at which time Lauderdale and his Duchess were playing the magnificent in Scotland, enters into a speculation as to which of the Scotch nobility was most likely to be commissioned by his Grace to watch his interest at Court. "To

[1] ["Lord Stair (Sir James Dalrymple, the President), in the draft of the clause, slyly expressed the Protestant religion to be that which was contained in an old Scottish Confession of Faith, which not only was adverse to prelacy, but admitted the lawfulness of resistance. The clause passed without attention, from the implicit confidence of all in the abilities of the person who drew it. *Thus modelled*, the Test was a *bundle of inconsistencies;* for it inferred an obligation on those who took it to conform to any religion the King pleased, and yet to adhere to the Presbyterian religion; to oppose prelacy, and yet to maintain the present constitution of the Church, which was prelacy; and to renounce, and yet affirm, the doctrine of non-resistance."—*Memoirs of Great Britain and Ireland, by Sir John Dalrymple, Bart.*, 1771. This Sir John, into whose line the Earldom of Stair has come, represented the President's second son. He was a Baron of Exchequer, and father of the present Earl. His Memoirs are instructive and amusing, and illustrated with original materials.]

[2] [But the Crown required to have a very sharp eye upon himself (as the event proved), and to meet the quirks of treason with the quirks of the law.]

have nobody there," says Rothes, " to inform for him, and counteract those considerable persons who will be informing against him, I judge will be very unbecoming a wise man; and who he shall send is the question. Argyle? His father's memory stinks there, as here; neither does either his person, or way of converse, recommend him,"[1] &c. But if, as Rothes here asserts, the memory of the Earl's father was so unpleasant in the uncovenanted nostrils of both countries, there is reason to believe, that the person at least of the son gave out the very odour of sanctity. After making his escape from the Castle, he came to take refuge in the house of one Mr Bittlestone at Newcastle, disguised in coarse clothes, and conducted by the notorious Veitch, a minister of the most treasonable stamp: " After they had got a drink, Mrs Bittlestone conveyed them to different rooms; and after some time she went to Argyle's room, being the greatest stranger. He had laid down a fine watch and nightcap upon the table, which did not answer his clothes: he had opened up himself, which perfumed the room. She came quickly back to her husband, and said, ' I am persuaded this is Argyle.'"]

Though these extremes were gone into with the Earl, it is certain there were no serious intentions to deprive him of life. King James asserts this in his diary, and his behaviour previous to the trial strongly proves his veracity. When told by some about him that it was a hard thing, for such a trifle, to threaten a man with forfeiture of life and fortune, he exclaimed,—" Life and fortune! God forbid;"[2] nor would he suffer Lady Sophia Lindsay to be whipt through the town of Edinburgh, though that was offered by the Lords of Council and Session, who quoted the cruelties exercised by Argyle and his sect on the Lady Helen Ogilvy; she, by a similar stratagem, having rescued her brother Lord Ogilvy from the claws of these puritanical furies.[3] The King had sent down-

[1] [Queensberry Papers.]

[2] It is to be remembered that the Marquis of Argyle put John Stewart of Ladywell to death (although perfectly innocent), for leasing making against him, Argyle; and now his own son was condemned under the same obsolete and shameful statute law.—*Note by Mr Sharpe.*

[3] [See Lady Sophia's adventures fully illustrated in Lord Lindsay's charming Lives of the Lindsays, iii. 144–9.]

orders that no sentence should be put in execution till it had obtained his approbation; and though he knew his lurking-place in London, would not suffer him to be seized. The Duchess of Lauderdale was said to have deserted her usual prudence on this occasion, to shelter the father-in-law of her daughter. He at length escaped into Holland; leaving behind him a manifestation, according to the *rigid* whigs, of God's judgment upon those who had ever lent a hand to the work of persecution; but, according to the *milder*, on such as were barbarous to the creditors and vassals of their fathers, and of themselves; as, by the Earl's cruelty, many of that description were, according to Fountainhall, actually starving.

Argyle had sought and obtained from the Lauderdale Government military aid, to assist him in some of his feuds with his Highland neighbours. In a letter from Rothes to Queensberry, of date 28th May 1679, shortly after the murder of the Archbishop, the Chancellor says:—"I was earnestly desired by the Committee of the Council, at my Lord Argyle's request, to call a Council against the 27th instant, which I did, and kept. The affair we had in hand was,—Argyle's party being *too strong* for him, he would have had some of our standing forces sent to his assistance. But, downright, I have carried in Council, that we can spare none of them at this juncture. It is certain he is in an ill condition; but if he has *brewn well*, let him *drink the better*. For we are assured that those hundred of the King's forces that are there already, have *mutinied* and absolutely denied him assistance, being clearly *starved*, having scarce bread and water to live upon; and which I would have done myself, if in that condition."[1]

All natural sympathy for the Earl of Argyle, upon the melancholy occasion of his execution, is deadened, and rendered almost unjust, by the notorious fact, that he was present at, and conspicuously enjoying, along with his young bride, the last indignities heaped upon the murdered Montrose in 1650. Argyle's original sentence may have proceeded upon too narrow grounds; but the eventual execution of it, was entirely the consequence of his subsequent invasion of the kingdom

[1] [Queensberry Papers.]

and throne,—a deadly crime, requiring no new trial to prove it. No head ever fell on the scaffold more worthy of that death. No enviable memorial of his fame is this praise of him, —"Thus died this excellent and truly good and great man,"— written by Wodrow, who, in recording the public characters of those times, never failed to speak evil of the good, and good of the evil. An instance of Wodrow's disingenuousness relative to this great state criminal must here be noted:—He weaves a fanatical romance, with verbose sentimentality, of a placid slumber of the Earl's, after his last meal, and immediately before his execution, which slumber, he adds, "affords a charming view of the power of religion, and a *peaceful conscience*, in the greatest of shocks." Now, when dressing up an apocryphal story of "one of the principal managers" having nearly lost his senses, conscience stricken at the unexpected sight of this saint-like repose, Wodrow himself was aware of a *physical* cause, which would have entirely marred his story, had he been so honest as to add it. In his *unpublished* Collections, he had noted the following information: "In some of the scuffles of these times, a bullet lighted upon a wall, of a castle he (the Earl of Argyle) was in, and rebounding, struck him on the head, and *cracked his skull;* and it was trepanned, and the *piece taken out.* This made the Earl that he *behoved still* (*i. e.* always) to sleep after meat an hour or more; and that day he was execute, he *behoved* to have his sleep after dinner."[1] The sleep was *coma.*]

The squeamishness of the Earl, however, made a great impression upon the whole body of the whigs, who stoutly withstood the test. Several persons of rank absolutely refused to swear it; and, among others, as we learn from Wodrow, the godly Duchess of Rothes, who thereby deprived herself of her power to hold Sheriff courts, or to capacitate others so to do. The good woman could swallow no such novelties; in sooth she was a tender-conscienced vessel, and would have choked as heartily on this oath, as a sister puritan once did on an apple tart bottomed with a fragment of the Apocrypha. The test in a short time became the touchstone of loyalty, and was enforced on all suspected persons. The whigs composed

[1] [See Wodrow's *Analecta*, ii. 139, and compare with his *History*, iv. 302.]

another Declaration, against the Duke of York, the Parliament, and the Test. This is termed the Lanark Declaration, which very shortly afterwards served to augment the fire in which the Solemn League and Covenant, the Rutherglen and Sanquhar Declarations, and the libel called Cargill's Covenant, were consumed by order of the Privy Council of Scotland.

We have very particular reason to know that Claverhouse, on the 26th of November 1681, was nearly drowned in his passage from Bruntisland to Leith; for the storm is celebrated by one Alexander Tyler, the clergyman of Kinnettles, in Angusshire, in a very curious strain of poetry, entitled,—"The Tempest, being an account of a dangerous passage from Burnt-Island to Leith, in a boat called the Blessing, in company of Claverhouse, several gentlewomen, ministers, and a whole throng of common passengers; upon the 26th of November, 1681. Reprinted 1685."

"No sooner set we sail on board the Blessing,
When Eolus set a Fowler's cape on Fishing:
And while we're scarce put forth without the Heads,
Neptune spits o'er our mast his watery beads.
Sooner than you can wink, the furious gale
Like shot unseen till felt, doth us assail;
And what on shore seems but a gust to them,
Is to us a storm might bear a tempest's name.
We climb straight hills of seas, as if we meant
To invade the Heavens and scale the firmament;
And when we're on the steep wave's further breast,
We seem to seek the centre for our rest;
We skip on seas proud tops, as if we flew,
Anon plung'd down, as if Hell's mouth we plew.
A watery dust the foaming billows raise,
Puffing rain upwards, mingling clouds with seas;
Each monstrous mountain wave still upward hies,
With watery mouth to kiss and wet the skies;
And underneath so deep a rolling pit,
That Hell's a shallowness compared to it."

[After much in the same strain, descriptive of a dreadful storm, the poet touches on the effect of all this upon the nerves of the skipper Douglas and his sailors, the ministers

(described as more apt to preach contempt of death than evince it practically), Claverhouse, the gentlewomen, and the horses. The lines bestowed on Claverhouse, to whom he is more complimentary, are as follows.]

"Courage is still the same, on land, at sea;
He who can boldly kill dares bravely die.
Yet he whose ire hath smiled on seas of blood,[1]
Looks pale on water, in his coolest mood;
Souldiers stern fire abhors the death of slaves;
It can't resist, nor vengeance wreck on waves.
Mars crops his fame on camps, fields, cities hie,
But what's ten thousand swords against a sea?
* * * * * *
The sea bears us, and we bear up a sea
Of many tuns, to Leith's port, custom free.
We shake our ears, hats, clothes, and in a trice
We creep on shore, like water-ducked flies.
That we 'scap'd monsters' maws, and our last fishing,
God, *by good Douglas*, gave us't with a *Blessing*."[2]

1682.

King Charles the Second observed, that there never was a rebellion in Scotland without a Campbell or a Dalrymple at the bottom of it.

"To Stair allow, as he deserves, much space,
And round about him the Dalrymple race;
Describe how they their Sovereign did betray,
And sold their nation's liberty away."[3]

The exertions of Claverhouse to repress *whiggery*, were much opposed by Sir John Dalrymple of Stair. From the remission granted in 1686 to the exiled President, Sir James Dalrymple, (through the interest of his son, Sir John, who at

[1] [This must refer to the renown acquired by Claverhouse under the Prince of Orange; for he had acquired no fame in Scotland as "Bloody Clavers," so early as 1681.]

[2] This poem is printed at the end of one much longer, called "Memoirs of the Life and Actions of the most invincible and triumphant Prince John the Great, third of that name, present King of Poland," &c. "Edinburgh, printed by the heir of Andrew Anderson."—*Note by Mr Sharpe.*

[3] Struan Robertson's advice to a painter.—*Note by Mr Sharpe.*

that time contrived to be made Lord Advocate,) it appears, that the old man had not only favoured the meaner rebels, but fostered the prophet Peden, and other vagrant preachers, in his house, where he had them preaching, and baptizing children. [Wodrow himself gives us the terms of the remission: "In February, 1686, Sir James Dalrymple of Stair's son is made King's Advocate, and it had not been decent for the son to manage a criminal process against so good a man, and father; and therefore, that day when he is admitted, the father's process is delayed till March 28th, when a remission is produced, read and recorded, to Sir James Dalrymple of Stair, for his resetting, harbouring, and receiving mail and duty from rebels and traitors, upon his ground, in the years 1679, 80, 81, 82, 83; John Dick in Banban, Quintin Dick in Dalmellington, and many others; and for resetting and harbouring Mr Alexander Lennox, Mr Alexander Ross, Mr Alexander Peden, and Mr Alexander Hamilton, vagrant preachers, and suffering them to preach, and baptize children in his house, and for his drawing a petition for, and advising some of the rebels."[1] We may judge of the principles, and the companionship, which had driven so able a President from the Bench, and from his country, when it is remembered, that Mr Alexander Peden is the man who laid his hand publicly and solemnly upon the head of a sturdy disciple, and said,—"John, have at the unhappy race of the name of Stewart: Off the throne of Britain they shall go, if all the world would set side and shoulder to keep them on."[2] And this, too, explains the meaning of a passage we have elsewhere quoted, from one of Claverhouse's letters to Queensberry, where he says, writing on the 5th of March 1682, from Wigtonshire,—"Here in the shire I find the lairds all following the example of a *late* great man, and still a considerable heritor here among them; which is, to live regularly themselves, but have their houses constant haunts of rebels and intercommuned persons,

[1] [Wodrow, *Hist.* iv. p. 355.

"October 1682. Sir James Dalrymple of Stairs, late President of the Session, fearing to be apprehended and impeached, fled to Holland, and afterwards was summoned at the pier of Leith for compearance."—*Law's Memorials*, p. 236.]

[2] [See before, p. 151.]

and have their children baptized by the same; and then lay all the blame *on their wives*, condemning them, and swearing they cannot help what is done in their absence. But I am resolved this jest shall pass no longer here; for it is laughing and fooling the Government; and it will be of more consequence to punish one considerable laird, than a hundred little bodies. Besides, it is *juster;* because these only sin by the example of those."[1]]

Sir John Dalrymple's principles, though well known, had ever escaped punishment through his consummate cunning. To save his own and his father's tenants from the imposition of fines (imposed by Claverhouse in terms of his commission), he pretended to fine them himself, as heritable Bailie of the Regality of Glenluce. He stirred up sedition in Galloway by every method in his power; and resisted, by virtue of his own heritable office, the powers conferred upon Claverhouse by the Privy Council. He put rebellious persons as deputes in his office, and refrained from administering the test to them long after the time prescribed by act of Parliament. He, together with his father, offered £150 to Captain Graham to connive at the irregularities of his mother the Lady Stairs, his sisters, and others; and when Graham had proclaimed a Court to be held, did insolently laugh at it, and forbid his vassals to attend. At a head Court, he himself produced an instrument against that officer, alleging that he had exacted free quarters for his men; and he afterwards pretended that the people were not bound to furnish hay and straw to the troops. Their commander laid hold of some of his tenants, and clapt them up

[1] [See before, p. 133; and *note*, where Claverhouse's allusion to "a late great man," we had erroneously referred to Sir John Dalrymple. Undoubtedly, his father Sir James, the ex-President, is meant; whose ruling-elder of a wife, Dame Margaret Ross, has been so powerfully embodied by Sir Walter Scott, in that dreadful personage the mother of "Lucy Ashton." The above quoted announcement by Claverhouse sufficiently accounts for the virulence with which Sir John Dalrymple immediately assailed him in a process of complaint addressed to the Privy Council. The assault was so sudden and cunning, and so little disposition was there among the great men to favour the rising Graham, that the case, imperfectly understood, at first seemed to go against him. But Claverhouse, who well knew that all the truth was with himself, as well as every principle of justice, and sound policy, insisted upon a more complete investigation, and succeeded in exposing the future hero of Glencoe.]

in jail till they should pay the fines he thought fit to impose. Sir John, in high dudgeon, applied to the Privy Council, alleging that he himself had before fined these fellows; whom, accordingly, the Council liberated. But Graham, unable to brook this, some time afterwards gave in a bill of complaint against Sir John, stating his misconduct, and complaining that he had defamed him to the Privy Councillors, by affirming, that he exacted free quarters, and fines which were never, or at least falsely, accounted for to the Exchequer; that he had usurped the King's privilege, by *pardoning* Hay of Park, and others guilty of fanaticism; and that all this falsehood was contained in a libel against him, which Sir John had *intended* to present to the Council, and which ought to be proved; or the author of such infamous scandal punished.

Sir John's answers were read, and the Chancellor reproved him for his tart reflections on Captain Graham's "ingenuity." He offered probation of some points, but that was disallowed. Fountainhall, who was one of Sir John's advocates, says that there was much "transport, flame, and humour" on the occasion. Sir John alleging that the people in Galloway were *orderly* and *regular*, Graham answered, that there were as many *elephants* and *crocodiles*, in Galloway, as loyal or regular persons.[1] Finally, and after mature consideration, the Council found that Claverhouse had done nothing but what was entirely legal, and agreeable to the tenor of his commission and instructions; the Chancellor, Aberdeen, telling him, that he and his colleagues were surprised by the wariness with which he, not being a lawyer, had conducted himself, in so irregular a part of Scotland; and giving him the Council's thanks; for it appears, the West had been brought into conformity and reformation through his means. But Sir John, though a lawyer, and Bailie of the Regality of Glenluce, was found to have exceeded his bounds, weakened the hands of his Majesty's authority and Councils, and their commissions, and to have interfered with them; and therefore, they declared

[1] [He had the best experience of this. The outburst about elephants and crocodiles indicates a vein of energetic humour which Claverhouse frequently displayed. It is amusing to find the whig lawyer, Fountainhall, chiding the figurative expression, with great gravity, as a *bold thing to say of a whole district.*]

the said Sir John to lose his heritable bailiery during his lifetime ; and to pay £500 *sterling* of fine ; and to enter that night (12th February 1683) into prison in the castle of Edinburgh, to lie there not only till he paid it, but during the Council's pleasure. Some were for £1000 *sterling* fine. On the 20th he was liberated, after having paid his fine, acknowledged his rashness, and requested pardon of the Council.[1]

This Sir John was son of Sir James Dalrymple, President of the Court of Session, who had been turned out of his office for his behaviour respecting the test, which he first in part framed, and then would not subscribe ; and having a very nest in his estates towards which the whigs flew, he thought fit at this time to retire to Holland, lest he should be more severely handled for his misdeeds. He was restored to his office, and created a Viscount, by the Prince of Orange, after the Revolution. Sir John, his son before mentioned, the first Earl of Stair, was a flagitious wretch, a very disgrace to human nature. After this castigation, bestowed upon him by Claverhouse, he was again seized, and confined for three months in the Tolbooth of Edinburgh, from whence it would have been lucky for his reputation had he been conducted to conclude his life in the Grassmarket. But he contrived to preserve himself, and acted the hypocrite so artfully, that King James, in the year 1687, actually made him Lord Advocate in the place of Sir George Mackenzie, who opposed the repeal of the penal laws against popery. In this station the naughty varlet ran into all the measures of the Court, and as violently sided with the promoters of the Revolution. But this is saintly innocence to what ensued; for he was the principal contriver and abettor of the massacre of Glencoe, a piece of villany which reflects an everlasting reproach upon our annals,—a scene of blood that should be buried in eternal oblivion. Lockhart, in his history of the Union, asserts, that he was the origin, and principal instrument, of all the misfortunes which befel the King and kingdom. That he bragged of having advised James to repeal the penal laws in order to ruin him. That he, underhand, carried on the Revolution in Scotland in the same manner as Lord Sunderland managed it in England.

[1] Fountainhall, pp. 191, 201, 220.—*Note by Mr Sharpe.*

That he was the contriver of Glencoe; and had a principal hand in the plot trumped up to destroy the Cavaliers and country parties in Scotland, by means of that scoundrel Simon Lord Lovat. Mr Laing, giving an account of Dalrymple's nefarious conduct respecting the affair of Glencoe, observes, that he had imbibed the bloody spirit of Lauderdale's administration. In the first place, he had little or nothing to do with Lauderdale's administration. Secondly, it is needless to suppose adventitious causes, for the sake of party, when there is such apparent original wickedness. But this is a true sample of the *science of reflection* (in historical composition), and Mr Laing's work can furnish a great many more. Sir John himself might have instructed and matured the worst administration in the world. If he caught anything from Duke Lauderdale's, 'twas in the manner that Falstaff did from Doll Tearsheet:

> "*Fal.* We catch of you, Doll, we catch of you; grant that, my poor virtue, grant that.
> *Doll.* Ay, marry; *our chains*, and *our jewels*."

No punishment pursued his crimes in this world; for William and Anne supported and ennobled him; and the popular detestation under which he existed, could in no manner affect a creature of his base dispositions. In after times, when urging the union of the kingdoms, Fletcher of Saltoun plainly told him, in the face of the Parliament, that had he obtained his due reward, he would have been hanged long before that time. He died of an apoplexy, before the completion of the union.[1]

[The admirable tact and temper with which Claverhouse, in 1682, effected a reformation in Galloway, the whole influ-

[1] [It is remarkable that Claverhouse, Charles Sharpe, and Lord Macaulay, are all agreed as to the character of the statesman of Glencoe. In a letter to Queensberry, of date 19th May 1684, Claverhouse passionately exclaims,—"The Duke (of York) is juster than to charge my Lord Dundonald with Sir John's (Dalrymple) crimes; he is a *mad man*, and let him perish; they deserve to be damned would own him." Lord Macaulay has discovered two blots in the character of King William: 1st, He "devoured the whole dish of the first green peas of the year, without offering a spoonful to the Princess Anne;" 2d, He committed "a great fault, a fault *amounting to a crime*,"—in not having *hanged Sir John Dalrymple!*]

Suum cuique.—P. 324.

In a quotation from one of Claverhouse's letters to the Duke of Queensberry (given in a note to p. 324 of this volume), wherein he pronounces of a certain "*Sir John*," that,—"he is a madman, and let him perish; they deserve to be damned would own him,"—we had hastily assumed this to be meant of Sir John Dalrymple of Stair. On reconsideration, we believe it to apply to Sir John Cochrane of Ochiltree, as will be shown more particularly in our next volume, containing the whole letter.

ence of the house of Stair working against him, shall presently be illustrated from his own correspondence. The quiet, indeed, was very temporary, and he had no great faith in it himself, unless Government would establish sufficient garrisons throughout that inflamed district. He obtained, however, much credit for what he had done, and in certain quarters excited no little jealousy. His success is particularly pointed at in a commendatory poem of the period, entitled,—"The Muse's New Year's Gift, and Hansell, to the right honoured Captain John Graham of Claverhouse: January 1683." These inharmonious numbers are only worthy of being quoted for the sake of a few facts they contain:

"My Muse will sing the glories of his fame:
From great Montrose he is the brightest beam
That gilds with lustre our north hemisphere;
Like that great hero he himself does bear.
* * * * *
War was his early mistress: his first aim,
Through untrod ways to court uncommon fame.
* * * * *
Unto the allies' camp he does resort,
And is advanced to the *great Orange Court.*
* * * * *
I saw the man who at St Neff did see
His conduct, prowess, martial gallantry:
He wore a *white plumach* that day; not one
Of Belgians, wore a white, but him alone;
And though that day was fatal, yet he fought,
And for his part fair triumphs with him brought.
* * * * *
The brave *reformer of great Galloway-shire*,
I hope he will to *Colonel's* place aspire:
His martial troops does scour around the fields,
So that no hole a shelter rebels yields;
On Halcyon wings, Scots' glory does restore,
Beyond the ocean, to Columbus' shore."[1]

By his contest with Sir John Dalrymple, Claverhouse not only obtained the opportunity of triumphantly proving that his whole proceedings were entirely consistent with an unim-

[1] [Printed from the MS. in the "Fugitive Scottish Poetry of the 17th Century; edited by David Laing, Esq., 1825.]

peachable exercise of his commission, and a most judicious fulfilment of his duty, but the confidence in his abilities and energy thus inspired, led to immediate and high promotion. In a letter from the Duke of York to Queensberry, dated 2d December 1682, his Royal Highness says,—"I am absolutely of your mind as to Claverhouse; and think his presence more necessary in Galloway than any where else; for he need not fear any thing Stairs can say of him, his Majesty being so well satisfied with him."[1] Accordingly, not many days thereafter, he receives the following new commission, dated Whitehall, 25th December 1682, superscribed by Charles the Second, countersigned by the Secretary Middleton, and addressed to "John Graham of Claverhouse, greeting":—

"Having now for the good of our service, thought fit to form into a regiment, those three standing troops of horse (excluding our troop of guard) in our ancient kingdom of Scotland, and to order the raising of a fourth to be added thereunto, We, being very well informed, and having had frequent proofs of your loyalty, courage, and good conduct, have nominated, constituted, and appointed, and by these presents do nominate, constitute, and appoint you to be Colonel of our said regiment of horse, as also Captain of a troop therein. You are therefore carefully and diligently to discharge the duty of a Colonel and Captain respectively, by exercising the same in arms, both officers and soldiers, and keeping them in good order and discipline. And we do hereby command them to obey you as their Colonel and Captain respectively; and yourself likewise exactly to observe and follow all such orders, directions, and commands, as you shall from time to time receive from Us, our most dear and most entirely beloved brother James Duke of Albany and York, our High Commissioner, or our Privy Council of that our kingdom, our Lieutenant-General and Commander-in-chief of our forces there, now or for the time being, or any other your superior officer, according to the rules and discipline of war, in pursuance of the trust reposed in you."][2]

[1] [Queensberry Papers.]

[2] [Duntroon Papers. At the same time the King writes to his Council in Scotland, 25th December 1682: "Whereas we have thought fit, for the good of our ser-

On the 24th of August, 1682, died, near Tunbridge Wells, John Duke of Lauderdale, who during a great part of his sway over Scotland, was almost an absolute monarch there. His declining credit at Court, and his prodigious bulk, were thought to have hastened his death. He was Earl of Lauderdale, Marquis of March, and Duke of Lauderdale in Scotland; Baron Petersham and Earl of Guildford in England. He preserved his credit with the King longer than any other statesman, and time alone, which dulled his extraordinary faculties, withdrew the confidence of his master.[1] Though he had acquired immense sums of money at various periods, yet his extravagance equalled his rapacity, and the Duchess took care to secure so much of his estate, and other property, to herself, that his brother (Charles Maitland, Lord Hatton), who was his male heir, had little to boast of in the richness of his succession. Hatton went to law with her Grace concerning her legacies; and for a long time the heads of the law lords were distracted with their litigation.[2]

When the Duchess of Lauderdale came down to Scotland, she took such state upon her, and proved so rapacious, that she speedily incurred the hatred of the whole nation, which vented itself in a variety of lampoons, still preserved in MS., more remarkable for their ill-nature than delicacy. A parody was made on Lord Dorset's song, beginning,—"Methinks this poor town has been troubled too long,"—which gives a list of the Duchess's lovers:

vice, to reduce one hundred soldiers out of the ten companies of our regiment of guards of that our ancient kingdom, being ten out of every company, and as many out of our regiment, commanded by the Earl of Mar; as also, nine horsemen out of each of our three (late independent) troops of horse here, in order to the raising of a new troop of horse, to be added to the other three, and all the four to be formed into a regiment of horse, whereof we have appointed our right trusty and well-beloved John Graham of Claverhouse to be Colonel,"—therefore the Council are required to issue the necessary orders to the Lieutenant-General commanding in chief.—*Privy Council Register.*]

[1] [The correspondence to be produced in a subsequent part of these Memorials, will prove the accuracy of this statement by Mr Sharpe.]

[2] [The Duke of York, in a letter to Queensberry, dated June 3d, 1682, referring to Lauderdale, says,—"I believe he will not hold out much longer, being so very broken both in understanding and body."—*Queensberry Papers.*]

"Methinks this poor land hath been troubled too long,
With Hatton, and Dysart, and old Lidington,—
While justice provokes me in rhyme to express
The truth which I know of my bonnie old Bess.
She is Bess of my heart; she was Bess of Old Noll;
She was once Fleetwood's Bess, and she's now of Athole;
She's Bessie of Church, and Bessie of State, &c. &c.

After she had contrived to make the Duke settle every thing he could upon herself and her son by Sir Lionell Tolmache, she was accused of using him most cruelly during a disorder brought on by old age, chagrin, and extreme corpulence.[1] She died June 1696, and was buried at Petersham. Her son, Lionell, Lord Dysart, was as covetous as his mother, if we can rely upon the authority of Mrs Manley, who styles him an "old curmudgeon," and says he kept a house like the temple of famine; well nigh starving his son, Lord Huntingtower, who married, contrary to his inclination, a natural daughter of the Duke of Devonshire.

1683.

Claverhouse, in the south, severely searched for delinquents, causing much terror to the whigs, who retired to the mountainous parts of Galloway and Nithsdale, where they were joined by many persons of their persuasion from other parts of Scotland. The soldiers (commanded parties) came upon the houses of the suspected in the night. According to Wodrow, Graham made great use of one John Gib in these affairs, who went through the parish of Carsphairn, and the neighbourhood, with little books and sermons to sell, pretending to be a whig, by which means he got into the confidence of the party, but was at length discovered by them. He also records how he seized upon one David M'Millan, who had been at Bothwell, and sent him into Edinburgh to be tried, where he stood stoutly to his principles, and was hanged in the Grassmarket, 16th May, 1683. [And, however stoutly he deter-

[1] [Sir George Mackenzie of Tarbet, writing to Queensberry, from Windsor, 26th August 1682, says,—"The Duchess of Lauderdale hath crowned her kindness to her late lord, by urging him to drink the waters, which all foretold would kill him; and so it hath fallen out accordingly."—*Queensberry Papers.*]

mined to die, surely no one more deservedly, and as a measure of justice and necessity, was ever consigned into the hands of the hangman. From his apologist Wodrow himself we learn, that, when before the committee of Council,—"Being asked who took him, and for what? He answered, Claverhouse, for being at Bothwell.[1] Then he was questioned, Do you not count Bothwell rebellion? No, answered he, it was in defence of the truth. Next he was asked, do you acknowledge lawful authority? He answered, he is not a Christian that does not so. But, add they, do you acknowledge the present authority? Answer,—'In so far as *he hath kept his engagement*, according to the *word of God.*' Then he was asked, 'will you take on to be a soldier, and go over the sea? for if you abide here you will be hanged? He answered,—'being under your power now, I will not cut out mine own lot.'" Such, under the teaching, and denunciations, of their dastardly preachers, who were ever more anxious to press the crown of martyrdom upon their disciples, than to wear it themselves, is as we have seen, the common type of all those sainted sufferers whom Wodrow canonizes, and upon whose martyrdoms, mingled with many vile falsehoods, he founds that satanic character of Claverhouse, and other statesmen, which Lord Macaulay has condescended to electrotype. This man David M'Millan, besides what we have quoted, obstinately refused to admit that the death of the Primate was a murder. He repeated refused the test offered to him to save his life. "He was told," says Wodrow, "there was yet room to renounce his ill principles that took him to Bothwell, by taking the test." He refused. "The Assize brought him in guilty of being at Bothwell in arms, and judicially owning the lawfulness of joining with those who were there; and the Lords adjudged him to be hanged at the Grassmarket, May 16th, 'twixt two and four in the afternoon. When the dempster was reading his sentence, he was stopt in the middle, and David was told, if the sentence was read out, he could not get it recalled, and the test was offered him. His answer was,—*Go on;* and when it was read out, one of them said, 'What think you of it now?' David answered, it was very wel-

[1] [Surely a very good reason for his being apprehended.]

come."[1] There are modes of obtaining the crown of martyrdom through the gallows, for those who have been excited to their ruin by some toad at their ear, which not the utmost forbearance, and ingenuity, of the most humane tribunal on earth, could by any possibility prevent.] The farewells of the whigs should have been couched more in the words of Colledge, the Protestant Joiner :—

" A long farewell to all that's great,
Daring and bold in mortal wight,
Farewell my burning zeal and heat,
I now must bid you all good night.
The fatal rope,
Bane of my hope,
Has ruin'd all the mighty feat.

" Adieu my horse, my blunderbuss,
My buff, my case of pistols eke,
Which should have brought all under us,
And made the popish Tories sneak ;
Adieu ye whigs,
Poor protestant pigs,
The Tories now will thunder us."

On the 22d of May, (1683), Graham of Claverhouse was made a Privy Counsellor for his unwearied diligence in the service of the Goverment. About the same time, the Scottish Council resolving that Circuit Courts would have a salutary effect in the fanatical shires, obtained the King's approbation of their plan, and published a proclamation appointing them to be held in three following months. The test was to be administered freely to those delinquents who were willing thereby to escape from punishment. On June the fourth, just before the judges went upon the circuit, the Council appointed Graham of Claverhouse, Urquhart of Meldrum, Riddell of Haining, Ker of Graden, Major White, Sir John Whiteford of Milton, and John Skene of Halyards,—who had received commission from the Council, or Treasurer, concerning the discovery of rebels or their resetters, and for securing and sequestrating their goods,—with their deputes, and clerks, to attend the Justices with their books, papers, depositions, and

[1] [Wodrow, *Hist.* iii. 456.]

any informations they could give, and that they should be in readiness to depone on oath concerning any person guilty of treason, or reset of rebels, or whatever should be enquired of them by the Justices.

In these circuits the fanatics met with deserved measure of correction. In June the Court sat in Dumfries. In the account of the town's expenses on that occasion, the following items occur: "June 26th (1683), *Item*, from the said day to the second day of July, being six days, for a pound of candle ilk night to Claverhouse's troop when they kept guard the time the Judges were here,—£1, 10s., *Scots*. *Item*, for deals and nails for raising a seat to my Lord Justice-Clerk,—£2, 10s., *Scots*," &c., &c.[1]

[This important Justiciary Circuit, which commenced at Stirling on the 5th of June, 1683, was inaugurated by an event which Wodrow well knew afforded the strongest justification for that activity on the part of the Government he is pleased to record as persecution, and therefore he narrates the event in his accustomed jesuitical manner. "Towards the beginning of June," he says, "a party of soldiers, who had seized one Alexander Smith, an outlawed countryman, and and were carrying him, *I think*, to Edinburgh,[2] were attacked by some few country people, friends to the said Alexander, in arms at Inchbelly Bridge, six miles from Glasgow, in the road to Edinburgh, and the prisoner was by force taken from them. In the *rencounter* some were wounded on *both sides*, and one of the soldiers was killed. The country people retired with their friend *in good order*, and went off." In short, Wodrow here indicates his own historic pride and pleasure, in that brilliant success in arms of his friends "the suffering remnant." But mortals would call this a violent and treasonable deforcement, by armed rebels, rescuing a state prisoner from the custody of the military, one of whom they slaughter in that desperate act. Our chronicler then proceeds to record the unreasonably violent conduct of the military—Lord

[1] [A fuller illustration of the proceedings of this Court, and of Claverhouse's part therein, will be found in the part of these Memorials containing his correspondence.]

[2] [They were carrying him from Edinburgh to be tried at the circuit.]

Macaulay's Apollyon and Beelzebub—after their defeat. "The soldiers rallied in a little time, and in *great rage and fury* fell a searching the places near by, though by this time the party who had attacked them were retired a good way from them; and in a wood, not far from the place of action, they found John M'Wharry, and James Smith, sitting without any arms, having two only walking staves in their hands." These cunning delinquents, it seems, eventually suffered the last penalty of the law applicable to such murderous treason, and so became duly canonized and crowned, in the "Cloud of Witnesses," after the glorious Revolution of 1688. But Wodrow maintains that they were not of the party who deforced the military. "*Some papers* say,"—his usual mode of proof,—"that the soldiers *suborned* two of their number to depone they saw them kill the soldier at Inchbelly Bridge, when the prisoner was relieved;" and forthwith the martyrologist proceeds stoutly to argue that these were innocent men, consigned by a lawless government to the horrible fate of felons and murderers.[1] Wodrow gave his own version when he said, that this was a "rencounter," in which "some were wounded on both sides." It was an ambuscade, as cowardly as it was deadly; and ere long a like bloody scene, equally disastrous to the military, was enacted at Enterkin Path. The lurking felons at Inchbelly Bridge carried off the rescued prisoner, escaping in perfect safety themselves. On the 8th of June, (1683), Duke Hamilton (the leader of the opposition cabal against the measures of the Court), thus writes to the Prime Minister, Queensberry:—

"The occasion of this letter is to tell you, that this day the Marquis of Montrose, being at dinner with me, an express followed him from Glasgow to let him know, that, at Inchbelly Bridge, a party of five of the Guards bringing a prisoner from Edinburgh that they call Smith, was set on by twelve of the rebels, who rescued the prisoner, and killed two of the Guards on the place. I am afraid this shall not be the last of these disorders, if we have many declared fugitive. I have given directions, to all my concerns hereabouts, to inform themselves of any rebels that is seen, and give me notice; and we shall have a great

[1] [Wodrow's *Hist.* vol. iii. p. 484.]

number here on Monday of the heritors of this shire, to go to meet the Justices at Glasgow, where your commands, if you have any for me, will find me for some days. I have ordered my Sheriff-depute to send an express to you with this."

On the following day, his Grace again writes to the Lord Treasurer, dating from "Hamilton, 9th June, nine in the morning:"—

"The alarm the Marquis of Montrose got here, of a party of his troop being beat, and a prisoner relieved, put us in some confusion; then supposing the party of rebels had been greater than they were that had done it; but as I wrote to you, having sent out severals to try about it, I find they were but seven footmen of the rebels, who had darned themselves in a house, on a strait pass on the high way, and when the five of the guard came by with the prisoner, they *surprised them*, and shot one dead, hurt another, and relieved the prisoner. This you will think pretty bold, for seven foot to attack five of the Guards, and *come safe off*, without any loss. They dissipate at a moss, a little on the side of the place, and three of them came to the south, and four went westward. Of the three that came this way, some of my people had the good fortune to catch two,[1] who was brought here last night, and the *insolentest rogues* that ever I spoke to. When I examined them, they would scarce give me civil answers, let be to confess a word. I sent immediately to Glasgow for a party to carry them away, which came this morning by five, and dispatching them is the reason I have been so long in doing so to your footman."[2]]

[1] [So these two were not apprehended, as Wodrow has it, by the soldiers, "in great rage and fury," but by the Duke of Hamilton's people, and brought before his Grace, heritable Sheriff of the district, for examination.]

[2] [*Queensberry Papers.* The writer is William Douglas, Duke of Hamilton, of whom afterwards. The Marquis of Montrose mentioned, is the third Marquis, who wrote so earnestly about Claverhouse joining the Guards. See before, p. 183. This most promising young nobleman died, by an untimely fate, in the month of April following, much lamented. The Duke of York thus writes to Queensberry, in a letter dated Loudon, 1st May, 1684:—"I have had several of yours to answer, the last of which is of the 25th, and shall only tell you now, that I was very much troubled to hear by it that my Lord Montrose was dead. The King has had a great loss of him. As to his troop, his Majesty has been pleased to confer it upon Lord Livingston, that is the Lieutenant. The Cornet Murray will be advanced; and I intend to desire his Majesty to give the Cornet's place to Captain Hume, that commands the grenadiers; and his company to Meldrum's brother, that is now in Dumbarton's regiment."]

1684.

The Council thought fit that husbands should be liable in fines for the church irregularities of their wives. On occasion of a petition presented by Sir William Scott of Harden, whose wife was a most obstinate conventicler, the Lords sent up their reasons to the King, and, says Wodrow, " an answer from the King came down, February 12, (1684), bearing, ' That his Majesty approves husbands being fined for their wives; but authorizes the Council to dispense with the fines on loyal husbands, who do not connive at their obstinate wives' ways, and are willing to deliver them prisoners.'"[1]

On the 3d of January a new commission is granted to David Graham, brother to Claverhouse; Bruce of Earlshall; Captain Strachan; James Alexander, Sheriff-depute of Dumfries;[2] the eldest Bailie for the time there; James Johnston of Westerraw, Sheriff-depute of Annandale; Thomas Lidderdale of Isle, Stewart-depute of Kirkcudbright; William Graham, Cornet to Claverhouse;[3] and on the 4th, the Lords join in commission with these, Sir Patrick Maxwell of Springkell; Robert Laurie of Maxweltoun; Thomas Kirkpatrick of Closeburn; James Johnstoun of Corehead; James Fergusson of Craigdarroch; and M'Gie of Balmagie. This Court sat in the Tolbooth of Dumfries. Any three of these were entitled to sit for judging desperate rebels in Dumfries, Kirkcudbright, Wigton, and Annandale; and for other districts, commissions of a like nature were issued. About that time the jail of Dumfries was so crowded with prisoners, that vaults in the castle were employed to confine them. Courts were held for several months, and many people tried, among whom the most remarkable was Alexander Gordon of Kilstures in Galloway. He was proved to have been seen near Bothwell,

[1] [See before, Colonel Graham's opinion of the necessity of this measure, p. 133. The long paper of detailed Reasons for proposing such a measure, commences with this very sufficient one, " That except husbands be liable for the fines, the fine was no punishment, because women, who were the great transgressors in this point, have no estate out of which they can pay the fines." The Reasons are printed in Wodrow.]

[2] [James Alexander was a depute appointed by the Earl of Queensberry, as heritable Sheriff, and not by Government.]

[3] [Who therefore certainly was not killed at Drumclog in 1679.]

" mounted upon a grey horse, with pistols and sword, and a cap upon his head lined with grey, which was proved to be a steel cap." He made great concessions to his judges, but was sent into Edinburgh with three others.

25th June 1684.—Gabriel Hamilton, banished to America; John M'Chesnae, ditto; John Hunter, guilty, but made submission, and was banished to America; William Wilson, banished to America.

The Commissioners recommend to Closeburn to take Helen Pagane (prisoner) her bond for living regularly, and that she shall not reset or converse with rebels, under such penalty as he shall think fit; and the said Helen being present, enacted herself, that hereafter she shall not be seen within the sheriffdom of Nithsdale, and that she shall not reset, or converse with rebels, under the penalty of five hundred merks.

John Coupland, found guilty; the Commissioners, notwithstanding of the sentence of banishment, recommend to the laird of Earlshall to represent his case as favourably as possible, and of his willingness to obey the King's laws and authority in time coming, and to take the oath of allegiance if required; and that to the Lord Treasurer (Queensberry), and Lord Drumlanrig; and in the mean time ordains the irons to be taken off him.[1]

The shires of Ayr and Dumfries still continuing headstrong, upon the 22d of April 1684, Colonel Buchan, with five companies of foot, and the Lord Ross's troop, with half of the troop of Guards, were ordered to Ayr; and Colonel Graham was ordered to post his own troop at Dumfries, or wherever he should think most convenient in that quarter, and to post the two troops of dragoons in the garrisons of Kaitloch, Ballagan, Kenmure, Machrimore, or Monigaff; and that he should command all the forces in Ayrshire while there, and have power to quarter them in the shire of Ayr or Renfrew, or anywhere thereabouts, more convenient for the King's service. These garrisons were soon very instrumental in hunting the wild hill-men, who assembled at conventicles, and marched to

[1] Wodrow saw not these journals.—*Note by Mr Sharpe.*

[Wodrow would not see any journals, or any thing in a journal, that did not suit his own purpose.]

and fro in arms, setting all law at defiance, and led by one Renwick, who had lately become their chief. They lived in caves and lone houses, amid bogs and heaths, subsisting on the supplies afforded them by their friends, and on the sheep which they stole from the ungodly. Such was their insolence, that they set upon the King's troops, rescued prisoners, and killed soldiers. In June or July, nine prisoners were ordered to be carried from Dumfries to Edinburgh by a party of twenty-eight soldiers. Their friends getting notice of it, resolved to rescue them, and for that purpose chose a narrow pass on the road to Edinburgh, called Enterkin, where they posted themselves. On the coming up of the party, who had the prisoners tied upon horses, they attacked the soldiers with a volley of shot, rescued seven of the prisoners, wounded several of the soldiers, and killed one. The soldiers going on to Edinburgh with the remaining prisoners, carried the account of this insolence, and immediately orders were sent out to Nithsdale, commanding all there above fifteen years of age to arm, and meet the gentlemen and soldiers in their appointed places, that they might search the whole shire for the rescuers of the prisoners. Some days after the rescue, Colonel Graham and a party of his men seized four whigs in a field, in the parish of Closeburn in Nithsdale, and carried them first to Lanark, and then to Edinburgh. So apprehensive was Claverhouse of a rescue, that he commanded his men to kill the prisoners should any such outrage be attempted. But they reached the city without molestation, and three of the fanatics were tried before the Court of Justiciary in Edinburgh, and condemned to die. They denied Enterkin; yet three of the soldiers positively swore that they had seen them there; and these poor wretches were so obstinate that they would not call the Bothwell bridge insurrection a rebellion, nor make any concessions to save their lives.[1] They rather seemed to glory

[1] [The names of the three men who were of the party that fired from the ambuscade at Enterkin upon the soldiers, killed one, wounded several, and rescued seven prisoners, were, Thomas Harkness, Andrew Clark, and Samuel M'Ewen. In the dying "Testimony," dished up for them in the "Cloud of Witnesses," they do not pretend to deny that they were at Enterkin. "They were all indicted," says their biographer *in nubibus*, "of the crimes of treason and rebellion, for being at the rescue of their dear brethren at Enterkine; for refusing to own the King's

in the doom they were about to suffer, and be confident of the martyr's crown the moment their sentence was executed. Samuel M'Ewen, one of them, was a very young man, and after sentence, wrote a letter to a friend, which, from a simplicity of enthusiasm, is exceedingly characteristic and affecting.

At the execution of those three men, one John Nicol, a whig, lost all patience, and, by his exclamations, betrayed himself. Having been present at their condemnation in the morning, and then going to see them hanged, after all was over he shouts out,—" A cow of Bashan has pushed three men to death at one push,"—and was immediately laid hold on. Before the Privy Council he behaved in the same strain; nor would he there allow *the kine which pushed the Archbishop to death* to be faulty. His own account of his examination is very curious.

[According to his sanctifier in the Cloud of Witnesses, he himself thus narrated the cause of his being apprehended:—" He having seen three of his dear Christian brethren condemned before the Justiciary, at ten in the forenoon, and going to the West Port to take horse, was obliged to stay till his saddle was mended: When he was ready to mount his horse, he hears that the three men were brought to the place of execution: At two afternoon he went thither, and seeing the barbarity of the enemies in murdering his dear brethren, moved with a strong zeal against these murderers, cried out, in the style of the prophet Amos, ' A cow of Bashan has pushed three men to death at one push, contrary to their own base laws, in an inhuman way.'" But it was not for this seditious attempt to create a riot at a public execution, that the ambitious imitator of the prophet Amos paid the forfeit of his life. Upon the

authority as the same was established by the laws, in regard he had *usurped Christ's prerogative*, and broken the Covenant; and for not praying for him in the terms prescribed by the Council; for their maintaining the lawfulness of *defensive arms*; and, finally, for adhering to the covenanted work of reformation *against the King's laws*." The religious letter attributed to M'Ewen in the " Cloud of Witnesses," denies nothing of all this, but says,—" It was my desire, though most unworthy, to die a martyr, and I bless the Lord who has granted me my desire." It is not stated what his age was; but he was old enough to fire from the back of a dike upon a dragoon on duty, and to obtain the death he desired.]

18th of August (1684) before the Privy Council, "I was," says the probationer saint, "interrogated by two in a room privately thus: 'Was you at Bothwell bridge?' 'I am not bound to be my own accuser.' 'I am not (said one of them) to desire you; but *only say upon your honest word that you were not there.*' 'I am not bound to satisfy you; but prove what you have to say against me, and especially you, till I come before my accusers.' 'Well, said he, I am one of them.' Then, I answered, 'I *was* there.' 'How came you to rise in arms against the King?' 'Because he has broken the Covenant of the Lord my God.' 'Was the Prelate's death murder?' 'No, it was *not* murder.' 'Was *Hackstoun's* death murder?' '*That it was*, indeed.' 'How dare you own the Covenant, seeing the King gave orders to burn it by the hand of the hangman?' 'Yes, I dare own it; for although ye shall escape the hand of men for so doing, yet ye shall all pay for it, ere all be done, and to purpose,'" &c. And so on through a very wilderness of the same insane discoursing,—the religion and polemics of the Grassmarket gallows.[1]

It was now necessary for the Government to adopt the most vigorous measures for the safety of the country and the standing of the throne; and the nature of the fearful crisis with which they had to deal, may be gathered from the acts of the Privy Council at this time. On the 17th of July 1684, "The Council being informed that the rebels have been seen passing through some parts of the shire of Ayr, and that the heritors and inhabitants have not given ad-

[1] [Let those whose stomachs are strong enough for it, study the whole of this "Testimony" in the Cloud of Witnesses, p. 275–283. Wodrow himself furnishes the following information as to the principles and temper of such testifiers. "Mr Andrew Tate," he says, "minister of Carmunnock, tells me, that he was fully informed and assured, that, in the late times, there was a design formed among some of the *rigid and highflying Cameronians*, to *assassinate* the indulged ministers in the shire of Ayr, at their houses, in one night, by different parties; that this design was so far gone into, that it was agreed to in a meeting of these *wild people*, where (one) Nisbet, father to Mrs Fairly, wife to Mr Ralph Fairly in Glasgow, was present. He used to meet with them formerly; but when he heard that proposal, *his very hair stood*, and he never more went to their meetings."—*Analecta*, ii. 357. But who are these whom Wodrow so conveniently distinguishes as "wild people," and the "rigid and highflying Cameronians"? Why, his own saints and martyrs!]

vertisement, grant commission to the Sheriff-depute, and Captain John Inglis, or any of them, to call before them, and examine upon oath, all such persons as can best give information of the heritors through whose lands the said rebels were seen to pass, and send in an account to the Council." And, upon the 1st of August thereafter, they pass "An act anent the army," disposing of the protective forces as follows, upon a narrative the truth of which is incontrovertible:—

"The Lords of his Majesty's Privy Council, considering that several desperate rebels do daily break out in arms, in multitudes, at their seditious field-conventicles,[1] and lay *ambuscades* for his Majesty's forces, and kill some of them, and rescue prisoners in their custody, to the high contempt of the laws, and affront of his Majesty's government,—to prevent and sup-

[1] [Bishop Burnet, in his *posthumous* libel, has the effrontery to call the expression "rendezvous of rebellion,"—used in the royal proclamations, and acts of Council, to designate the armed field-conventicles, and that by no figure of speech but as a plain statement of the actual fact,—a "*flourish*"! A severe exposure of Burnet's very ductile sentiments, as to the sufficiency of the cause for the Government's alarm and rigour, will be found in Dr Russell's admirable "History of the Church in Scotland," ii. pp. 322–327. "The Bishop of Salisbury," he says, "who composed the 'History of his Own Time' after the Revolution, was, it is obvious, influenced by the desire to justify, in the eyes of his royal patrons, the overthrow of the Episcopal Church in Scotland to which they had been induced to consent. With this view he *altered* his tone not a little, as well in reference to the character of the prelates who had directed the affairs of that establishment, as with respect to the conduct and sufferings of the Presbyterians." Dr Russell then quotes as follows from Burnet's "Vindication of the Authority, Constitution, and Laws of the Church and State of Scotland," printed in 1673. "How many of the ministers (Episcopal) have been invaded in their houses, their houses rifled, their goods carried away, themselves cruelly beaten and wounded, and often made to swear to abandon their churches, and that they should not so much as complain of such bad usage to those in authority. Their wives also escaped not the fury of those *accursed zealots*, but were beaten and wounded, some of them being scarce recovered out of their labour in child-birth. Believe me, *these barbarous outrages have been such, that worse could not have been apprehended from heathens.*" Burnet also severely comments, in that work, upon "the *constant concealing of those murderers*, whom no search which those in authority have caused make, could discover, though the robbers carried with them often a *great deal of furniture and other goods*, which must have been conveyed to some adjacent houses, but could never be found out, after so many repeated facts of that nature, forceth upon the charitable a *suspicion* which I *love not to name.* What may not be expected of this nature from him who hesitates to call the invading of the Bishop [Sharp, *murdered* by them after this was published,] with a pistol, an *accursed act*, and will not condemn it as rash, precipitant, and of evil example."—*Burnet.* Was all this "a flourish" of Burnet's?]

press all such rebellious courses for the future, and to reduce the country to their due obedience, and not to suffer any skulking vagrant rogues to go up and down the country, to the disturbance of the peace thereof, and disquiet of the kingdom, have thought fit to dispose of his Majesty's forces so as they may be most fit for service; and therefore recommend to General Dalyell to continue the foot where they are, and further, that he dispose the other forces as follows. One of his Majesty's squadron of guards, in and about Edinburgh; the second squad to go to Fife, and quarter as the Earl of Balcarres shall order; that Sir James Turner and his company of dragoons attend near Glasgow; that Meldrum and his troop of horse, and the Lord Charles Murray's troop of dragoons, go to Teviotdale; that the General's troop of dragoons, and Captain Strachan's, lie at garrisons in Galloway and Nithsdale; the Lord Drumlanrig's[1] at Dumfries; that two squadrons of the guards, Claverhouse's troop, the Lord Ross's troop, Captain Inglis' and Captain Cleland's troop of dragoons, be for Ayrshire, or anywhere else the commanding officer shall think

[1] [Queensberry's eldest son. His father had opposed the youth's own desire to join the army, but the Duke of York interfered, and seems to have carried the point, by the following letter of remonstrance, which is written in a very kindly spirit. "London, April 10," (1683). "Had it not been for a letter I received this day, when I came from Windsor, from your son the Lord Drumlanrig, I should not have written to you by this post; for, indeed, what he says to me, of desiring to go into the army, is so reasonable that I could not hinder myself from writing to you in his favour, that you would give him leave to go, and that he may not fare the worse for being an elder brother; and let not the care you have of him be a prejudice to him. I hope I need use no other arguments to second so reasonable a request as his is, for really you ought to let him go."

In another letter, dated November 10th, 1683, his Royal Highness thus again mentions Queensberry's sons, with great kindness: "I had, yesterday, yours of the 2d, by which, and other letters I have had, I find there has been some field-conventicles, and other meetings, of late, amongst the disorderly people, and am of your mind, that, if everybody would bestir themselves, and be as diligent as you, it would not be easy for them to meet. But I hope when you all are at Edinburgh, you will do your parts to hinder them. All things are very quiet here, and the bill is found against Algernon Sidney, and on the 21st of this month he is to be tried. As to Lord Mar's affair, by next I shall let you know what his Majesty's pleasure is. They have done me right to you, that have let you know I am kind to your sons. I assure you they deserve to be countenanced, being both as fine young men as I have seen."—*Queensberry Papers.* These were, probably, the second Duke of Queensberry, and the first Earl of March.]

best for the good of the Government; that Claverhouse, and Lieutenant-Colonel Buchan, commanders of the five troops in Ayrshire, continue, with power to them, or any of them in others' absence, to command and give necessary orders to them, and the whole forces, foot and horse, and dragoons, in the shires of Ayr and Clydesdale. And, to the effect discovery may be made of the rebels in arms, and such as have been present at field-conventicles, and upon whose lands these conventicles have been kept, or were seen and did appear, may be known, the said Lords empower and commission Colonel Graham of Claverhouse, and Lieutenant-Colonel Buchan, or any one of them, or in their absence such as they shall think fit to appoint (for whom they are to be answerable), to call for, and examine upon oath, all such persons as can give any information in the premises; and for that effect to use all legal diligence; and ordain them to report an account of their procedure as soon as possible."][1]

On the 6th September (1684), a new commission for holding of Justiciary Courts was emitted, in which Colonel Graham is named as one of the Justiciars for Dumfries and Wigton, and the Stewartries of Annandale and Kirkcudbright, together

[1] [Wodrow's comment upon the above most necessary act, which he prints, is very characteristic: "I need," he says, "make *no observes* upon this act. I suppose the ambuscade spoken of here, and elsewhere, was the *attempt* made at Enterkin Path, upon a party of the soldiers carrying in some prisoners to Edinburgh." We have seen what sort of an *attempt* that was. He also says,—"I need scarce notice that these rebels *so much sputter is made about*, were Mr Renwick's followers, who were obliged at the *conventicles*, and, I may say, *almost at all times*, for their own defence to *carry arms;* and such of them whose way homeward from conventicles lay together, are the rebels now marching up and down the country." This doctrine, of the innocency of going armed against the Government, was very convenient. Mr Sharpe has the following note, on the subject of Mas John Welch's conventicle crusades: "Welch's escapes from Claverhouse, and his other pursuers, were very extraordinary, though he rode to his conventicles accompanied by a number of armed men, called *Mr Welch's body-guard*, and had all the fanatic country-women, who usually acted as scouts to give warning of the enemy's approach, most sincerely at his devotion. Ladies, too, of a better fashion, were studious of his personal safety, while they frequented his field-meetings, and sometimes made their husbands pay dearly for 'a hearty smack of the sweetness of the gospel (according to Peter Walker), which they got in those days.'"—*Kirkton's History*, p. 220.]

with the Marquis of Queensberry, Treasurer, and Lord Drumlanrig. On the 2d of October, the three latter sat down at Dumfries, and remained thereabouts for nearly a month. They enforced the taking of the test with great success, except in the case of Hugh Maxwell, laird of Dalswinton, who was sent to the Tolbooth of Edinburgh to think better of it. After some days at Dumfries, the Judges went to Kirkcudbright, and from thence to Wigton, where they pursued the same methods. The test was offered to the men, and other oaths to the women, and refusers were sent to the jails at Dumfries, there to await the return of the Judges. About twenty-eight were secured there. The people of Nithsdale and Galloway, terrified by these severities, made an offer to the Marquis of Queensberry, Colonel Graham, and Lord Drumlanrig, of twenty months' *Cess*, to be paid to the King in the course of four years, stating in their addresses (October 9th) their sense of the former rebellious conduct of that part of the country. The efforts of the Judges were productive of the most salutary consequences.

On the 28th of October, the whigs published what they called their "Apologeticall Declaration or *Relation*," drawn up by Renwick,[1] breathing vengeance against their *persecutors*,—"Such as bloody Counsellors, the members of the Justiciary Courts, Generals of forces, Adjutants, Captains, Lieutenants, all civil or military powers who make it their work to imbrue their hands in our blood, or by obeying such commands, such as bloody militia men, malicious troopers, soldiers, and dragoons; likewise, such gentlemen and commons, who, through wickedness and ill-will, ride and run with the foresaid persons, to lay search *for us*, or who deliver any of us into their hands, to the spilling of our blood, by enticing morally, or stirring up enemies to the taking away of our lives, such as designedly and purposedly advise, counsel, and encourage them to proceed against us, wickedly, wittingly, and willingly, such as *viperous and malicious bishops, and curates*, and all such sort of intelligencers, who lay out themselves to the effusion of our blood, together with all such as, in obedience to the enemies their commands, at the sight of us raise the hue and cry after

[1] [The last Scotch saint who was hanged.]

us; yea, and all such as compearing before the adversaries their courts, upon their demands delate us, and any who befriend us, to their and our extreme hazard and suffering. We say, all and every one of such shall be reputed by us *enemies of God*, and the covenanted work of reformation, and *punished as such, according to our power*, and the *degree of their offence;* chiefly, if they shall continue, after the *publication* of this our Declaration, obstinately and habitually, with malice to proceed against us, *any of the foresaid ways;* not at all exonering from *present punishment*, such as formerly have been chief ringleaders and obstinate offenders," &c.

"Now, let not any think, that (our God assisting us) we will be so *slack handed* in time coming, to *put matters in execution*, as heretofore we have been, seeing we are bound faithfully and valiantly to maintain our covenants, and the cause of Christ," &c.[1]

This Christian denunciation of vengeance thus royally concludes,—"Let King Jesus reign, and all his enemies be scattered." And to shew that they could act as well as declare, they immediately proceed to murder two of the King's soldiers at Swine Abbey, in Linlithgowshire. Their names were Kennoway and Stewart, and they were murdered on coming out of the house at Swine Abbey, in the night.[2] Kennoway, we

[1] [Death, in the form of the hangman, must have been grinning over Saint Renwick's shoulder, as, in some snug hiding-hole, he penned this brimstone charter.]

[2] [Unquestionably these two gentlemen of the royal guard were murdered in the night time, and there is no reason whatever to suppose that they were coming out of the house at the time. In so stating it Mr Sharpe had followed the disingenuous narrative in Wodrow, and had not observed that Sir George Mackenzie, in his "Vindication," expressly states that they were murdered *in their beds.* The Duke of Hamilton himself, by no means so loyal as he ought to have been, thus notices the murder of these guardsmen, in a letter to Queensberry, dated, Hamilton, 28th November, 1684: "People hereabouts are much alarmed, since the hearing of that *horrid murder at Swine Abbey;* and they say the fugitives [outlaws under sentence of fugitation] have been seen more publicly, in the remote places of this shire, since the forces went out of it, than before. Wherever I heard of any, I sent and made search for the resetters, and have several prisoners. As I wrote to General Dalyell, and now to the Chancellor, without placing several garrisons in the moorish places of the country, it will be hard to catch or banish these rogues, or find out their resetters; and for my house of Crawfurd, if there be not other houses in that parish more fit, now that the one half of it is unvaulted, I am much mistaken. However, it, and all I have, shall be ready at the King's service."—*Queensberry Papers.* Hamilton loyalty had always an *if* in it. See before, p. 81.]

may be sure, was a "most violent persecutor;" but Wodrow hath no account of Stewart. These outrages occasioned the Lords of the Privy Council to pass an act, by which they ordained any person who owned, or would not *disown* the treasonable Declaration, upon oath, whether they had arms or not, immediately to be put to death; this being always done in the presence of *two witnesses*, and the person or persons *having commission* from the Council for that effect.

1685.

Charles the Second died on the 6th of February 1685. On a quarrel with Queensberry,[1] Claverhouse had ridden to Edinburgh, and from thence to London, where he was at the time of the King's death. But he was in Edinburgh, at the Privy Council, when James was proclaimed, on the 10th of February.

This Monarch has been variously represented, as to character, according to the passions of private men and the prejudices of party. While the whigs, at the head of whom is Bishop Burnet, leave him not one single virtue to compensate for a world of vice, and even descend to reprobate his personal appearance, by comparisons with the imperial goat of Capræa, Tiberius,—the tories, led on by Sheffield Duke of Buckingham, attribute to him several good qualities, which he certainly possessed, praise him in the social qualities of life, and, aided by the authority of Dryden, Vandyke, and Lely, extol the majesty of his face and mien. Burnet, who was a great tatler himself, wearied of his stories, and affirmed his own case general. Buckingham, a patient listener, and, one should think, a much better judge of colloquial vivacity than the Bishop, asserts the very reverse. Burnet himself writes as he might have spoken,—Sheffield as authors should write; Burnet like the companion of Duke Lauderdale,—Buckingham as the associate of King Charles. In fact, it must have been through Lauderdale, Villiers Duke of Buckingham, and the Earl of Rochester, that Burnet had the domestic touches of his revolting caricature, which reminds us of the pencil of "Hellish Breughel," while Sheffield painted from real life, with all the sweetness of Lely. The King's tenderness of disposition is, in

[1] [This quarrel will be found illustrated in a subsequent Part.]

some respects, well authenticated. He shed abundance of tears on the death of his brother, and the Earl of Falmouth, when, in neither case, was there any occasion to dissemble; and his behaviour towards the Duke of York, whom he loved but did not respect, was uniformly fraternal and affectionate. With regard to the affair of Lord Stafford's trial, it ought always to be remembered, that the unfortunate peer had caballed with Lord Shaftesbury, whom Charles hated of all mankind; and though he carried his conjugal infidelity great lengths, yet he treated his Queen with an outward show of respect. Neither would he hear of any steps to get rid of her, though monarchs affected by a matrimonial nausea are apt to lay hold of very stale pretences for separation. His tenderness towards his concubines hath been commended by a late whig writer, otherwise far from favourable to him, with some sort of justice. Nell Gwyne, though a common woman before he adopted her, afforded him many hours of mirth by her prodigious humour and vivacity. The Duchess of Portsmouth he might suppose he had debauched; and she was worthy of his gratitude. From Barillon's account of the King's death, it appears that she really felt an extreme tenderness for her lover, about the well-being of whose soul she still continued anxious when the body could be of no further service to her. The whig historians of former times, who pursued Charles with their phillipics from the time he shewed (according to Kirkton) a dislike to the Lord's prayer, which methinks should have pleased them, till he lent a dying ear to Father Huddlestone's,—triumph proudly, and give strange legends concerning his death. I pass by the vague assertions, the *poison*, the *common sewer*, and the *lumps of fat*, of Bishop Burnet. But the reader may consult, if he please, for a curious account of his decease, the "Scottish Worthies," a work now condemned for the most part to the perusal of Scotch dissenters, and the poring of old women.[1]

King Charles the Second died in the arms of the Duchess of Portsmouth. King William expired pressing the hand of a Dutch minion to his heart,—that cold and hard heart which

[1] [A work in which the proportion of truth to falsehood is less than that of Falstaff's bread to his sack.]

no affections of relationship or love could warm, and which, even on the bed of death, appeared unmoved by the horrors of the valley of Glencoe.

[*End of the Fragment by Mr Sharpe.*]

Here, with regret, we part from Mr Sharpe, the remainder of whose manuscripts on the subject, in our possession, consist chiefly of extracts from Wodrow. How imperfect were his materials, at this time, for a complete defence of Graham of Claverhouse, against the deeply engrained calumnies of that falsest of all false historians, is manifest from the fact, that throughout the whole fragment we have now submitted to our readers, he does not give us, or refer to, a single letter written by Claverhouse himself. That deficiency will be found amply supplied in the next Part of these Memorials. Meanwhile, we may add the following supplement to Mr Sharpe's notice of the death and character of Charles the Second, which will also cast some new lights upon the state of public affairs, about the time when Graham of Claverhouse first emerges on the scene.

Although a king dies much after the fashion of other folk, except that it is his prerogative to have been poisoned, the curiosity is natural that leads one to look as closely as may be into a royal chamber of death. During the worst crisis of that state of internal commotion to which the unenviable merriment of this King was continually subjected, in the midst of framing Indemnities and discussing Indulgences, in a whirl of hanging and hawking, hunting harts, herons, and heretics, foxes and fanatics, striving to sustain the Throne in England, and to swell the calendar of Saints in Scotland, it pleased Providence to relieve the Monarch, who was more persecuted than any of his subjects, by a stroke of apoplexy, on Monday the 2d of February, 1685. On the following day, Alexander, fourth Earl of Murray, who had succeeded Lauderdale as Secretary of State, thus writes to Queensberry, now a Duke, and at the helm of Scottish affairs.

" *Whitehall, February* 3, 1685.

" My Dear Lord :—From the time the flying packet was dispatched yesterday, till eight o'clock this morning, I never left the King, and shall give your Grace a short account, both of the applications, and his condition all that time. Yesterday about twelve o'clock he began to recover his speech a little, and from that time continued still on the mending hand, though slowly. Every four hours he had a purge given him of *Hycrapikra*, which had all the good effects looked for. He vomited four or five times; but about one o'clock this morning, he had three or four large * * * * * *, that so much relieved his head, and refreshed his spirits, that from that time he spoke well, and as sensible as ever. There was blistering plasters put to each of his legs and thighs, to every arm, his shoulders, and head. About five this morning they were taken off, and had done their operation extremely well, but put his Majesty to a great deal of pain in taking off the skin; which rejoiced us all extremely, that he found the pain so sensibly. He slept about two hours together, before that, very soundly and quietly; and about seven o'clock this morning he began to talk of the way he took his disease, very cheerfully, to the unspeakable joy of all present. The Doctors then declared he was past all hazard; and this morning, about ten o'clock, they drew some blood off him, at the jugular veins. Blessed be God he recovers hourly, and is in a very good condition. God Almighty make all his good subjects thankful for so great a deliverance. I confess I am not able to write more, being ill myself, and overworked, which I little minded in the time. This will certainly alter measures; but I can say nothing yet of it. You may have your own thoughts, and communicate what you think fit to, my dear Lord, your Grace's most humble and most faithful servant,

" Morray."

" Since writing this letter, the King has been again bled in the jugular veins, and with as good effect as could be wished; and, besides, the blisters on his head and neck have run through his nightcap, and his very pillow; so that the physicians declared to us this day in Council, that his Majesty was past all danger. There will be a day of public thanksgiving for the King's recovery here, but the day is not yet resolved upon. So soon as it is your Grace shall be acquainted, that the like may be in Scotland. We have not only reason to give God thanks upon this day, but all the days of our lives. I was with

the King after Council, and saw him very much better than he was in the morning, and heard him speak cheerfully."

This too sanguine expectation of a happy result from such desperate dosing, bleeding, and blistering, was very soon disappointed, as the next letter from Lord Murray to Queensberry will show:—

"*Whitehall, February* 6, 1685.

"My Dear Lord:—I wrote nothing last night by the ordinary post, fearing, but with too great cause, I should have occasion this night by a flying packet, his Majesty still growing worse and worse. My affliction overwhelms me. I staid with him from three in the afternoon yesterday, till within a quarter of twelve o'clock this day that it pleased God to call him, and change his earthly diadem for a crown of eternal glory, to the unspeakable grief and astonishment of all his good subjects, and to none more than my sorrowful self. But let us rejoice that God has blessed us with so excellent a Prince as our gracious Sovereign that now is; who was this afternoon proclaimed through the City of London, and at Whitehall gate, with the accustomed solemnities. You will have such commands as his Majesty thought fit on this occasion, from Lord Lundin (who is in waiting), by this packet. I am not able to write more to your Grace, what with grief, toil, and overworking."[1]

Just eighteen months before this sudden event, namely, on Sunday morning, 17th July 1683, at the fearful crisis when Essex had destroyed himself in prison, and Russell was waiting to make his exit in a more dignified and constitutional manner, Bishop Burnet, let it never be forgotten, penned, under the influence of abject fear, the following sentences, to be submitted by a friend to the Lord Privy Seal, and also to *Charles the Second*:—

"One thing you may, as you think fit, *tell the King*, that, though I am too inconsiderable to think I can ever serve him while I am alive, yet I hope I shall be able to do it *to some purpose after I am dead*: This *you understand*, and I will do it *with zeal*."

"Do not come near me for some time, for I cannot bear any company; only I go oft to my Lady Essex, and weep with her; and in-

[1] Queensberry Papers.

deed the King's carriage to her has been *so great and worthy*, that it can never be *too much admired;* and, I am sure, if ever I live to finish what *you know I am about, it*, and all the other *good things* I can think of, shall not want *all the lights I can give them.* Adieu, my friend, and keep this as *a witness against me*, if ever I *fail in the performance of it.*"[1]

In disgraceful contrast to this emphatic promise, so mean even had it been fulfilled, stands what Burnet actually wrote of the lion dead, but dared not to publish in his own lifetime:—

"He had great vices, but scarce any virtues to correct them: he had in him some vices that were less hurtful, which corrected his more hurtful ones."

"When he saw young men of quality, who had something more than ordinary in them, he drew them about him, and *set himself* to corrupt them both in religion and morality."

"He delivered himself up to a most enormous course of vice, without any restraint even from the consideration of the *nearest relations.*"

"His person and temper, his vices, as well as his fortunes, resemble the character that we have given us of Tiberius so much, that it were easy to draw the comparison between them. At Rome I saw one of the last statues made for Tiberius, after he had lost his teeth. But, bating the alteration which that had made, it was so like King Charles, that Prince Borghese, and Signior Dominico, to whom it belonged, did agree with me in thinking that it looked like a statue made for him."

"The King's body was indecently neglected. Some parts of his inwards, and some pieces of the fat, were left in the water in which they were washed, all of which were so carelessly looked after, that the water being poured out at a scullery-hole that went to a drain, in the mouth of which a grate lay, these were seen lying on the grate many days after."

This diabolical dish of heartless scandal, whereof we have here only afforded a few specimens, is garnished with moral

[1] Dr Russell, in the passage quoted from his History, in a previous note (p. 339), speaks of Burnet having "composed the History of his Own Time after the Revolution." But that letter of his proves that he had been concocting it before the death of Charles the Second; and further, that it was his intention it should not be published during his own life. See the whole letter, p. 46. of this volume.

reflections, including an expression of the Bishop's *amazement* "to see with what impudent strains of flattery addresses were penned during his life,"—and his own high and holy sense of what "becomes an *impartial writer of history*, and one who believes that he must give an account to God of what he writes, as well as of what he says and does." And all this is written by the man who, just eighteen months before the death of the monarch he so savagely insults and reviles, had crawled to lick his feet, and promised, with all the emphasis of a cowardly spirit, to canonize his virtues! Now, do we say, despight the lordly fiat of his latest eulogist, who tells us that Burnet was "emphatically an honest man,"—that he was emphatically a scandalous and mendacious chronicler; and that, being now tried by the test he himself invoked, in the crucible, namely, of his own letter, he can never hold up his head as a historian again.[1]

The character of Charles the Second, indefensible as to some of the policy whereby he struggled to regain and keep his throne, and also as regards the morals with which he fenced it against the impracticable and insupportable regimen of the Covenant, cannot afford to be unfairly deteriorated by historical calumny. It is Burnet, also, who has put a sentiment in his mouth which Charles never uttered, but which the most illustrious and loyal of modern historians, misled by the Bishop, has justly exclaimed against as being unworthy of a king.[2] The Duke of Hamilton, in his various foolish efforts to supplant the Lauderdale government, was suffered, upon several occasions during the years 1678 and 1679, to plead what in reality was the cause of his own private interests, and that of the cabal he led, in the presence of the King himself, upon the imposing basis of that ever lively subject, Scottish grievances. From this long continued and fitful storm, the star of Lauderdale finally emerged more fiery than

[1] See, and compare with that letter, History of his Own Time, vol. ii. pp. 466–87.

[2] Hume, not easily imposed upon, had allowed himself to be gulled by Burnet, in a calumny against the King. Quoting the Bishop, he says:—"It is *reported*, that Charles, after a full hearing of the debates concerning Scottish affairs, said,—'I perceive that Lauderdale has been guilty of many bad things against *the people, of Scotland*, but I cannot find that he has acted any thing contrary to my interest,'—a sentiment unworthy of a sovereign."—*History of England*, viii. 60.

ever, and well nigh consumed the patriot Duke with the fierceness of its flare-up, just before it flared out. Burnet is by way of affording an authentic account of the last of these debates which the King endured in his own presence, wherein the Duke of Hamilton arraigned the government of Lauderdale, including the conduct and policy of all men in Scotland holding high and lucrative offices:—

"Duke Hamilton," says Burnet, "and many others, were *encouraged* to come up and accuse Duke Lauderdale. The truth was, the King found his memory was failing him, and so he resolved to let him fall gently, and bring all Scottish affairs into the Duke of Monmouth's hands.[1] The Scottish Lords were desired, not only by the King, but by the new ministers, to put the heads of their charge against Duke Lauderdale in writing; and the King promised to hear lawyers on both sides, and that the Earls of Essex and Halifax should be present at the hearing. Mackenzie was sent for, being the King's Advocate, to defend the administration; and Lockhart and Cunningham were to argue against it. The last of these had not indeed Lockhart's quickness, nor his talent in speaking; but he was a learned and judicious man, and had the most universal and indeed the most deserved reputation for integrity and virtue of any man, not only of his own profession, but of the whole nation. The hearing came on as was promised; and it was made out, *beyond the possibility of an answer*, that the granting commissions to any army to live on free quarters in a *quiet time*, was against the whole constitution, as well as the express laws of the kingdom, and that it was never done but in an enemy's country, or to *suppress a rebellion:* they showed likewise how unjust and illegal all the other parts of his administration were. The Earls of Essex and Halifax *told me*,[2] every thing was made out fully; Mackenzie having nothing to shelter himself in, but that *flourish* in the act against field conventicles, in which they were called the rendezvous of rebellion;[3] from which he *inferred* that the country where these had been frequent was in a state of rebellion.[4]

[1] This was *not* the truth of it, as we shall presently find. Lauderdale was never in higher favour with the King than during his successful contests with Hamilton in 1678 and 1679.

[2] Our "poor melancholy friend"!

[3] And were they not so?

[4] The last hearing before the King, in which the Lord Advocate triumphantly defended the Privy Council and Judges of Scotland, occurred on the 8th July 1679. The Primate was murdered on Saturday the 3d of May previous, the same act

Kings naturally love to hear prerogative magnified; yet on this occasion the King had *nothing to say in defence of the administration.* But when May, the Master of the Privy Purse, asked him, in his familiar way, what he thought now of his Lauderdale, he answered, as May himself told me, that they had objected many *damned* things that they had done against *them*, but there was nothing objected that was against *his* service. Such are the notions that many kings drink in, by which they set up an interest for *themselves*, in opposition to the *interest of the people.*"[1]

Now the truth is, as we shall presently prove, that these grand debates concluded, in 1679, very much after the fashion of the famous melodrame of Timour the Tartar. There was a violent explosion at the end, and the whole *dramatis personæ*, of the Hamilton clique, were scattered amid a general conflagration. The King thoroughly understood the real object of this cabal, and estimated their patriotism at its full value. It does not follow, because Burnet says so, that Charles ever uttered any epigrammatic sentence on the subject. But if he did, there cannot be a doubt, from the manner in which the affair ended, that he only uttered what was the true state of the case, *viz.*, 'They have shown many things, in the government of Scotland, that ran counter to their own objects, but they have shown nothing against the efficiency and fidelity, of that administration, in the service of their

having been attempted many years before.—(See Rothes's letter on the subject, *supra*, p. 263. The date of that letter, "Edinburgh, 5th May 1679," is there accidentally omitted.) Claverhouse was defeated at Drumclog on Sunday the 1st of June 1679. The rebels attacked Glasgow next day, and were defeated by Lord Ross and Claverhouse. Even in reference to the affair of Drumclog, Lord Ross very sensibly writes to the Commander-in-chief, "My Lord, if this be not a rebellion, I know not what is rebellion."

[1] Burnet's *Own Time*, ii. 229. Robert Law, more honest and right-minded than either Burnet or Wodrow, thus truly chronicles the incident, which will be found fully illustrated in our text:—"July 1679: The Duke of Lauderdale and Duke Hamilton having had several hearings at the Council-board of London, Lauderdale prevailed in all debates, and cleared himself in all the particulars he was charged with; and there the King declared, that, upon full hearing of what could be said against the Duke of Lauderdale, it appears, that in all things he has behaved himself as becomes him; and the report goes, that something to that effect will be printed at his Majesty's command."—*Memorials*, p. 163. Malcolm Laing's magniloquent nonsense on the subject is all founded on Wodrow and Burnet.

Sovereign. This was perfectly true. Nor was Charles so great a fool, as either to have entertained, or proclaimed against himself, and to such babblers as May and Burnet, the indefensible and ridiculous sentiment, that he regarded his own personal interest as distinct from, and paramount to, the interests of his people. But we must now turn to some very amusing and instructive letters, hitherto unpublished, from the Chancellor Rothes to his dear friend Queensberry, which afford a graphic view behind the curtain of the State, during the last years of the Lauderdale administration.

The Earl (afterwards Duke) of Rothes, had seen a deal of life. He and Lauderdale were fellow captives at the battle of Worcester; and thus became state prisoners to Cromwell, while those great Dons of the Covenant, Argyle and Warriston, actually sat as peers in the Usurper's Parliament. Lauderdale, who some how escaped that foul disgrace, was cooked into such a loyalist as suited the Restoration, by eleven years of durance in the Tower, which made him a wiser if it did not make him a better man. But Rothes had the good fortune to obtain his liberty, after four years of confinement, through the interest with Cromwell, of that extraordinary lady, the Countess of Dysart, who was afterwards married to the other prisoner, Lauderdale, under the circumstances narrated by Mr Sharpe. So Rothes rose first. He filled all the great offices in Scotland from the date of the Restoration. He was President of the Council, an Extraordinary Lord of Session, Lord High Commissioner, Lord High Treasurer, General of the Forces, and Lord High Chancellor. Of all these offices, except the last, he was deprived, when Lauderdale outbid him in 1667. The seals of Scotland, however, he retained until his death in 1681; and he had so far recovered his influence as to be raised to the Dukedom in 1680, about a twelvemonth before his death. While somewhat obscured under the shadow cast upon him by the fortunes of Lauderdale, Rothes attached himself to the Earl of Queensberry (whom all seemed to regard as the coming man) with a degree of confidence and affection, so earnestly displayed in his correspondence, that one can hardly doubt his sincerity, although the attach-

ment may have been instigated in some measure by the dislike he bore to Lauderdale, and his disinclination to follow in the train of that domineering minister. The correspondence, however, between Rothes and Queensberry, was of long standing. Before the rise of Lauderdale, or the death of Queensberry's father, and in the zenith of his own power, the Chancellor writes as follows :—

"*For my Lord Drumlanrig, These :—*

"Holyroodhouse, *October 26th*, 1665.

"My Lord :—Having this opportunity put in my hand, I will not omit presenting of my service to you; and as I ever professed, so shall I be always ready to serve you. I have sent your Lordship an order enclosed, which I doubt not your care in, and shall add no more to your trouble, but that I am, my Lord, your humble servant,"

"Rothes."

Drumlanrig had recently been appointed, in the lifetime of his father, heritable Sheriff of Dumfriesshire, and the order enclosed affords very good evidence that the cancer of conventicles, afflicting the land and threatening the throne, had provoked and alarmed the government of Rothes no less than it did that of Lauderdale :—

"Whereas I am informed that Mr John Welch has been preaching, and keeping conventicles, contrary to the established laws of this kingdom, in the shires of Galloway, Roxburgh, and other places, and has received citations, from the Council and Commission, to come under trial, refuses to appear, but is lurking in some private place in the country; these are therefore to desire you to make diligent search and enquiry in the places of your jurisdiction, and cause apprehend that seditious person or his resetters, which will be acceptable service to his Majesty, and contribute much for the peace of this country; and for your so doing this shall be your warrant. Given under my hand at Holyroodhouse, this twenty-fifth of October, 1665.

"Rothes."

Twelve years afterwards (Lauderdale in the ascendant), Rothes, still Chancellor, thus writes to the same, who by this time was Earl of Queensberry :—

"*For the Earl of Queensberry, These:—*

"TYNNINGHAME, *17th August*, 1676.

"MY LORD:—I went to Edinburgh on Friday last, of purpose to meet Sir George Lockhart,[1] but he being out of town, necessitated my stay till Monday; at which time he and I did talk of all business at great length, and with great freedom; but he was uncertain as to his resolution for London, till he should hear again from thence, at which time he was to advertise me, and I am to meet him again at Edinburgh. He is kind to me beyond expression, and I persuade myself I owe a share of it to the good character you gave him of me on all occasions; for he told me very seriously, with a great deal of gravity, that he did assure me you were very much my friend. Judge if I did not laugh within myself when he said so; I having had, so frequently, and so long, continual experience of your favour and kindness. But of this no more; for we are over all such expressions. I hear nothing new, neither from above nor here. When I do, you shall immediately have an account. My daughter is happily brought to bed upon Wednesday, (being long in pain but no hazard) of a brave lass; so that now I am an *old grandfather;* and now I am resolved to be *mighty grave.*"[2]

"I humbly thank you for your kind letter, which you left at Edinburgh, but I am mightily troubled you are fallen from your resolution of doing me the honour of coming to Lesly; and, if it may yet consist with your own conveniency, I would gladly have you do it; and, upon my honour, you shall not meet with any disturbance, unless it be *hawking;* and even that *beloved recreation* I shall forsake to oblige you.

"I had almost forgot to tell you, that my Lord Kincardine is extremely troubled at his being turned out of the Council of England; and much more than he had lost both his place in Session and Treasury. He is at a stand whether to go up or not. I have sufficiently troubled you; so I shall say no more, but that I am, my dear Lord, your most humble servant,

"ROTHES."

[1] Sir George Lockhart of Carnwath, the celebrated lawyer, and somewhat factious Dean of Faculty. He stood in opposition to Lauderdale, and became President of the Court of Session in 1685. He was basely assassinated, on Sunday the 31st of March, 1689, when returning from the forenoon service, the year of the battle of Killiecrankie, by that murderous scoundrel Chiesly of Dalry.

[2] The Chancellor's daughter was married in 1674, to Charles, eldest son of John fourth Earl of Haddington, which Earldom, consequently, devolved by a family arrangement, upon the second son of Earl Charles, the eldest son succeeding through

In the month of July 1677, Lauderdale and his redoubtable Duchess, and her two Talmash daughters, came to Scotland. Her principal object was to marry those daughters to Scotch peers, a speculation in which she eventually succeeded. The bloated, blustering Duke, came to crush the opposition which, under the scrambling leadership of Duke Hamilton, was endeavouring to effect his downfall. How the Duchess demeaned herself upon that occasion, we have already seen from Mr Sharpe's lively sketch of her character and conduct. But the following letter from the Chancellor Rothes to Queensberry, affords details, very graphically given, of the regal progress of this rampant couple, which are not to be met with elsewhere. Rothes was by no means violently opposed, like Hamilton, to Lauderdale's administration; but he was jealous of his power, and justly suspicious of his policy. Neither does he appear to have retained any strong feeling of gratitude towards her Grace, who obtains the credit of having, in former years, released his handsome person from the claws of Cromwell, by virtue of her own caterwauling with the hypocritical Independent. Sketches from nature, and the pen of Rothes, of such a character as the Duchess of Lauderdale, must interest all who take any pleasure in the perusal of historical memoirs.

"*For the Earl of Queensberry, These:—*

"My Dear Lord:—I am now almost perfectly recovered from the most desperate colic that ever I had in all my life, it having continued four days with me, and I detained this bearer of purpose to give you an account of what passed yesterday; which I shall do only in general, except as to myself.

"Argyle, Balcarres, and several others, met him[1] half-way betwixt this and London. My Lord Athole,[2] Marshall, Aboyne, Sir John

his mother, to the more ancient Earldom of Rothes. The happy event he records, certainly did not cause the Chancellor to become "mighty grave," but probably induced him to get mighty tipsy.

[1] Meaning Lauderdale.

[2] To whose eldest son, the Duchess desired to marry her youngest daughter, Lady Catherine Talmash. This fell through, but eventually the young lady was married to Lord Doune, Earl Murray's eldest son; and after his death in 1685, she married the Earl of Sutherland.

Keith, in a hackney-coach, with a great many horsemen with them, met him three or four stages short. When Argyle came, the Duke and Duchess and her two daughters being in one coach, they put out the youngest daughter, and took in my Lord Argyle. But when my Lord Athole came up, they did not remove the other, but suffered him to remain in his hackney. *Mark that, clerk!* My Lord Hatton, with several others, staid at Alnwick till he came; and, they say, was received by the Duke with great civility, and a vast deal of kindness, and no less from the Duchess.[1] All the rest came straggling on; but few or none were wanting, except Duke Hamilton, yourself, Roxburgh, Haddington, and Tweedale, and Cochrane, and Dumfries, who is to see him this afternoon; and I suppose so will my Lord Roxburgh. Haddington came in with him from Lidingtoun.[2] All the gentry on this side the water met him one where or other; and all the Lords of Session, and whole Advocates;[3] and such as came in to town on Saturday or Sunday, returned back to Lidingtoun, or met him by the way on Monday. And certainly they were the greatest number that has been seen together in this kingdom, upon such an occasion, for a very long time. I did really, after a long debate with myself, resolve to have gone to Lidingtoun, but my sickness weakened me so extremely, that, although I was upon the recovering hand, yet I durst not adventure it. So I sent Major Bountine, upon the Monday morning, to tell the Duke, that if it had not been that I was so very ill, I would have waited on him that morning. His answer was,—twice over,—'God forbid that the Chancellor of Scotland should have given himself the trouble of coming so far to a person that comes in *private character*, and not as the King's Commissioner.' This, I am very confident, was in derision; for I believe he understood that it was the common debates, in all companies, whether I should or not? So, upon his arrival here, I put on my clothes, which had not been on for several days before, and resolved, so soon as he went up stairs, to follow him, and give him a short visit, and his Duchess another; but he prevented me; for so soon as ever he came out of his coach, he came straight to my lodging; which I apprehending, had one waiting; and so ran down, but met him very near my gate, where I entreated him to give

[1] The Duchess and Hatton (Lauderdale's brother and heir-presumptive), were at feud, and hated each other.

[2] Lauderdale's own place of Lethington in East Lothian, now belonging to the Blantyre family, under the fanciful name of "Lennox Love to Blantyre."

[3] Yet upon this occasion, Lauderdale did not come down as royal Commissioner, but merely as Duke of Lauderdale, Prime Minister for Scotland.

himself no further trouble, but to return, but could not prevail; so he, with the rest of the Lords came up. I desired him to walk, being near my gate; but he said, he would not be guilty of the rudeness to take place of the Chancellor of Scotland. So when he came to my door he went up, but staid not a minute. I returned with him back, and waited upon his Duchess. So, after my compliment, which was wonderfully short, I told her I was sorry she had got so warm a day to come in. She answered it was the best day that ever she saw in all her life, since she had seen her Lord have so many friends to welcome him. I told her, she had seen that for many days together.[1] And after a little discourse I took leave, and she would needs go with me to the outer door. So I stopt so soon as I came out of her own chamber, and begged her to go back. She said she would not. I told her it was not my due to expect it, nor I did not. She said, she thought it was. I said, that, though I believed she knew better than I, she behoved to excuse me to be very stubborn upon that head. So she went back, and the scene ended.

"There is no possibility of taking measures yet. For all parties are but contriving their several interests. Athole, Argyle, Hatton, are the favourites; and the President[2] waiting till he see who is the greatest. The Advocate,[3] take what course he will, must certainly off. I apprehend the Justice-Clerk will be Advocate, Collington Justice-Clerk, and Sir George Mackenzie advanced to the Bench. What occurs that I know, you shall; but, I expect from your justice and undoubted friendship, *nobody else*,—even the little stories I write; for it may do hurt, but can do no good. I will not end with the formality of a compliment, for I am, without all possibility of change, your servant,

"R."

"I pray you thank this bearer for staying."[4]

[1] The Duchess had made a very good hit. At this time there was by the way of a *patriotic* cabal, professing to be based upon the national feeling in Scotland, to destroy the credit of Lauderdale at Court, because of his alleged misgovernment of that country. The Duke came down to face the storm; and lo! what happens? Lords and Commons, Chancellor, Judges, College of Justice, and mob, go out to meet and worship him whom the King delighteth to honour!

[2] Sir James Dalrymple, 1st Viscount Stair.

[3] Sir John Nisbet.

[4] *Queensberry Papers.*—Rothes had omitted to date this letter; but the context proves that it must have been written in the month of July, 1677.

A few days afterwards, the Chancellor again writes to his illustrious friend, slightly noticing matters all bearing upon the history of the great political struggle at that time rending the kingdoms :—

"20*th July* 1677.

"My dear Lord :—Since my last, little or nothing has occurred, but every thing runs in the same channel, except that the Duke of Lauderdale has taken upon him to hear and to endeavour to adjust the differences betwixt the Earl of Argyle and the Macleans; and it is apprehended my Lord of Argyle will have the better of it, which you may be sure will not satisfy my Lord of Athole," &c.

His next letter is more full of history; and gives a better character of himself than it pleased Bishop Burnet to bestow upon him.[1]

"16*th August* 1677.

"My dear Lord :—I am now going to Fife, and not knowing of a sure occasion, I can only say, that there is no alteration since my last; only the match betwixt the Duchess's daughter and my Lord Athole's son is now concluded, which occasions several alterations.[2] Just now I received yours, and am very proud that you approve of my carriage in this ticklish and unparalleled time. But it puts me mad to think that every body should not have expected that I would have undoubtedly carried myself like an honest man. I follow the same methods I laid down, and told you of; and I shall never alter, so much as in my thoughts, without acquainting you. It is a miracle to behold the strange alterations that every day produces; but, in short, at one meeting Athole carries it, and at the next Argyle. Since the match was declared, the Duchess, and Athole, owns their intentions to ruin Hatton; who carries with a great deal of calmness, but fixes his inte-

[1] Burnet's character of Rothes is brutal. Founding upon the fact that the Chancellor indulged too freely at table, (in which he was by no means singular among the statesmen of his own day, or as compared with great statesmen in much later days,) and hurt his health thereby, the Bishop declares of him, that he was "always either sick or drunk;" and having thus exaggerated his vices, credits him with not a single good quality. The characteristic of Burnet's History is,—malicious calumny founded on a few facts; that of Wodrow's History,—fanatical calumny founded on many lies. *Par nobile fratrum.*

[2] There was much, however, as we shall find, between the cup and the lip.

rest with all those of the nobility of his brother's interest; except the Marquis of Douglas, Marshall, and Aboyne. I do undoubtedly believe, that he is mightily in his brother's favour, and has reason to conclude that he will stand by him. But (as to the fullest extent of my shallow capacity) *looking on for a while* is the most rational method to be followed. For when people are of so aguish a temper, it is fit to let them *settle upon their drag*, before they be meddled with. Whatever be the danger for myself, I find them taking all the direct and indirect ways to out me of my place. And truly I do not in the least doubt of their success. But if I should sacrifice my life, and my fortune, I will not alter my method in the least; and if I perish, I perish; but I shall fall in the high and plain way of an honest man. Hatton, I know, would do me all the kindness within the furthest extent of his power; but should he in the least own it, it would signify little to me, and would give the Duchess an infallible ground to render his brother jealous of him. So that there might be an allowance of time to see what he can work. But *she* infallibly intends to state herself upon his ruin. Yet there is no question but, at the very same minute she perceives her Lord to stand for him, she will turn his friend, and abandon all others. So happy are those who engage with her!

"As to your coming here, I did conclude it not advisable; for it would have rendered other people jealous; and have proved no way successful to your interest. For any who pays them but common civility, has many several constructions put upon it. Yet I would give any thing in the world to speak with you but one hour; but know not how to contrive it. What occurs from time to time you shall have it by Hew Wallace; but if you write anything particular, certainly an express is the best method. Company now crowds me; so my dear Lord, adieu."

"R."

"*I doubt not you will burn this, as I do yours.*"[1]

The Chancellor, with all his magnanimous asseverations, in the letter he wished committed to the flames, was playing an anxious, cautious game, and keeping a steady eye upon his own interests. Notwithstanding the fanatical vagaries of his Countess, he himself was certainly not a conventicler in disguise, like President Dalrymple and his son; and, indeed, as

[1] Rothes did not anticipate, not only that this injunction would be disregarded, but that the letter would be preserved so long as to be printed, and for the first time, nearly two hundred years after it was written.

we shall find, he soon became well satisfied, that the Lauderdale policy, strenuously counselled by the Primate (ere long to pay the penalty with his blood), to suppress the seditious and armed conventicles with the strongest hand of the law, and to grant no more indulgences to outed ministers (whom no indulgence could reclaim), was daily justified by the violent and murderous conduct of the fanatics in Scotland. At first, however, Rothes seemed to stand in opposition to Lauderdale; but so innocent was he, in reality, of opposing him in his measures, that he became his very good friend, in no long time, and contrived, eventually, to pick up a Dukedom in the scramble. Lauderdale's bitter opponent was Hamilton. How little of true patriotism there was in that opposition, will presently appear. From some of the squibs of the period, it would seem, that neither of these great statesmen obtained much credit with the vulgar, for disinterested motives, or high-minded principles, in their virulent contest. A doggerel of the day feigns a dialogue, in which Lauderdale is supposed thus to bully Hamilton; who returns him a Roland for his Oliver:—

"*Lauderdale.* Are *you* the man that dare withstand
My pleasure, with a petty band
Of *tipplers* that surround you?
I'll let you know,
That with one blow,
I'm able to confound you.

"*Hamilton.* Your blustering cannot do us wrong,
Should you wear out your *buffling tongue*,
So pray proceed no further;
But let's express
The practices
By which we *cheat each other*."[1]

To return to the correspondence of Rothes with the "Deil of Drumlanrig," (who kept himself very snug the while in his old castle of Sanquhar, *biding his time*,) again the Chancellor writes, as follows:—

[1] Fugitive Scottish Poetry of the XVII. Century; 2d Series. Edited by Mr Laing. Sm. 8vo. Edin. 1853.

"*Leslie, 4th October*, 1677.

"Neither is my Lord Duke, or Lady Duchess, talking of going away; nor am I *turned off my place yet.*

"They have been very angry. The Marquis of Athole was not to be here this week; and [they] sent an express for him; and now they say he will be here to-morrow. It is loudly talked that he would break off this match with his son; and it is evident he puts off time, as much as he can, upon any frivolous pretence; and all his friends rail at it;[1] but I am confident he dare not; for that minute he does, she will endeavour to break him, and he has nothing else to stand by but her favour. There has been a great talk of a further *Indulgence* to outed ministers, and no doubt there is a treaty entertained concerning it. But my Lord St Andrews[2] has spoken such free language to the Duke, and *paid him so home*, as neither you nor I could imagine he durst; and has wrought his end by it; so as, yesterday, the Duke in the Committee did publicly declare, upon his great oath, he would never be for an Indulgence, and said he never had been. But my Lord St Andrews did still so hector it, as (that) the President[3] was put to make a speech, and swore that he knew nothing of it,—which is *a base lie*," &c.

Again, on the 12th of October 1677, Rothes thus reports to Queensberry:

"At Council we did almost nothing: But the Duke of Lauderdale declared positively against the Indulgence,—that he never was, nor would be for it.

"I am not capable of questioning your kindness; nor you shall never have reason to doubt of mine: And, for all the Duke of Lauderdale's height, and the threatenings I meet with, I am as fixed in my principles as ever. It is now *criminal* for any of the Lords, that uses to wait upon them, to eat with me, or visit me; and they are *publicly* charged with it. But the other day, first my Lord Ross, and then my

[1] That is to say, at the match which the Duchess was trying to effect, and had almost settled, between her youngest daughter and Athole's eldest son.

[2] Archbishop Sharpe.

[3] Sir James Dalrymple of Stair, the first Viscount The venerable Primate was acting with conscientious firmness and spirit. He was thoroughly master of the merits of the case; and knew well the extreme danger to the State, and the lives of statesmen, arising from such men as President Dalrymple harbouring and petting conventicle ruffians like prophet Peden, and others.

Lord Wemyss, talked very plainly to the Duchess, and told her, they would pay their respect and duty to me, take it as she pleased! And ever since, she is very calm as to that head."

The astute Lauderdale having made himself master of the situation in Scotland, by his presence in 1677, puts on all his thunder in the following year, as Lord High Commissioner to the Convention of Estates, summoned to assemble in Edinburgh on the 26th of June 1678. Meanwhile Hamilton and his tail of opposition nobles hurry to Court, unbidden and unwelcome, with their paper of grievances and accusations, which none of them would ever sign. It was diamond cut diamond; and Lauderdale proved the hardest. While *they* were pleading nonsense[1] before the King, *he* was packing the Convention in Scotland; and at the same time keeping an eye upon his absent enemy. The old horse, Rothes, was waiting in the race, along with the rising favourite Queensberry, both hanging back, while the pace seemed likely to break down Hamilton, and burst Lauderdale. Claverhouse, at this time, was unentered. It is vastly amusing to find how Rothes, whose own great day had been, speculates upon the chances, and waits and watches, in order, as he phrases it, "to let them settle upon their drag, before they be meddled with." Of date 25th March 1678, he thus writes to Queensberry, in reference to the rush of the opposition peers to mob the King in London, in the absence of the royal bull-dog:—

"To have nobody there to inform for him, and counteract those considerable persons who will be informing against him, I judge will be very unbecoming a wise man: And who he shall send is the question? Argyle? His father's memory stinks there as here; neither does either his person, or way of converse, recommend him. My Lord Murray is not fit for it;[2] I need say no more either of him, Linlithgow, or Ross. Hatton, I believe, is not such a fool; and if he does,

[1] Such nonsense as, that every thing was quiet and safe in Scotland; that there was no approximation to a rebellion; and that Lauderdale was promoting one, to serve his own turn.

[2] Lord Murray, however, was the one whom Lauderdale employed; and he succeeded the latter as Secretary of State in 1684; and attended the King on his death-bed, as we have seen before.

it will be easy to treat him [as?] one ridiculous. Now, *my* fancy is, that he will employ *the Bishops;* by which means he lays all the stress upon them of what has been done: And if he shall move them to cry aloud to the King and Churchmen,—that, if what has been done be not countenanced and prosecuted, they shall be ruined,—and then turn the cannon upon those who goes up, and allege this opportunity is only laid hold on to misrepresent and destroy the Duke of Lauderdale, and with the same breath to ruin the Church,—I warrant you, they will not want argument, if any of them shall adventure upon so ticklish a head. For my part, as I have a soul to be saved, I know nothing of it; and all this letter is an effect of a walk on the *terraces*.[1]

"Tweeddale's *taking the bond*, I never doubted of. But what is his intention of leaving Scotland, I cannot imagine. To go to Court? He will be as soon damned as venture upon it;[2] and to stay at home I believe he may without any body's being jealous. For as few fears him as loves him," &c.

Lauderdale's purpose, in this Convention, was to obtain a grant of money, necessary to enable Government to keep down, by force of arms, the frightful turbulence of the conventicles. The object was indeed dictated by the direst necessity; and, in the hands of an honest statesman, could not have been gainsaid. But the disreputable and dissolute character, both of Lauderdale (a son of the Covenant) and his Duchess (a daughter of Satan), gave no little plausibility to the argument that the public money was about to pass into bad hands, and to serve the private purposes of tyrannical passion, and avaricious dishonesty. Great excitement prevailed during the elections for Lauderdale's Convention, which of course that stormy petrel did his best to pack. Rothes shall tell the story:—

"*For the Earl of Queensberry, These:—*

"Holyrood House, 8*th June*, 1678.

"My Dear Lord:—I received the honour of yours upon Thursday, wherein there was three inclosed in one cover; and I am very glad

[1] After a hard drink, perhaps.

[2] To Court he did venture, however; and caught it from the King, as we shall presently find.

that mine have come safe to your hands. By what I observe every day, I find it evident, that those who have been of late up at London,[1] or are there, or were advisers of them to go, are jealous both of you and me. I say no more, but God knows if they have reason. I have never spoke but of public business, and that in general, to my Lord Commissioner, nor any of them; and that just at the same rate we have done ever since he came to Scotland; except that, upon the 29th of May, after dinner, he took me aside and told me he knew very well the great interest I had in the shire of Fife, and therefore he behoved to use freedom with me at the old rate; and so desired that I would not suffer Sir William Bruce to be chosen one of the commissioners for that shire; for, if he were, it would be hurtful to Sir William, and ill taken from me; for he assured me the King knew very well, that Sir William had stood in opposition to his service, and that he was so sensible of it, that he was resolved to take course with him; and then he fell a railing at him. Whereupon, I gave advertisement to Sir William; and did advise him not to endeavour his being a commissioner; whereupon he staid away, and did not so much as go there. At the Council table, before I went over the water, I was enquired at, as others were, what day the election of Fife would be. I told him,—when they pleased; so they left it to myself, and I named the 13th. But when I went home, my Sheriff-depute,[2] having got the letter, and the postscript requiring haste, he officiously, without ever acquainting me, appoints Tuesday last, being the 4th, to be the day; an account of which being sent to my Lord Commissioner, he, and the whole Council, presently began and reflected, how I had named the 13th, and had anticipated the time so long. There was such a noise and bustle, as those who was witnesses tells me they never saw the like,—that the King's Chancellor should abuse both his Commissioner and his Council! One circumstance I must tell you, that, upon the 29th of May, late in the evening, the laird of Lundy[3] came to me, and told me, he was

[1] Duke Hamilton and his faction.

[2] The Duke of Rothes was heritable Sheriff of Fife. The immediate subordinate, appointed by these high officials, was designed Sheriff-depute. These heritable jurisdictions being now merged in the Crown, the Sovereign alone can *depute* Sheriffs to act for him, in the various shires; and these, again, are empowered, by the royal commission, to appoint their own immediate subordinates, or representatives, who are termed their *Substitutes*. The Sheriffs themselves are *Deputes* to the Sovereign.

[3] John Drummond of Lundy, was the second son of James, third Earl of Perth, and became Earl of Melfort, a title recently revived. His wife, who was the heiress of Lundy, or Lundin, in Fife, was niece to the Duke of Lauderdale.

commanded to endeavour being elected to be a commissioner for the shire of Fife, but civilly told me, that if he had not my allowance he would rather choose to excuse himself, and begged my assistance. As to the first, I told him, his quality and condition did very well allow him, as well as any in the shire, to endeavour his being chosen; but as to the second, I said nothing. But when I found that my Sheriff-depute had innocently brought me into a snare, which I knew would be presently represented to the King, and that I had several letters from London, assuring me that the King loads me heavily with the conventicles in Fife, I judged it fit for me, to stop any further misrepresentations of me, to give way, and cause choose Lundy one of the commissioners with Sir Philip Anstruther. This I know will be very much grumbled at, and reflected upon; but I am now come not to regard that much. And I must tell you another passage which you may think strange. The laird of Broomhall did endeavour that he himself, and a neighbour of his, might be chosen, without so much as ever telling me a word, or coming near me; which I think I might justly have challenged from him as Earl of Rothes, though I had not been Chancellor. But I shall not judge it strange when I reflect on what tricks he did first when all this bustle began in the last Session of Parliament.

"Now, my dear Lord, I know you expect freedom from me; and you are but just in so doing, for you shall have the very thoughts of my heart without reserve. It is more than evident the Commissioner will carry in the Convention his design of raising money; and you know, nothing of any other affair can be meddled with, but singly the business for which it was called. It was told the King, he would meet with opposition from my Lord Duke of Hamilton and party; whereupon he, in a great passion, swore a great oath he should take such a course with him, as should make him smart for it all the days of his life. Now, considering this, I know not whether to wish him down, or that he may stay.[1] But I am resolved to advise neither. My own thoughts of the affair, after *serious reflection*, is, that there is a *necessity* for raising of money, to maintain some force for some time. For not only are we *shamed* and *affronted* by numerous and frequent conventicles,[2] but I really find there is a great disturbance, and disquiet, in

[1] This part of the letter is ambiguously worded, but from the context it would rather seem (and is certainly more likely) that it was Lauderdale, and not Charles II., who swore the great oath, and threatened Hamilton. That Duke was at the time in London, struggling to undermine Lauderdale with the King.

[2] Of which his own Countess was a great promoter.

the humours of the people; and they are possessed with seditious principles against the King and his Government, which is *most detestable to all honest men;* and I judge it most rational, to give of our money, although those receive the benefit, and taste the sweet of it, who are not our friends, rather than have the *rebellious* '49 *re-acted* over again,[1] and we and our posterity to live in slavery. I am very glad you intend to haste here. I beseech you do, for I will undoubtedly expect you either on Friday or Saturday next. My Lord St. Andrews talks of you with all the kindness and tenderness imaginable, and I am very confident is real, and has friendship to you. For my part, I shall separate from my life sooner than do any thing unworthy of the great testimonies of friendship I have received from you; for I am, with all the zeal imaginable, unalterable in my friendship to you.

"Yesterday, in Exchequer, there was a paper read, signed by the King, discharging Sir William Bruce[2] to be Surveyor. So, there is £300 be year gone. I wish they may hold there as to him. I am very sure the Commissioner, being in great privacy with one he trusts very much [said?] that now the King had made him his Commissioner, it should be seen that he should endeavour to carry with calmness and moderation; and that no person should do him the favour to visit him but they should meet with a kind and civil reception. And, speaking of you, he said, twice over,—'O God, O God! I have a family friendship for his; and I hope my Lord will visit me now, although he would not do so much when I was only Duke of Lauderdale.'[3] The Duchess appears mightily to follow the same method, and says, it is not *huffing* and *ranting* that does business; and *cries* when she speaks of my Lord's infirmity of falling into passion,—when, God knows, she is as guilty herself. She said to me, on the 29th of May, at table, quietly in my ear: 'O Lord! my Lord Chancellor, is it not possible that we may all live in quiet, and be free of all this trouble?' I answered her immediately in the same method: 'Madam, none alive can do it so well as you; and I am very sure it is your interest, and you will never repent it.' Whereupon she said, 'God knows it had not been her fault, nor never should be,'—and then gave two or three *sore sighs*, and then spoke not a word for a quarter of an hour.

[1] The year in which Charles the First was murdered by Cromwell.

[2] Sir William Bruce of Kinross.

[3] The "family friendship" was probably this, that Lauderdale, a political hypocrite, of the Covenant of 1637, was, at that time, in close confederacy with the Chancellor's father, another hypocrite of the same stamp. Both proved themselves to be so.

"Now, my Lord, I know I need not desire you to keep what I write to you, to yourself; for I do not doubt it, and therefore shall add no more but that I am yours,

"R."[1]

Lauderdale's convention assembled accordingly, on the 26th of June 1678, wherein, as Rothes anticipated, he carried all before him. Had his measures for suppressing murderous sedition, and actual rebellion, perpetrated under the blasphemous assumption of a divine mission, been all that could be said against the domineering Duke's government of Scotland at this crisis, his name would have been no blot upon the annals of his country. But in his person was exhibited the rankest specimen of that noxious but not unnatural growth, the most zealous and intolerant of covenanters developed into the most bloated and tyrannical of royalists. The Covenant alone could have furnished such an example as Lauderdale; and true to its own nature, it furnished others of the same kind, though not equally successful. But the purpose of this Convention, as declared in the royal proclamation, was founded upon facts unquestionable, and the most obvious principles of common sense: "The great kindness," it said, "we bear to that our ancient kingdom, hath at all times inclined us to be very watchful over all its concerns: and considering that all Kings and States, do, at present, carefully secure themselves and their people, by providing against all such foreign invasions, and intestine commotions, as may make them a prey to their enemies, and that it is not fit that our kingdom should only, of all others, remain without defence, especially at a time wherein the execrable *field-conventicles*,—so justly termed in our laws 'the rendezvouses of rebellion,'—do still grow in their numbers and insolence,—against all which our present forces cannot in reason be thought a suitable security,—Therefore, and that we may be the better enabled to raise some more forces, for securing that our kingdom against all foreign invasions and intestine commotions, and to maintain them in the most equal and regular way, and let the world see the

[1] Queensberry Papers.

unanimous affections of our people to us, We have thought fit to call a Convention of the Estates of that our ancient kingdom, to meet at Edinburgh upon the 26th day of June next to come," &c.[1]

In this Convention Lauderdale was deservedly successful. Besides making a convert of his rival the Chancellor, in Edinburgh, he was hailed at head quarters as the true panacea for the troubles and the turbulence of Scotland. It is amusing to see how completely he had gained over Rothes, whose repugnance to him, and suspicion of his measures, appear to have been as fluctuating as the colics with which he was so often tormented. Upon the 27th of July 1678, he writes to Queensberry as follows :—

"My Dear Lord :—The very same day you went from this place, I was restored to my perfect health, my colic having left me; so now I am very well, if not better than I have been this great while, at your service. The Commissioner being to come from Lethington on Tuesday, I went there in the morning, and returned to this place with him at night. On Monday night he had received an express packet from Mr Secretary Williamson, in his Majesty's name, with a particular letter from the King, all with his own hand, approving all his procedure at a very high rate, and returning him thanks suitable; and most particularly telling him, that he has been informed, and is convinced, of his calm and equal carriage, notwithstanding of the great and insupportable temptations he had to the contrary, and desires him not in the least to doubt his steadiness and fixed friendship to him, nor to fear his enemies; and gives him a kind invitation up.[2] So much as to his letter from the King.

"In his others, from my Lord Maynard and Lundy, all which I read, they are much higher to his commendation, and enlarge very much upon the general applause he has there from all persons the King has any value for; particularly the Duke, Chancellor, and Treasurer;

[1] Royal Proclamation, dated at Whitehall, 23d May 1678.

[2] This completely contradicts Burnet. See before, p. 351, and *note*. If the Lauderdale family papers have been as well preserved as the Queensberry, this autograph letter of approbation and compliment, from Charles the Second to the Duke of Lauderdale, ought to be discovered in the archives of that noble house. It would be of some importance to the character of the great minion of the Restoration, and very interesting in a historical point of view.

from all which I believe he has letters of compliment, with kind invitation up, which he receives with a great deal of joy; and no doubt he has reason, and does intend for the Court very suddenly, although the day is not as yet prefixed. He enquired at me, in Lethington, very kindly for you; and, when I told him you had staid two days in town (after you was sent for by your Lady) to see if my health would have allowed you to have waited on them, and he would have gone along, but you was now out of town, but would wait upon him before he went, he said, you should have been very welcome alone. Then my Lady Duchess said to me before him,—'Fie upon you, that you should have occasioned our losing the favour of a visit from my Lord Queensberry.' Then my Lord begun and said a great deal of the intimacy had been betwixt your families. His tongue never ceases, when I am with him alone, reflecting upon Duke Hamilton's *prudentials* in the management of his affairs; and now he says, that he knows he intends for London, and 'by his faith he shall give him one bout there, for he shall be with him, and tell the truth; and he is very confident the King will believe him as well as Duke Hamilton, or the Earl of Perth,'—who he says is to follow the Duke.

"This new match, betwixt Mr Maitland and my Lord Argyle's daughter, fixes all interest of state, as is supposed. But I can assure you the Churchmen are not pleased with it. I have spoke with my Lord Saint Andrews concerning you and your little affair, but your writer not having brought me the heads of what was to be in your signature, I could not speak to my Lord Hatton; and he is just now going to his son's marriage,[1] and does not return till Wednesday, at which time I suppose the Commissioner will be just a-going. I have gone on purpose this morning to my Lord St. Andrews concerning [it], who entreats you earnestly to haste into this town (and I must also beg it), and does undoubtedly expect you on Wednesday night at farthest; for my Lord Commissioner is positively resolved to go on Friday. The bearer will tell you in what haste I am, the Commissioner being to dine here; so that I shall say no more, but that I am, without all possibility of change, yours,

"R."

[1] Mr Maitland was the eldest son of Lord Hatton, and eventually became fourth Earl of Lauderdale. He married Lady Anne Campbell, daughter of Archibald, ninth Earl of Argyle. According to the Peerage, there was no issue of this marriage. There had been a son, however, who was christened on Saturday, 3d of May 1679, the day of Archbishop Sharp's murder; for Rothes was returning from that christening to Fife when he heard of the murder. See before, p. 261, his

About a month after the Commissioner's departure from the scene of his triumph, the communicative Chancellor again addresses the coming man, in a letter replete with curious information:—

"*September* 2. 1678.

"My Dear Lord:—If I had any thing worthy your trouble I had written long ere now, but I knew nothing worthy of an express; and now I have so much to say I know not where to begin; but I shall with answering yours I received this day; only first give you an account of what came by the last packet.

"And you must observe as a great change, forsooth, that all letters are first directed to me, as Chancellor, and the rest of the Lords of Privy Council after; which was always the old style till my Lord Tweeddale and Sir Robert Murray came in play.[1] There is one letter to the Treasury, and another to the Exchequer, commanding the Earl of Murray to be admitted a member of both; but there being no quorum of the Treasury here, I am forced to send for the Earls of Argyle and Dundonald to haste in, which I suppose will be about the 24th or 26th instant, at which time I believe we shall have another Council day; at which time I do expect we shall have down the commissions for all the officers.

"There is also an order come for the reducing of threescore of the Marquis of Athole's troop, so that now it will consist only of a hundred. It is to be done on Monday next; and although there be no Commissioner of the Treasury here, Sir William Sharp and I have made a shift for money to pay them off, that no time may be lost. The King has appointed two companies of Highlanders, each consisting of a hundred and fifty, to be commanded by Lawers and Colonel Innes, as captains, with a hundred commanded men, out of the Earl of Linlithgow's regiment, to keep garrison chiefly in Inverlochie, and in other places in the Highlands, for the peace, settlement, and quieting of them. You may be sure my Lord Argyle's affair concerning Mull is the great cause of this. The Bishop of Galloway is to be sworn a member of the Privy Council so soon as he comes from the north, and he is expected to-morrow. These are public news. Now to yourself all the rest.

letter to Queensberry on the occasion. But no sons of that marriage had survived, as Richard Maitland, fourth Earl of Lauderdale, was succeeded by his brother.

[1] The administration of Scotland was in their hands for a few years, until Tweeddale quarrelled with Lauderdale in 1674.

"You know the Earl of Tweeddale met my Lord Commissioner at Netherby, and there pressed, with violence, that he might accompany the Duke of Lauderdale to Court, but had the honour of a positive refusal, being told by the Duke himself that he should willingly hear what he had to say at London, but that he was so much crowded already on the road, as that he desired him to go by himself, which accordingly he did.[1] And after he was some days at Windsor, my Lord Chamberlain being sick, and not able to come abroad, he prevailed with him to appoint the Usher to give him the Sword to carry before the King; at which his Majesty appeared surprised, and sent and chid my Lord Chamberlain immediately after. Yet within a day or two my Lord Tweeddale desired to speak with the King; and being admitted in a morning, after a long preface he told the King, that he was convinced his Majesty was angry with him, and used great vows and oaths to convince him that he had been, and would be ready to serve him in his own way, as he should command, in all things whatsoever, and had the *positive expression*, that he should give an absolute and entire obedience to the Duke of Lauderdale in all things; and *cried*, and then clapt down on his knees, and begged mercy for all that he had done which had given his Majesty any cause of offence. The King said, 'Rise my Lord: I have received fair promises, many times, from your Lordship in particular, and from others joined with you of this party; but, by God, I will be used so no more, but will always use you according as I find your endeavours to serve me.' Then he magnified himself, and his behaviour in the Convention; but the King interrupted him, and with great derision told him,—'I know you did not, but the contrary;' so, twice or thrice after pleading pity, the King left him.[2] So immediately Tweeddale coming away, encountered the Duke of Lauderdale, and began to expostulate, and tell him that he

[1] Tweeddale's eldest son was married to Duke Lauderdale's only daughter in 1666, under the King's especial patronage. See before, p. 248. But he had quarrelled with the minion, and displeased the King, although now cringing for favour. See before, p. 364, and *note*. Tweeddale was a very loose fish in politics, but eminently successful in the end.

[2] When James Guthrie, the covenanting minister, was condemned to death for his numerous and most insolent treasons, Tweeddale, taking a factious position, stood alone in opposing the execution of one of the most truculent rebels and bloodthirsty fanatics that ever met with the fate he was so fond of decreeing for others. See before, p. 216. Tweeddale was put under restraint in the Castle of Edinburgh at the time, not for his minority of one, but because he had accompanied his opposition with some insinuations as to the King's personal motives in leaving Guthrie to the fate he so well deserved. The Earl, however, was soon enlarged, and very leniently dealt with.

was misrepresented to the King; to which he answered, that he had told the King every man's true carriage, and if he had not done so, he had been unworthy the trust he bore; but he had done it justly, without respect of persons.

"My dear Lord, you may remember when we parted, I told you that I would write a letter to the Duke of Lauderdale, declaring my readiness to serve the King, and in his own way; but being troubled with the *sciatick* for some days, did delay it. So I received a letter from the Duke of Lauderdale, the double of which is here inserted as follows, with my answer thereto. By mine, I suppose you will perceive I am very full as to my duty to the King, and I think I need need not care though it were printed.[1] But as to the letters, as follows:—

[*Lauderdale to Rothes, enclosed.*]

"*Ham, 28th August* 1678.

"My Lord:—I came to Whitehall on Saturday, three hours after his Majesty went back to Windsor, where I think he will stay till he return to the Parliament. Sunday morning I waited on him at Windsor, before he came from the chapel. And after I had been with him at the committee for foreign affairs, I gave him a short account of his affairs in Scotland, especially of the late Convention; and according to my duty to truth, and to what I did promise your Lordship, I told him how well you had served in the Convention, and in your eminent station had contributed as much to the happy success of the Convention as man could do. He was very well pleased with it, and commanded me to tell you so. Then I told him how confident I was of your reality in serving him thoroughly, and in his own way, not only against the rebellious field conventicles, and for purging the Church of schism, but also against all factions and parties.[2] This I had warrant from your

[1] It was destined to be printed in this volume, for the first time, after the lapse of nearly two centuries.

[2] It is amusing to contrast this with the Rev. Robert Baillie's record of Lauderdale, as a Covenanter. Writing to Warriston from London, in 1643, during the agitation of the Solemn League and Covenant, Baillie says:—"There cannot be three more gracious and able men than Mr Henderson, Mr Gillespie, and Mr Rutherford; and I profess the very great sufficiency and happiness of *good Maitland* [Lauderdale]. I think it reasonable, and necessary, that, come who will, Maitland should be adjoined to them. Forget not this; for, if this be neglected, it would be an injury, and a disgrace, to a youth that brings, by his noble carriage, credit to our nation, and *help to our cause*."—*Letters and Journals*. Writing to Lauderdale

Lordship to say in your name, and I hope you will write as much to me, which I shall show the King, and give you a good account of it. Last night I came hither, with the King's leave, and am to return to Windsor on Saturday for good and all, till the King's return. This is my first letter to any body. We are yet uncertain whether we shall have peace or war. So, I shall say no more at this time, but that I am most sincerely, my Lord, your Lordship's most humble and most obedient servant,

" *(Sic subscribitur)*, LAUDERDALE."

[*Rothes's Answer, also enclosed.*]

" MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE :—I was resolved to do myself this honour last council day; but lest it might prove troublesome immediately after your arrival, I rather chose to defer it, knowing your Grace would receive an account of what passed from other hands, who can do it better, and very truly. But when any thing occurs in relation to his Majesty's service, I shall not be wanting to acquaint your Grace. For so long as I have life, I shall never fail in my duty to

himself, from London, 17th June 1645, Baillie says :—" My Lord, make haste hither, for I tell you there is great need of you here. We must *wrestle a fall* with *some kind of creatures* before our Covenant be abolished. You may see, my Lord, I am the old man. My service to your kind Lady [his first wife] ; and to yourself, so long as you remain honest, bnt not an hour longer." Again, 20th February 1646, Baillie writes :—" My Lord Lauderdale spoke some few words, intimating the resolution of the Kingdom of Scotland to be *constant to their Covenant*, notwithstanding all the *calumnies* which malignants [loyalists] have invented against them, and others for their own base ends do spread." When Episcopacy was condemned by the Assembly of the Covenant in 1643, Lauderdale, then Lord Maitland, made himself very conspicuous, and rose immediately into the rank of a " prime Covenanter,"—which means every thing hypocritical in a churchman, and base in a statesman. The Rev. Henry Guthry, who was present, thus records the anecdote :—

" It was not the custom in Assemblies for any man, while the roll was a calling, to interrupt voicing by discourses ; every one was to answer the question, yea or nay, and no more. Yet the Lord Maitland was so taken with a *thought of his own*, that he must needs vent it. So that, when his voice came to be asked, he rose up, and spoke to this sense, ' How, upon the 17th of August, four years ago, an act passed in the Assembly for thrusting Episcopacy out of this Church, and now, upon this 17th of August (1643), also an act was passing for the *extirpation* of it out of *the Church of England*, and that Providence having ordered it so that both happened to be in one day, there was *much in it*, and that men might warrantably thereupon expect *glorious consequences to follow*, even farther off than England, ere all was done.' This observation was applauded by the most, as having *much quickness in it*, though others thought it *very ridiculous*."—*Guthry's Memoirs.*

him, and in my readiness to serve him in his own way as he shall judge fittest; and I hope I have not been so miserably misfortunate as that his Majesty ever questioned my readiness in his service; and if I did not, I were the most unworthy and ungrateful of all who ever had the honour to serve him; for I always concluded, his Majesty's entrusting me in so eminent a station, proceeded from his being assured of my fidelity, which was to counterbalance my unfitness and inability; for no sooner is his Majesty's pleasure known to me, but I am determined. The honour your Grace has done me, by your favourable representation of me, is the greatest obligation could be put upon your Grace's most humble and most faithful servant,

"*(Sic subscribitur)*, ROTHES."

[*Rothes in continuation to Queensberry.*]

"Now, my dear Lord, this is all as yet that I ever have said to my Lord Lauderdale; and I am informed certainly that I am spoke of very ill at London by some of our Scots people, who say that I have ruined them; and the thing they load me with is my carriage in the Convention. But since you know as well as I that I have done nothing but that which is right, just, and honourable, and in obedience to his Majesty's commands, and for his interest, I do not value what all the world can say against me; for I am sure I shall walk in all circumstances according to what I think just and right. Pray let me know what you think of this full and large account of business I have given you, as soon as possible you can. There are a great many other particular circumstances, but should I set them all down, it would turn the letter to an entire volume.[1] So I shall end with this, that I am no stranger to their endeavour of an accommodation with the Duke of Lauderdale,[2] without mentioning your concern or mine; but I can tell you with the same breath, and assure you, that he has refused, and declared that he would never meddle with five or six only; and after his acquainting of the King with this, his Majesty has approven him in it.

"When I consider how much I have said in this letter, I am very much troubled to find that it is only an ordinary bearer, and not one of your own footmen; and I entreat you, haste me back word of your receipt of this. Immediately after I went over the water, I wrote to

[1] It would have been of more value than a volume of Burnet, Wodrow, or Laing.

[2] Alluding to the Hamilton faction, working in London against Lauderdale, of whom more anon.

my Lord Hatton concerning your signature, but have had no return concerning it. But I do not in the least doubt the success of it. Since I believe we shall have a Council here before long, pray be in readiness, that, upon a short advertisement from me, you may give yourself the trouble of a journey in, although it were but for a night or two. I will not injure myself so much as in the least to doubt your Lordship believes and knows that I am unalterably your most faithful servant,

"R."[1]

And so Rothes established himself with Lauderdale and the King, retaining firm hold the while of his powerful and rising friend Queensberry, keeping aloof from the weak faction of Hamilton, and clear of the conventicles, which his Countess really believed to be a divine institution. Manifestly the Chancellor had come to be conscientiously of opinion, that against the assembling of these dangerous field meetings measures too strong could not be adopted; and he laboured zealously with his friend and coadjutor, the calumniated and doomed Primate, to eradicate that cancer from the land. Meanwhile, amid his ceaseless labours and endless occupations, he led a hard life, hawking and hunting, feasting and drinking, subjected ever and anon to a lecture from the Archbishop relating to his morals, and cautions from Queensberry on the score of his health. He thus writes to the latter on the 17th November 1678:—

"As to what you say concerning my health, I am very much obliged to you for your care, and I were very unjust to myself if I questioned your kindness: but those makes so great a noise of it, does it upon another account than to oblige me, but on the contrary; for they lay it for an infallible foundation, that if my finger but ache, it is an effect of debauching; for at that time when they made that noise, I never kept my chamber an hour, nor the house, but was still abroad, but had a looseness, and that absolutely without pain, which went away without physic or glyster. Now, I thank God I never was better. I do not much care what they say of me, for I am pretty well used to be lashed with the tongues of two several parties; but possibly I may live to remember it. But indeed I am very much troubled that *you* should be judged the cause, which is indeed new to me; and certainly you know your-

[1] Queensberry Papers.

self innocent of it; for you may remember that there was nothing extraordinary betwixt us, except *three morning drinks;* one at Morton's, one at your house, and another at mine; at all which we were never the length of *bottles the man.* But this is a subject not worthy taking up so much time, either for me to write, or you to read."

In less than a week after the date of this letter he informs Queensberry,—

"I have been frequently at our meetings in my Lord St Andrews lodgings, where we are busied taking care how to dispose of the forces through the country, for suppressing field conventicles, and others, for securing of the peace in this conjuncture; which I hope we shall in a short time effectuate, or at least discover the *impossibility* of it; which I am very far from believing, if there were a course taken to oblige and engage *noblemen and gentlemen* that have interest in the country. But without that, we will give ourselves a great deal of unnecessary trouble."

The year 1679 brought double double toil and trouble to all concerned, both in England and Scotland. On the 5th of January of that year, the Chancellor thus sounds a note of it, —Lauderdale still ruling the roast, while the Hamilton clique are feebly, but pertinaciously, bating and baying at him in London:—

"My Lord Lothian and General Dalyell came home yesterday, but were long by the way, and know not so much as we do by the packets. I have spoke with them both, and they positively assert the Duke of Lauderdale never was so well in Court; nor this ten years past so vigorous and so well in his health. But they say, to my great regret, there was never nation in so great disorder and disturbance as the people of England are; and that particularly against his Royal Highness, who, they say, carries very fair. Though he judges very well of his own condition, I shall only say, and wish, that God may direct and preserve the King and him. My dear Lord, if any thing occur, either private or public, very significant, you shall not fail to have an account of it, from yours,

"R."

At length Lauderdale appears to be falling. The commotions in England were meat and drink to the fanatics in Scotland. The magniloquent Laing informs us, that, at this time,—"The western and southern shires were filled with garrisons in private houses, or with troops *permitted* to *range at large* in quest of conventicles, and *indemnified* for *every violence* committed in the search or pursuit. Additional judges were commissioned in each county, with the most vigorous instructions to enforce the laws,[1] and the most unlimited and despotical powers in ecclesiastical affairs;[2] and their diligence, and *injustice*, were equally stimulated by permission to appropriate a moiety of the fines to themselves.[3] The worst tyranny is a despotism under the disguise of the laws.[4] On the *slightest expression*, or *suspicion*, of discontent, the opponents of *Lauderdale* were accused of propagating sedition, imprisoned and fined by the Privy Council; and under the accumulated oppressions of Government men began to grow weary of their country, and even of their lives. In the furious administration of Lauderdale, it is in vain to search for the remote and latent causes of public events, or to reduce them under any common arrangement or description of crimes. Every new severity was productive of additional discontent, which fresh severities were employed to exasperate and repress; nor is a different principle to be discovered in the government of Scotland, during the reigns of Charles and his

[1] Rigorous instructions to enforce the laws against assassinations, and murderous rebellion, seems no great crime in a Government. The commissioners had the usual authority of judges under such circumstances.

[2] Nay, it was those who murdered Archbishop Sharpe who exercised such powers.

[3] A vulgar fiction. Sedition and insurrection, of the most dangerous character, and in the most critical of times, was properly and necessarily made to pay the expenses of its own suppression; and those employed in the dangerous and disgusting duty, were, under strict regulations of Government, rewarded accordingly. Wodrow's dreary volumes are by way of being rendered awfully imposing, by his endless, and doubtless very ill vouched lists of fines, every individual item of which goes, in his history, for a Government extortion and cruelty. We verily believe that no man was ever fined during those troubles, that did not more or less deserve it. Indeed, in many of his instances Wodrow fails ridiculously.

[4] The worst anarchy is a rebellion under the disguise of religion. How easy is it to frame such apothegms.

brother James.[1] As the vindictive rigour and resentment of government were at once the *cause* and *effect* of the public *discontent*,[2] each year, and, with a single transient exception,[3] every administration was worse than the preceding. *Persecution* and *fanaticism* continued mutually to exasperate and augment each other; but it is the nature of persecution to *vitiate the human heart*, and to debase and contaminate the national character, wherever it prevails.[4] The unhappy victims whom it reduces to despair, become vindictive, cruel, and unrelenting as their persecutors; and if inferior in open force, more insidious in their revenge. The Covenanters had already begun to *retaliate* on the military, of whom some were murdered at night in their quarters,[5] when *an event*, which threatened to revive the practices of the *ancient Scots*, impelled each party to the most desperate extremes."[6]

"There goes Higgins,"—cried the Colonel's wife, as that inspecting officer galloped past,—"every second word an oath, be sure, and the other a growl." And there, we may say, goes magniloquent Malcolm, every second sentence an historical calumny, and all the rest exaggeration. Such is his jesuitical introduction to that pet performance, that cherished and sacred incident, (but difficult to defend withal), the murder of Archbishop Sharp! Not to speak of Lauderdale,—who, as thorough covenanting-bred, we admit to be out of the pale of humanity in the question,—how Rothes, and Hamilton, and Queensberry, and Tweeddale, and Monmouth, and Russell, and Kincardine, and Lothian, and Haddington, and Roxburgh, and

[1] There is monstrous exaggeration, indeed worse, in all this.

[2] Convenient phrases, for a whig historian of those troubles.

[3] Some trifling and partial ascendancy of a weak faction, which Malcolm Laing considered himself bound to compliment.

[4] All this is much the same as saying, that the criminal and the law, the assassin and the hangman, the traitor and the headsman, the rebel rioter and the jail, "continued mutually to exasperate and augment each other;" but that it is the nature of the punishment of crime, and of the suppression of vice, "to vitiate the human heart and to debase and contaminate the national character." *Ergo*, the *Government* murdered Archbishop Sharp.

[5] And more were shot from behind dykes; and these cowardly murders of the poor soldiers, fulfilling their military orders, our whig historian, tender and true to the perpetrators, places under the historical category of a natural "retaliation"!

[6] Was the murder of the Primate not a "desperate extreme" to begin with?

Perth, and Aberdeen, and Cassilis, and Loudon, and Cochrane, and, indeed, every contemporary nobleman and gentleman in the two kingdoms,—unless it were Shaftesbury and Burnet,—with a spark of gentlemanly feeling and humanity in their hearts, or a grain of common sense in their heads,—knowing as they did, by what a scum of cowardly scoundrelism the aged Primate was in reality beset and murdered,—would have stared, and cried, "No, no!" could they have heard the act, and the actors, historically recorded and described in such sympathising *Lainese* as the following,—"Nine of those *unhappy fugitives*, who *wandered in small parties*, intercommuned and interdicted from society, determined to intercept and *chastise his person*, if not to avenge their *wrongs* on *his life*:" or in such imitative *Macaulese* as this,—"In Scotland, some of the *persecuted* Covenanters, *driven mad by oppression*, had lately murdered the Primate."[1]

Two days before that foul deed, Rothes thus writes:—

"*For the Earl of Queensberry, These:*"

"EDINBURGH, *3rd May*, 1679.

"MY DEAR LORD:—I know Hugh Wallace carried to you the news of the great change above, which was surprising there as well as here. There is not as yet much of consequence followed upon it, though any rational body must conclude there will. But that is but guessing, let people say what they please. There was very few in England knew of it before it was done; and no mortal here. This new Council has made some proposals to the King, which are no sooner desired than granted; and most people concludes it will continue so; and it is rational to believe it, it having pleased his Majesty to go the length he has, which I pray God may prove to his honour and advantage, and the interest of his family, the peace, quiet, and tranquility of his kingdom. Although, I suppose, you be not acquainted with many of the persons, yet I doubt not, when you read the names of the Council, you will remember what you have heard of them formerly, and so consequently know their principles.

"Now, to come to our affairs at home. The Duchess of Hamilton

[1] History of England, vol. i. p. 257,—obviously parrotising Laing.

went away yesterday, and the Duke this morning, for London. The Earl of Kincardine and his Lady went yesterday, and Broomhall last night *post*. You may be sure their expectations are great, of my Lord Lauderdale's fall; which is most rational if an address, or impeachment, be made against him; and really, for myself, I do not doubt there will; and I as little question in my own opinion, that if there be, the King will give way. For who can imagine, since he has parted with his own brother, and his great favourite the Treasurer, that he will stick at him; although my Lord Lauderdale, by his letters to his friends, is still most confident, and desires them not to fear him. If the King be reconciling him and Shaftesbury I do not know, but a very few days will try it. Since my Lord Duke of Hamilton came to town he has been very often here, and, in appearance, extraordinary civil. But he and I was not alone; but in all company who were with us we talked of public business. But yesterday morning my Lord Cochrane came to me, who you know is a very worthy and ingenuous person, and regretted very much that there was not that trust and confidence betwixt the Duke and me that there used to be. I told him I was very much the Duke's servant, and wished him well, and knew no cause for it; but that there was exceptions taken at my carriage in the last Convention; and I told him, that having the King's command for it, and being convinced of the fitness of the thing were it yet to do I would re-act what I had done; and if I did not, I were not worthy the station I am in. Then it was proposed that I should join in counsels, what was fit to be done. I said, they would know much better upon the place than I could do at that distance; and, for advice and counsel to the King, he knew very well I had always shunned anything of that nature, although very often pressed by him; and that I would never do it, till the King was pleased to command it; and then I should, with that freedom that became a faithful servant. So, when Cochrane gave my return, he said it was very true, and that he was very sorry I was still so wary.

"Cochrane is gone home, and so we are all parted. There is another Council-day to be upon Wednesday; at which time I am to be here, and shall intreat you may have such a trusty person, that I may speak to with freedom, here against that time; for there is no writing lest letters miscarry. I think I have at last prevailed with the Bishop of St Andrews to go up, and am going to Fife on purpose to bring him back. There is no time now for sitting still. Many talk now as if I were to be called up; but it is but a story; and you may assure yourself, that very minute I imagine any such thing you shall

know it; with whom I shall never have any reserve; nor cease to be your most humble servant,

"R."

"*I doubt not your immediate burning of this.*"[1]

God had willed otherwise, than that the Bishop of St Andrews should at this time meet his Sovereign in London. The above letter is dated on Saturday, the 3rd of May, 1679, and was delivered to Queensberry's messenger before twelve o'clock noon of that day. About the very same hour of that same day, the vilest of Satan's emissaries caused the good and venerable Prelate to pass through the mortal agonies that were to conduct him to the Throne of Grace. If ever the dying cry of helpless humanity ascended to that Throne, to bear witness against, and bring judgment upon, the descendants of Cain, it was when that Christian pastor said to his darling daughter,—"God help me, my poor child, for I am gone." If ever the articulate voice of the Prince of Liars was heard out of Hell, it was on Magus Moor, when in the face of day, and under the eye of God, those wretches cried aloud,—"Come out Judas, come out cruel bloody traitor." On the evening of that day, the Chancellor was travelling from Hatton House, where he had been at the christening of an heir to the Earldom of Lauderdale, and was about to cross at the Queensferry on his return to his beloved hawking and hunting at Leslie. The stunning news met him there, and at ten at night he returned to Edinburgh and summoned the Council. The particulars of this awful sign of the times have been given in a former page of these Memorials; and also the agitated letter which the Chancellor wrote to his friend Queensberry, dated from Edinburgh on Monday, 5th May, 1679.[2] The particulars need not be repeated here. This climax of covenanting iniquity did indeed, as Rothes writes, "very much alter the face of affairs here." It was a comment upon the Covenant of Scotland, and its blasphemous assumption of a divine mission of peace on earth and good will to men, written

[1] Queensberry Papers.

[2] See before, p. 264.

in characters of blood as indelible as the sign on the forehead of Cain. Loose and reckless liver as Rothes was, in early youth devoted to dissolute ladies, and in his riper years to hawking, hunting, and wine, his heart was in the right place, and his intellects unclouded by the madness of fanaticism. With all his faults. and they were many and serious, one cannot help admiring the great energy of his mind, which in a moment could shake off the effects of his dissipated habits, and at the head of such turbulent councils as he had to direct in Scotland, and upon such trying occasions, set himself night and day to the labours of a foundering State, with his courageous heart as sound as a roach, and his head clear as a bell. All his revels and his sports are for the time cast aside and disregarded. "I will hasten to Fife," he says, "that I may add my endeavours, with all the faculties of my soul, for the discovery of this late horrid murder." Yet, at such a crisis, he was in no slight danger himself; although, indeed, the covenanting cowards found it more safe to attack an old prelate in the arms of his daughter, than the high-couraged Rothes, with his hawks and his hounds. "As it is talked," he also tells us, "those base unworthy people in Fife, threaten they will follow the same example with several persons in public trust, not sparing your humble servant; but I am not afraid in the least for them."[1] And there is something noble in that heartfelt tribute to the maligned martyr, who had so often counselled and lectured him on the ungodly habits of his life,—a tribute which none can read without feeling how infinitely it outweighs the trash of a Wodrow, or the flash of a Macaulay, —"Let the unjust world say what they will, he was not only Lord Primate of this kingdom, but a faithful subject, and a *wise and just person*, and a *most eminent pillar of the Church;* and, I am sure, *my friend* at that rate that I do not know what

[1] Accordingly, on the 9th of September thereafter, the scoundrels having received their due at Bothwell Bridge, and the Grassmarket (but murders and assassinations still rife), we find the Chancellor thus writing to Queensberry as if his office were a bed of roses, and Fife a millenium: "I am living here under my own fig-tree, hawking and hunting every day; and I assure you, you are very often and very kindly remembered by all the company with me, but particularly by yours, R." —*Queensberry Papers.*

to do since he is gone, but to revenge myself upon that *murdering sect.*"

This fearful crisis cast the feeble faction of Hamilton,—the patriotic-party, if that interested cabal against Lauderdale deserve so to be called,—entirely on their backs, and left the more energetic minion once more triumphant. Such events as the murder of the Primate, at noonday on the high-road, and the consequent rising in arms, were not to be trifled with. Indeed, not long afterwards, Hamilton finds himself constrained to become a "persecutor;" and it is instructive to discover the leader of that opposition to Lauderdale expressing his alarm at "that horrid murder at Swine Abbey,"[1] of the two gentlemen of the royal guard, and also describing the murderers of the soldiers at Inchbelly Bridge, whom his own people had apprehended, as "the insolentest rogues that ever I spoke to." Once again, however, the King's good nature is prevailed upon to hear this cabal in full debate before himself, even after the battle of Bothwell Bridge, and when the faction imagined that Monmouth himself would now be their leader, if not their King. The graphic details, and melodramic conclusion, are written by Rothes in his best manner to Queensberry, and are quite new to history.

"*For the Earl of Queensberry, These:*"

"TYNNINGHAME, 21*st August*, 1679.

"MY DEAR LORD:—I had a great many long stories to have told you, if you had come to Edinburgh, which then, I am sure, would have been news to you, and which it is probable you have now heard; but I am glad you did not come since it would have been a trouble to you, and especially since I could not have staid with you; for just as the Council rose my Lord Murray and I went to Fife, and upon my return to Edinburgh, I came to this place, where I find great joy, and very good cause for it, my daughter being recovering much better than ordinary, and my grandchild an extreme fine boy.[2] I have now spare

[1] See before, pp. 233, 343.

[2] Probably this was the *second* son of the marriage between Rothes's daughter and heiress, Lady Margaret Leslie, with Charles, fifth Earl of Haddington. It was arranged that as the eldest son of that marriage would have right to his mother's

time, and I am sure I cannot employ it more gratefully to my own inclination than by conversing with you in this way, since we are not now, I think, like to meet in haste.

"There is no considerable news to be expected from England, unless some new and unexpected emerge,—which is the opinion of all who came down, and of those who are correspondent with them,—till the Parliament sit; at least the Council, which you know was adjourned by the King till after Michaelmas; which he did of himself, and some of them were pleased with it, and others much the contrary.

"You must understand, the Council of England is now considered undoubtedly to be divided into three several parties, each of them almost equal in number. The Earl of Shaftesbury the head of one; the Lord Robarts of another,—who, you know no doubt, is lately made an Earl but I have forgot his title;[1] and my Lord Halifax the third; and it is said debates arise very oft to a great pitch among them. My Lord Russell is believed to be turning on to Halifax; but they say Cavendish as yet holds fixt to Shaftesbury. But what to make of the resolution the King has taken I know not; for my Lord Robarts is to go as Embassador to Spain, and my Lord of Ormond is recalled from Ireland, and my Lord Halifax goes there under the character of Lord Lieutenant. This is not only in all our private letters, but in the public newsletter. Now, if the head of their parties be sent away, I conclude those that have joined with them will crumble into pieces. But it is simply impossible to judge of things and their causes at this distance; but no doubt a little time will clear up all.

"The great talk and news at Court is concerning the elections, in the several counties and incorporations, for the ensuing Parliament. Most of persons of interest over the whole kingdom are gone to the country concerning it; and some say the elections will be otherways than they were last. Others believe that there will be but a very few

Earldom of Rothes, the junior Earldom of Haddington should devolve upon their second son; which Thomas, sixth Earl of Haddington was. This Peer has left a curious and interesting account of how he came to clothe his originally bleak place of Tynninghame with those magnificent woods, and forest trees, which now so greatly adorn that beautiful residence, and, indeed, the county of East Lothian. The late Lord Haddington, not long before his lamented death, erected in a conspicuous vista of of those woods, a handsome obelisk to commemorate their history, and in honour of the enterprising ancestor to whom both the agriculture and the amenity of that part of the country is so much indebted.—See before, p. 355, *note*.

[1] He was created Earl of Radnor, a title which has become extinct. It is now Bouverie, Earl of Radnor.

changed. Just as I came this length, I received the honour of yours of the 19th, where I find you in a great passion in relation to your *signature*. I have often told you, *fretting* and *huffing* hurts one's self more than the person who offends them. This in general I can assure you, my Lord Treasurer-Depute[1] upon all occasions does say as kind things of you as ever man did of another; and I am told by several hands that his brother does so too; but so soon as I come to Edinburgh, I shall obey you, in giving you a full account of all relating to your signature. I am to be in Edinburgh on Monday, and my wife and family and I goes for Fife on Wednesday; so I am afraid I shall be so unhappy as not to see you at this time; but if you do not come, I beseech you let a footman be with me on Tuesday night.

"Now, to return, as I was going on before I received yours: I shall tell you a very pleasant story anent the debate that was at London before the King, among our countrymen. No doubt ye heard of the great hearing they had at Windsor, where my Lord Duke of Hamilton, the Earl of Cassillis, Perth, Athole, Kincardine, and all the gentlemen, even to Sir John Cochrane, were present with their lawyers; and, on the other side, none but my Lord Advocate.[2] Sir George Lockhart, and Sir John Cunninghame, spoke both. Sir John, they say, spoke very well, but Sir George was admired by the King and all that heard him.[3] And in earnest they say the Advocate spoke beyond himself. Whereupon, the King called his Advocate, and said, he would ever thereafter call him *Tom Duff*, which is a name they give a *bore*, in *boar-garden* at Southwark, that fights and beats all the rest alone.[4] But they say the King prompted the Advocate very often, having been so frequently informed by the five lords he called up. So the Advocate came to the King, and swore a great oath, that '*your*

[1] Lord Hatton, Lauderdale's brother. See before, p. 309, as to the royal signature, or warrant, about which Queensberry appears to have been so anxious.

[2] Sir George Mackenzie, recently appointed to that office in room of Sir John Nisbet.

[3] Sir George Lockhart became President of the Court of Session, and fell by the hand of the assassin Chiesly of Dalry, a worthy adherent of the fanatical sect in Scotland, and one who followed their own peculiar doctrines, in satisfying a malevolent enmity by a cowardly murder.

[4] "Bore," and "Boar-garden" are distinctly so written in the letter. Probably, however, "Tom Duff" was a bear, and Bear-garden meant. This royal and ancient amphitheatre was still the great arena of savage sports in the reign of Charles II.; as we learn especially from Pepys. Perhaps "Tom Duff" was a descendant of "Sackerson," the favourite bear in the reign of Elizabeth, and immortalised by Shakespeare.

Majesty is *Tom Duff;* for you have said more convincing this, than I am able to say, or can be answered.' So, you know, after that, the King declared himself satisfied with his Council and Judges, and approved of all. But at last up comes the Duke of Monmouth; and then the Duke of Hamilton and the rest addressed to him, and begged a second hearing, which the King had refused. He undertook it; and, after a great deal of pains, he prevailed. So the day was appointed, and all concerned made ready to speak, the King having vowed it should be the last hearing, which was to be in the afternoon; and on a sudden, about ten o'clock, breaks out a report, that the Earl of Middleton and my Lord Tarbat were made by the King conjunct Secretaries, had kissed the King's hand upon it, and their commissions signed. This was so peremptorily asserted, and so positively believed, that no creature doubted it. Whereupon, the Duke of Hamilton being there, and all the rest, they retired to the gallery to talk, and all struck with amaze.[1] And at last Duke Hamilton swore a great oath, 'my Lord Athole, and Perth, or some of them, knew of it, and had gone along and left him.' Whereupon, they fell all in great heat and disorder, and broke into pieces, and *scouldit.* Duke Hamilton and Sir George Lockhart, they joined: my Lords Athole, Perth, and Cassillis, they joined: my Lord Kincardine, and Broomhall, they joined: So at last my Lord Duke swore a great oath, that he would fall on his knees to the King that *Lauderdale might be continued!* 'But I will go to the King,'—and *did;* and begged his pardon for the trouble he had given him; and entreated that the meeting his Majesty had appointed might desert; which was accordingly done; and when these Lords parted they were exceeding ill one with another; but if they be reconciled since I do not know. But the Duke of Monmouth was *mad* to be so used; and said to the King,—'*God damn him if ever he meddled more with them!*' The King was extraordinarily pleased with this. But when he heard the report concerning the Secretaries, he swore by godswounds it was a lie, and they were rogues had invented it.

[1] At this time Sir George Mackenzie of Tarbat was Lord Justice-General of Scotland; but he did not get his peerage until 1685. He and Charles, second Earl of Middleton, had previously been turned out of office, for their determined opposition to Lauderdale; so that this report of their becoming joint Secretaries of State under the Lauderdale administration was peculiarly galling to Hamilton, at the very time he and his faction were struggling to bring the favourite under impeachment. There was, however, no truth in the report at that time. Middleton became Secretary of State towards the close of the year 1682, as we shall afterwards find.

"This long and tedious story I have from several hands; but I charge you, by all the rules of strict friendship, not to say a word of this as from me, nor to show my letter, but *burn it.*[1] Now, if this be not long enough, tell me, and you shall have a longer next, from your faithful

"R."

[1] Queensberry obeyed this order, by writing upon the back of the letter,—"*A pleasant story about Duke Hamilton,*" *&c.*,—and carefully preserving it among the Queensberry Archives. As its private and confidential contents are only now first made known, a hundred and eighty years after its date, Rothes probably will no longer object. It is amusing to compare Wodrow's account of Duke Hamilton's *patriotic* debates, with the foregoing letter :—"Monmouth," he says, "came to Windsor on the 10th (July 1679), and, it may be, the second conference, on the 13th, took its rise from him," &c. "I find one letter, writ at this time, says, that upon Saturday Duke Hamilton got notice that, as soon as the King's affairs would allow it, the Earl of Middleton and Lord Tarbat were to be made joint Secretaries, in the Duke's room, upon which he declined insisting any further," &c. *See Wodrow's History,* vol. iii. p. 169. The real story proves, that both the King and Monmouth's estimate of Hamilton's patriotism was very just. He not only "declined insisting any further," but went to the King in a passion of disappointed self-interest, entreating him to hear the *patriotic* party no further against Lauderdale, and begged pardon for his previous attacks on the Government of Scotland. No wonder that Monmouth, whom they had coaxed and inveigled into being their go-between with the King, banned them as bores and humbugs.

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